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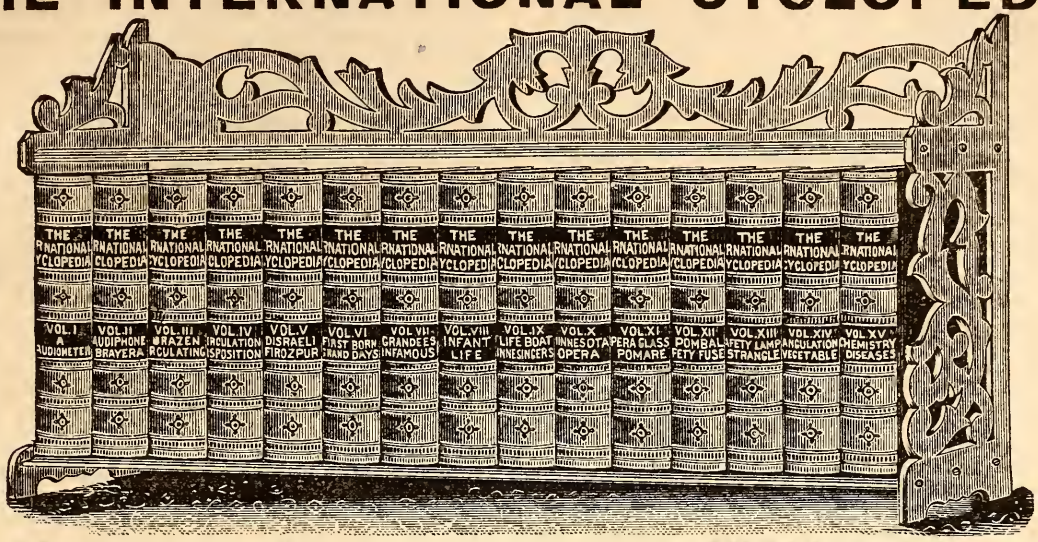
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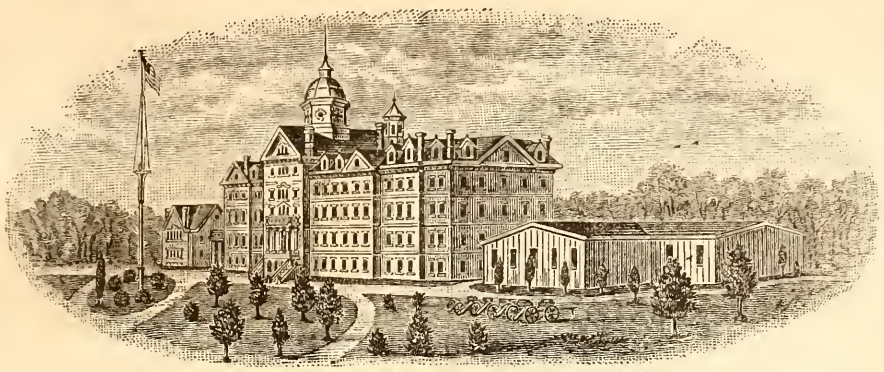

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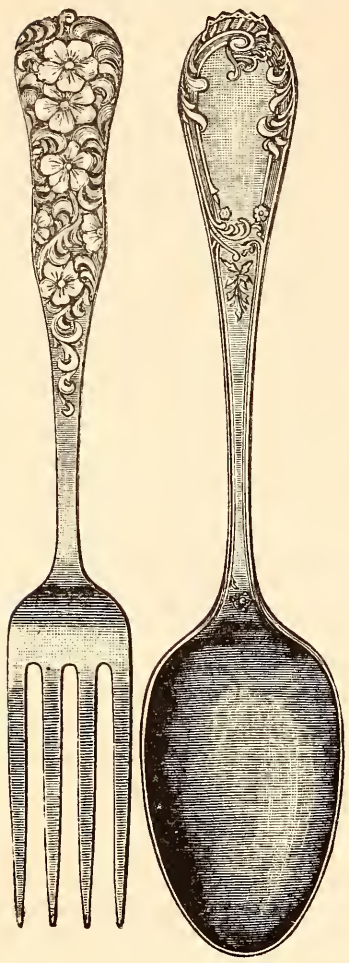

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XL. JUNE, 1890. NO. 2.

LONDON POLYTECHNICS AND PEOPLE'S PALACES.

NO American visitor who observes attentively the institutions and social life of the mother country can fail to be impressed with the marvelous tenacity and recuperative vigor of the English race in England. Such courage and virile buoyancy in the face of the gravest practical problems and in the certain prospect of a long period of turbulence, agitation, and social and political readjustment, the history of the world does not parallel. With the unbroken traditions of a very old country, England has all the vitality and constructive energy of a new one. There is no such thing visible as that racial exhaustion and declension the signs of which in some of England's continental neighbors seem well-nigh unmistakable. No people in the world, not even the Americans or the Russians, seem farther from the "fagged out" point than the English. Their strength, in Scripture phrase, is as their day. They do not welcome change for the sake of change, and they set about their necessary reforms tardily and reluctantly. But once fully convinced, they move with irresistible decision and force. Thus they continue from time to time to make the most important changes in their political constitution, each new change only preparing the way for the next one, and finality seeming still as remote as ever. They have led the world in the stupendous industrial achievements of the past century, and they seem not unlikely yet to lead the world in those social reforms that the modern economic system has made so necessary. It is to this idea that my prefatory remarks have been, somewhat tortuously, leading up. The agricultural depression and decline, the rapid growth of town populations living under lamentably unsuitable physical and moral conditions, the "bitter cry of outcast London," the terrible misery in sweaters' dens that recent investigations both official and unofficial have brought to light, the wretched plight of young women of the working classes by the hundred thousand, the anarchist leaven that begins to permeate the growing army of the unemployed — these things constitute a social situation so serious that it has appalled many minds and has been thought to forebode England's decay and ruin. England was slow to appreciate the magnitude of the social problems which form the dark shadow of her industrial greatness, and her most zealous reformers would say that even yet she is only half awake to the situation. But at least she becomes more fully aroused and more thoroughly earnest every day, and is beginning to find and apply remedies in the practical English fashion. The evils of generations are not to be cured in a year or a decade, nor are they to succumb to the virtues of any single specific. The work of reform will be along many lines and through many agencies, all blending and harmonizing in the grand result. It seems to me clear that the significant fact in the social condition of England to-day is not to be found in the degradation and misery of a large part of the population, but rather in the vigor, whole-heartedness, and honest zeal with which the task of amelioration has been entered upon. Underneath the wordy strife of parties, the jangling discords of denominations, and the controversies growing out of class distinctions and privileges, there is apparent on all sides and in all

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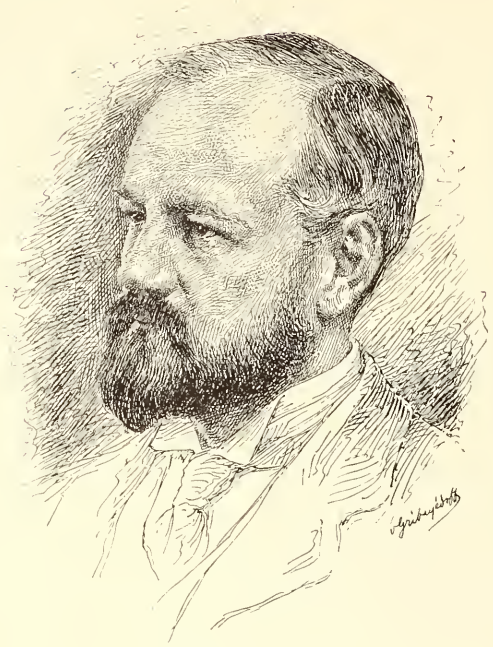
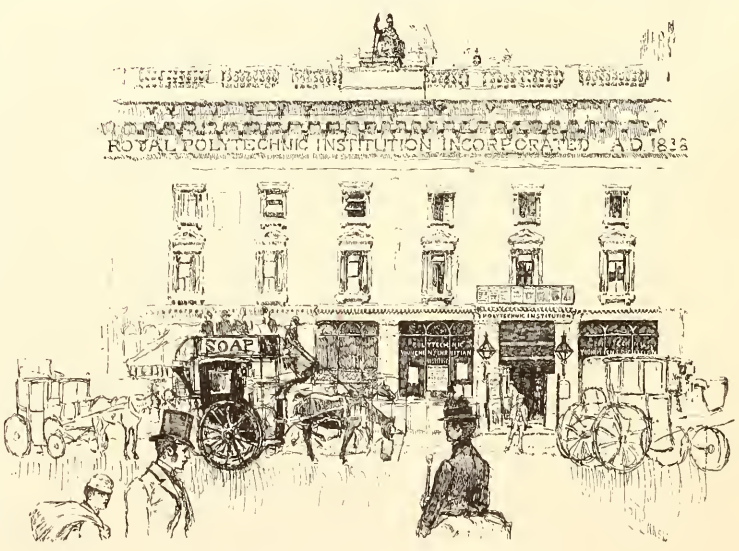


QUINTIN HOGG.

parts of English society a growing sense of justice and of human rights and brotherhood, and a growing sense of the necessity and the obligation that rests upon the community to make all its members sharers to the widest possible extent in the best fruits of modern civilization.

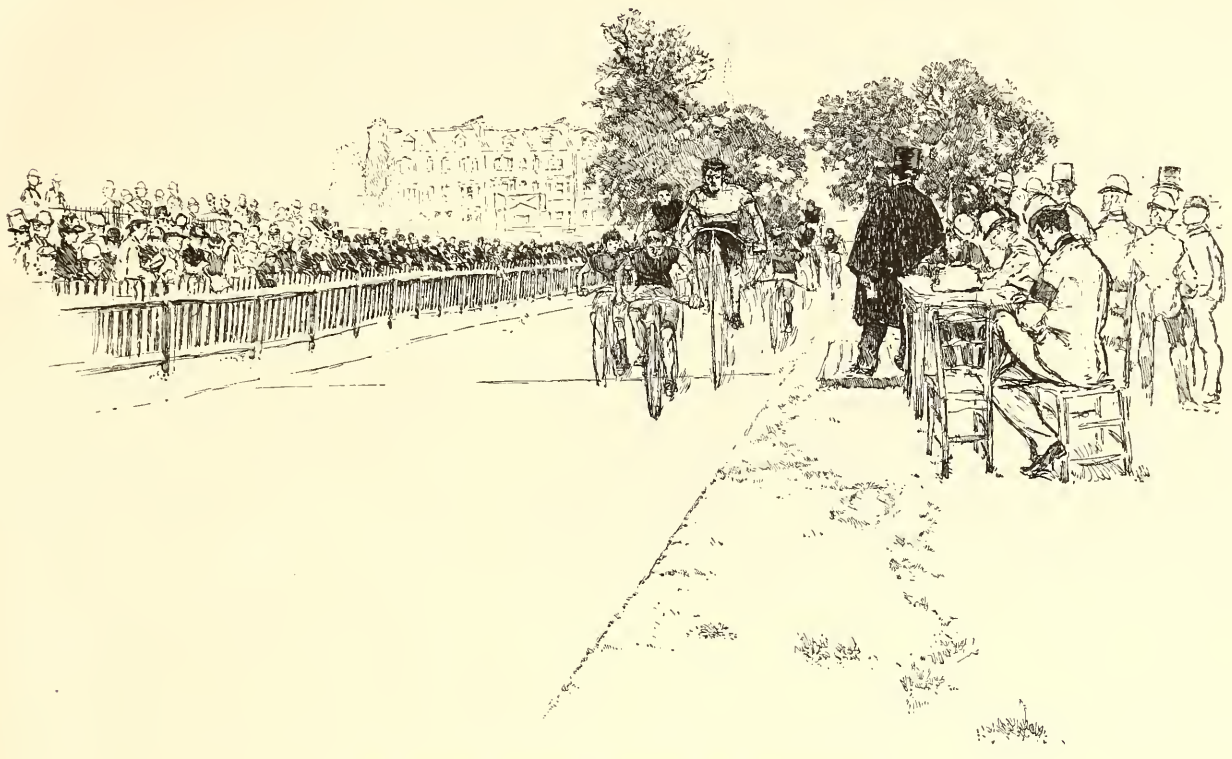
The English people are making the steadiest and most direct steps in the direction of socialism of any nation in the world. And they are doing this without either accepting or rejecting any theory as to the proper functions of the state or the municipal corporation. When it is perceived that a certain thing must be done, England proceeds to do it, using private and voluntary means, public and official means, or more commonly a combination of the two, in a manner peculiarly English and without the possibility of successful imitation anywhere else. In this way the matter of elementary education has been taken up, as has that of artisans' dwellings, various questions of sanitary concern, and still other things of which it is no part of my present purpose to make out a list. Every successive phase of the complicated social problem, so soon as it has fairly made its appeal to the public consciousness, becomes the subject of investigation by a royal or parliamentary commission. The report of the commission is usually a signal for action. In some cases — indeed, in many cases — the principal activity will not be through state channels, though under semi-public auspices and sanction. This British method of reform is remarkably illustrated by the great progress technical and practical education has made in England as the outcome, in large part, of the famous report of the royal commission on that subject in 1883, although no legislation has as yet resulted from the report. The English people became conscious of the fact that they were behind the rest of the world in providing educational facilities to meet the new conditions of production and to supplement if not to supplant the outgrown apprentice system. While perceiving that their industrial supremacy was threatened by the superiority of other nations in technical training, they also began to perceive that the supplying of a useful, symmetrical, and thoroughly practical education would prove a measure of social reform of the very largest consequence. There was developed an immense enthusiasm for technical education, many different ideas and schemes being covered by the term. Societies were formed, money was given, old foundations and endowments were reformed and made applicable to the new work, and the most sagacious minds joined in the task of devising the best sort of practical education for the young people of England under present circumstances. As a result, there is just now beginning to emerge something like the definite outlines of a distinctively English system of practical education. I know of no other single thing which promises to do so much in that grand work of social improvement to which England stands deliberately committed as the scheme of popular education — mental, moral, physical, technical, and recreative — that begins to assume form and substance, and that will certainly witness enormous development and expansion within the coming decade. The English people have taken the trouble to study the experience of the entire industrial world in this matter of practical education, but they have studied their own circumstances with equal fidelity, and their system will be essentially their own.



THE POLYTECHNIC IN REGENT STREET.

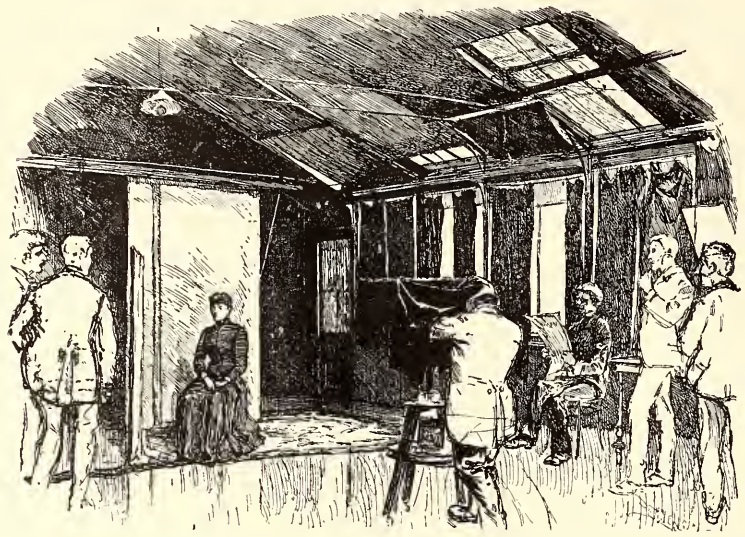
It is not my present purpose, however, to discuss the technical education movement in general, but rather to describe a particular phase of it in London, which is a very essential part of the general movement, and perhaps the most significant and characteristic part. While the social and educational aspects of the movement I purpose to describe seem more conspicuous than its relations to the industrial progress and supremacy of the country, it is nevertheless true that the more complete is its success from the former standpoint the more important will it be from the other point of view. If the country can raise up men and women of highly improved efficiency and capacity, its great industries need fear no rivals. What I have called in the title of this article the "people's palaces" of London would perhaps better be called the "polytechnic institutes" of London. Neither name is completely descriptive. Of the two institutions which stand as the pioneers and models in a group now rapidly forming, one is called by one name and one by the other. The name "polytechnic institute" implies a great school where many crafts and trades are taught. The name "people's palace" would suggest a place of luxury, recreation, and delight. The actual thing is a combination of the two on a good working plan.

The "polytechnic," as now definitely understood and accepted in London, is not an off-hand invention, or an experiment suddenly blossoming out of somebody's beautiful theory and likely to collapse at any time. It has grown by degrees, has discovered certain main principles by a large and careful induction, and seems as well adapted to the ends it has in view as the Bank of England or any other piece of machinery. It can best be described in the concrete. *The* Polytechnic is in Regent street, where it flourishes under the wise and pervasive autocracy of its founder, Mr. Quintin Hogg. Mr. Hogg, who is still in the vigorous prime of life, is one of the great merchants of London. His father was once a chairman of the East India Company, and the son owns sugar and coffee plantations in Demerara, and is the head of a large West India firm. There is not the faintest suspicion of the typical philanthropist about him, and perhaps that is one reason why his philanthropic work has been so singularly successful. Ever since his school-days at Eton, twenty-five years ago, Mr. Hogg has given his evenings and Sundays to enterprises under his own management for the welfare of the boys and young men of London. The Young Men's Christian Association did not, and does not, reach the apprentices and artisan classes among whom Mr. Hogg found his mission. He began with the "ragged-school" line of philanthropy, and developed the system into something better suited to the nature and needs of the lads with whom he had to deal. Religion and the three R's are excellent things for poor boys and apprentices, in London and everywhere else, but they do not form a sufficient equipment. The boy has a body which needs development by proper physical training; his mind and character as



POLYTECHNIC ATHLETIC MEETING AT PADDINGTON.

well as his muscles need the valuable education that manly sports and recreations give; and his success as a breadwinner requires instruction and training in the line of his calling as auxiliary to the practical knowledge and skill acquired from day to day in the shop. I am giving Mr. Hogg's ideas as I understand them. Educated himself in one of the famous English schools where athletic sports and contests have so much to do with the development of physical strength and moral character in the young men of the higher classes, Mr. Hogg



CLASS IN PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE POLYTECHNIC.

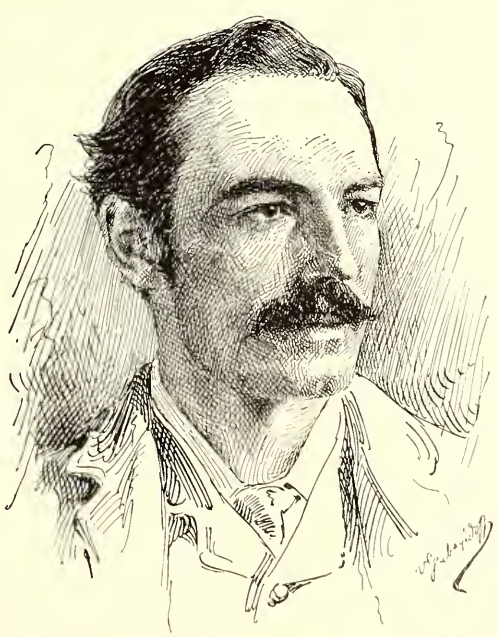
quickly appreciated the lack of opportunities for games and recreations among the working lads of the metropolis. As a practical man of affairs, also, he perceived the inadequacy under our modern industrial conditions of the old apprentice system, and the necessity for systematic instruction to supplement though not to supersede the education of the shop. With all this he believed that religious instruction should remain a part of the scheme, and that it would gain rather than lose by the presence of the other parts. Thus Mr. Hogg's ragged schools in the Drury Lane neighborhood developed into a home for boys in which regard was had to every side of the juvenile nature. In 1873 there was added to this earlier work an institute devised for older boys,—those from sixteen up into the twenties,—which was intended to adapt, modify, and expand the Young Men's Christian Association idea into suitability for the working class; in short, into an educational and recreative club that should in its attractiveness and its solid advantages be able to draw away young artisans from evil surroundings. Opened first in Endell street, the institute was soon transferred to Long Acre, where, in spite of inadequate accommodation, it flourished greatly, and meanwhile gave Mr. Hogg and his assistants the benefit of nearly ten years' experience as a preparation for the larger work that was to be undertaken at a later day. The opening for which Mr. Hogg had been "biding his time" came in 1882. The old Polytechnic Institution in Regent street was thrown upon the market, having failed in its original purposes and become an unprofitable property. It had been opened in 1838, and had been a place where children of the upper classes were taken to hear popular-science lectures, to see showy chemical experiments, and to be amused with all sorts of novel and astonishing things. Children from the country were taken to the Polytechnic as a matter of course, just as they are now, as a matter of course, taken to the Crystal Palace. But as superior attractions came into the field the Polytechnic degenerated. It went into theatricals, and failed. Mr. Hogg seized the opportunity to buy the great building, paying for it about $250,000. At considerable further expense he altered it and fitted it up for the purposes of the "Polytechnic Young Men's Christian Institute," and then removed to its new quarters the institute which since 1873 had been doing good work in Long Acre.

When I say that from its opening in 1882 to the end of 1889 the Regent street Polytechnic has had enrolled as members or students a total attendance of more than seventy thousand, and that its present yearly number of from twelve to thirteen thousand is limited only by the physical capacity of the establishment, it will be evident that it has earned the right to demand public attention. Primarily the institute is a club. It has all the adjuncts of a completely appointed club, and a definite membership as such. To this primary organization is added a great variety of educational facilities, available for members of the club at reduced prices, but also available for outsiders at certain fixed tuition charges for each class or course. These educational departments are for those who are at work during the day and who desire to improve their minds in the evening. But the establishment is also utilized for a day school for boys of the better classes, whose tuition fees are large enough to be a source of net revenue, and thus to aid in carrying on the main work. There are also certain special classes and lecture courses open during the day, to which I shall refer in a subsequent paragraph.

Membership in the institute is restricted to young men from sixteen to twenty-five. I do not mean that there is any retiring age, but that applicants will not be received as new members if they have passed the age of

twenty-five. Older men may join the classes and have the educational advantages of the Polytechnic, but they are debarred from participating in the social and recreative features that belong to the club side of the establishment. This is a perfectly sensible limitation. It is not the object of the place to furnish club facilities to mature men, nor would their presence in considerable numbers be advantageous for the younger members. Nor is the place suited to lads under fifteen or sixteen. They can best be taught and dealt with apart from the fully grown young men. Upon no point are Mr. Hogg and his efficient secretary, Mr. Mitchell, more fully satisfied by their experience than upon this point of classification by ages. The present number of active, paid-up members is 3500. The annual membership fee is twelve shillings ($3.00) if paid quarterly, and ten and a half shillings if paid in advance. The membership would be much larger if the rooms could accommodate all who desire to join. Membership entails no duties or responsibilities, and gives many privileges. It entitles to the use of all the club-rooms and facilities of the place, and gives admission to such classes as the member may choose to attend at about two-thirds the regular class fees. The social and refreshment room is one of the first the visitor will be likely to see. It is sixty feet long by forty-eight feet wide, and is the general lounging and rallying place. It contains a refreshment-bar, where members may order a cup of tea or a substantial supper at very moderate prices. The daily papers lie about on the tables, the latest notices of the various athletic clubs are posted on bulletin-boards, such games as chess and draughts are permitted for those who like them, and the place has an air of a very comfortable and hospitable living-room for a club of democratic but decent young men. Opening from the social room is a smaller club-room where committees and sections can meet to arrange for rowing events, foot-ball matches, or other affairs of interest and moment. Easily accessible is the lending library, of several thousand volumes, freely at the service of all the members; and in a separate room about forty feet square is the reading library, supplied with books, reference works, and a large number of standard periodicals. The great gymnasium, a hundred feet long and forty feet wide, is an especially popular feature, and nearly two thousand members avail themselves of it regularly enough to pay the small locker rent of eighteen pence per half-year. Excellent instruction is given by well-qualified and certificated army teachers. The swimming-bath is one of the finest in England, being beautifully walled with decorated tiles. Its dimensions are seventy-eight by thirty-five feet. In the winter it is floored over and carpeted and used for reading, writing, and lecture-hall purposes, although the establishment is otherwise provided with a large lecture hall in amphitheater form that will accommodate perhaps 1500 or 1800 auditors. Of the band-practice room, the barber's shop, and the various minor conveniences that pertain to the place in its character as a club, I need not say anything.

The recreative side of life at the Polytechnic is no mild pretense, but a very robust reality. The young men who go in for sports join the athletic club and pay five shillings a year towards the prizes and incidental outlays. The club has an active membership of 500 or 600, and is divided into sub-sections of cricketers, foot-ball men, tennis players, rowing men, cyclists, pedestrians, harriers, and perhaps others — individuals belonging, of course, to as many of these sections as they may choose. Mr. Hogg has provided for sports by securing a place at Wimbledon known as Merton Hall, with nearly thirty acres of land, and it has been converted into a cricketing ground and general play-ground that is, I am told, the finest in the kingdom. Mr. J. E. K. Studd, the famous cricketer and muscular Christian of Cambridge University, has become one of Mr.



J. E. K. STUDD.

Hogg's right-hand men in two parts of the Polytechnic work, namely, the sporting and the religious. He is captain of the Polytechnic's "first eleven," which is one of the most formidable teams in the country. The athletic club had about sixteen cricket teams at last accounts, and a number of foot-ball teams with good records in the English contests for cups and honors. The rowing club is the largest on the Thames, and is accommodated in a fine

new boat-house, there being nearly two hundred rowing men. The cycling club numbers from fifty to a hundred "machines," and the rambling club, which makes Saturday half-holiday excursions to the innumerable points of interest accessible from London, is prosperous with a hundred or more men. The tennis players have the best of grounds at Merton Hall, and number not less than a hundred.

The Polytechnic battery of the 1st City of London Artillery Volunteers, the Polytechnic company of the 1st Middlesex Engineers, and the Polytechnic contingent in the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps, are all just sources of pride to the institution. I can only name such useful organizations as the Polytechnic Engineering Society, the Electrical Engineering Society, the Typographical Society, and so-

THE MILE END ROAD.

It must be remembered that many hundreds who do not join in the active sports are nevertheless getting regular physical training in the gymnasium, and find their recreation from daily duties, which perhaps involve a good deal of bodily exercise, in the numerous other societies which are as intimately connected with the Polytechnic as the athletic club. The young men who are of a musical turn may join the Polytechnic Male Choir, the Choral Society, the English Concertina Band, the Orchestral Society, or the Military Band, all of which are large and prosperous, and require a considerable amount of preliminary musical knowledge, which may be obtained in the Institute's music classes. The German Society and the French Society are composed of young men who have taken the class work in those languages and can speak with some fluency. The Chess and Draughts Club is composed of the first-rate players. The Mutual Improvement Society is a literary club. The Polytechnic Parliament is a debating club for the training of young politicians. The Polytechnic "E" company (West London Rifles), 4th Middlesex, is the strongest and best company of volunteers in the corps.

cieties of various trades and crafts for the discussion of the more advanced and theoretical topics affecting their respective callings. For all these organizations of its members, most of which meet weekly, the Polytechnic manages to find convenient quarters.

The arrangement of classes in the educational department of this Polytechnic, as of numerous schools throughout Great Britain, is made with reference to the requirements of two important central organizations that grant subsidies under certain conditions. One of these is the Science and Art Department of the general government, which makes grants for successful instruction in certain specified subjects, chiefly of a scientific character. The other is the City and Guilds of London Institute, which gives subsidies for successful instruction in technical subjects. The Polytechnic's evening classes may then be grouped as: (1) science classes, (2) technical classes, (3) practical workshop classes, (4) general and commercial classes, (5) art classes, and (6) music classes. The young student does not, however, concern himself with this or any other classification, but with the help and ad-

vice of the managers and teachers he makes out a programme for himself on the free elective plan. The science classes, nearly all of which are large, include such subjects as chemistry, geometry, general mathematics, general mechanics, building construction, machine construction, geology, botany, physiology, mineralogy, steam, electricity, and others, there being four or five separate classes in some of these subjects. The art classes give instruction in freehand and model drawing, perspective, geometrical drawing, modeling in wax and clay, designing and decorative art, wood carving, etching, chasing and repoussé, etc. All these classes come under the inspection of the Science and Art Department, and "earn" in grants perhaps half what they cost, the other half being mainly met by the pupils' fees.

The technical classes include subjects recognized in the scheme of the City and Guilds Institute; and among the principal ones in which advanced and theoretical instruction is given at the Polytechnic are carpentry, cabinet-making, carriage-building, brickwork, plumbing, boot-making, metal-plate work, tool-making, mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, printing, photography, watch-making, oils and varnishes, and surveying. In deference to the trades unions and also to the regulations of the City and Guilds Institute, these technical classes are restricted to young men actually in the trades. Apprentices and young journeymen here have the privilege of learning those scientific principles affecting their trades that shop instruction alone could not adequately supply. The practical workshop classes, nearly all of which, also, are restricted to young men already in the trades, include carpentry and cabinet work, staircase work, brick cutting and arch work, machine and iron work, wood-carving, pattern-making, sign-writing, plumbing, watch-making, metal-chasing, brass-finishing, electrical work, upholstery, and tailors' cutting. It is an easier matter to give a list of these classes than to convey an adequate idea of their usefulness and efficiency, or of the scenes of animation and interest that arouse the enthusiasm of the visitor, whether in the social room, the swimming-bath, the gymnasium, or the workshops. In the machine room I found one young man engaged in making a three-horse-power horizontal engine with which to drive his lathe, as he was about to set up for himself in business. Other young men were making a launch engine. Another was at work upon a dynamo. Tools, lathes, gas engines, and much of the machinery with which the shop itself is equipped were shown me as the work of pupils and members done on the spot. The instructors in all these technical departments must themselves be men of thoroughly practical as well as theoretical knowledge. Electrical, physical, and chemical laboratories are much the same everywhere, and no description of those in the Polytechnic is necessary. They have an added interest, however, when occupied by young men of the working classes who give their evenings to the pursuit of science. In the art rooms, under enthusiastic teachers, one finds pupils drawing from the antique, modeling from copied or original designs in clay, wax, and plaster, working out architectural details, and studying both the principles of design and their technical applications to the industrial arts for wood and stone carvers; for workers in gold, silver, pottery, steel, and brass; for molding and ceiling designers; for designers of patterns for wall paper, carpets, and calicoes; and for other workers in the widening field of decorative and technical art.

The commercial and general classes cover all such subjects as arithmetic, bookkeeping, grammar, penmanship, shorthand, elocution, French, German, and composition, besides special training classes for civil service, pharmacy, ambulance corps, and other examinations. The music department has a number of vocal and instrumental classes.

The fullest allowance is made for the fact that boys and young men who work hard all day long cannot with impunity spend all their evenings in severe study or in shop-room work. The same individuals are, as a rule, not to be found in the chemical laboratory or the machine shop more than from one to three evenings in the week. In many of the technical and scientific subjects the instruction per week to each individual is limited to one hour, and the same thing is true of the commercial and general subjects. Instruction is, however, so distributed that any individual may cull out quite as full a course as he has time for, and by a combination of scientific and technical subjects may make the whole course bear strongly in the direction of his trade, supplying just those broadening and valuable elements of knowledge which supplement the daily routine of shop work.

The Polytechnic day school is a wholly distinct affair. It is for younger pupils who come from the middle class rather than the working class,— these class distinctions being sharply drawn in England,— and it accommodates about five hundred boys of from seven to sixteen years of age. The younger boys are in an elementary department, while the older ones are in the technical and commercial departments, or are preparing for college or professional courses or civil-service examinations. Two or three hundred boys are in the techni-

cal department, and they spend the forenoons in ordinary school-room work and the afternoons in the shops learning the principles of mechanical trades. An English boy usually leaves the elementary schools at about thirteen, and goes to his trade. He is too likely to forget what he has learned, and in his new surroundings to lose both education and character. If he could be kept at school two or three years longer, preparing for his trade while carrying his general studies further, it would be immeasurably to his advantage. He could enter the shop at fifteen as an "improver," instead of an apprentice, and reach the journeyman's status earlier rather than later and with very superior qualifications. Mr. Hogg's day technical school purposes to supply this desirable continuation of study for the "fifth-standard" boy leaving the public elementary schools. At fifteen or sixteen he is ready to go to his trade, and he will have formed associations and acquired tastes which may be counted upon to bring him into the evening recreations and advanced classes of the Polytechnic. Could there be a more promising scheme than this for the training of skilled mechanics and complete men? The tuition for this day school is rather high, averaging about $30 a year. This would seem to put its advantages beyond the reach of many mechanics who might appreciate them and desire them for their sons. The evening-class fees average about $1 per session for each study to members of the institute and about $1.50 to others. In some subjects they are much less, while in a few special and technical subjects they are much more. No one engaged in the polytechnic work doubts for a moment the wisdom of charging fees. These institutions are not to be regarded as charity affairs, although the fees do not suffice to pay all expenses. The young men and women value their opportunities more highly and use them more faithfully when they are required to pay something substantial for what they get. These young mechanics and clerks are neatly dressed and respectable, and it would be a blunder to give them palaces of knowledge, recreation, and social enjoyment without asking anything from them in return. They are not mendicants, and are glad to pay their way.

From the outset, young women were admitted to the art classes and some other of the educational advantages of the Polytechnic, but not until the early spring of 1888 did Mr. Hogg see the way clear to provide for young working-women those social and recreative advantages which in London they need even more, if possible, than young men. To do these things on a large scale requires a heavy initial investment, and payments for deficits from year to year. But, although doing so much more than one liberal man's part in sustaining the Young Men's Institute, Mr. Hogg has now opened a Polytechnic Young Women's Christian Institute in Regent street, a few doors removed from the other establishment. The buildings leased for young women were not sufficient properly to accommodate more than eight hundred, although a thousand girls promptly enrolled themselves as members, and the number could have been increased many fold if there had been room for them. The buildings have undergone extension, however, and now it is possible to accommodate at least a thousand members. The age limit is from sixteen to twenty-five. The institute is open every evening, except Sundays, from 6:30 to 10. Eighteen pence per quarter, or five shillings per annum, entitles members to the advantages of the social rooms, reading and writing rooms, sewing-rooms, and parlors, and also gives them the right to attend the concerts, lectures, and entertainments in the great hall of the Polytechnic at members' rates. The swimming-bath is reserved for their use on certain evenings, they have gymnastic instruction, and they have the benefit of reduced tuition rates in all the ordinary Polytechnic classes and in a number of special classes for young women only. Among these special classes are included elementary subjects, book-keeping, short-hand, French, German, the piano, violin, and other musical instruments, dressmaking, millinery, plain and art needle-work and mantle making, and cookery. This establishment for young women is an "annex" of the older and larger one for young men, the two being coöperative and coincident so far as is found feasible. The social rooms of which the young ladies have the liberty are home-like and pleasant, and the place has been in every way a brilliant success from its opening day. The young women are so fortunate as to have much personal attention from Mrs. Hogg, whose devotion to their welfare is as great as that of her husband to his thousands of young men.

The religious features of the life at the Polytechnic, while voluntary and unobtrusive, have evidently a pervasive and wholesome influence. There is a daily devotional meeting at 10 P.M., lasting just fifteen minutes. On one evening of the week Mrs. Hogg conducts a large Bible class. Of the Sunday services, Mr. Hogg himself takes charge. He conducts a Bible class on Sunday afternoon, attended regularly by from 500 to 700 young men, and sometimes by a much larger number. A Sunday evening service in the large hall has the special attraction of music by the Polytechnic Male Choir and the Orchestra, and it draws a congregation of

some fifteen hundred. Rooms are set apart for the Polytechnic's "Christian Workers' Union," which simply ranks as one of the many voluntary, self-governed societies of which an account has already been given. Its work is much like that of the Young Men's Christian Association, and it is announced by its secretary as existing for Polytechnic members "of all religious denominations interested in Christian work; having special rooms and library for preparation for Sunday-school and other classes, monthly conferences, temperance and social gatherings, open-air work, tract distributing, sick visiting, correspondence, visiting, and rambling." There is also an active "Polytechnic Total Abstinence Society." In the religious work Mr. Hogg and Mr. Mitchell take just as positive an interest as in any other part of the Polytechnic scheme. They include the spiritual in that symmetrical development at which their efforts are aimed. In the young women's department Bible classes are conducted on Sunday afternoons and one week-day evening by Mrs. Hogg and Mr. Studd.

Although desiring to keep my sketch of the Polytechnic within due limits, I must add that it publishes a weekly journal called the "Polytechnic Magazine," which is found an indispensable feature; that it has a savings bank which pays four and a half per cent. on deposits, and offers Mr. Hogg's personal guaranty as security to the depositors; that it provides accident insurance; and that one of its most important features — considering its constituency of thousands of young men in a great city — is the "sick fund." This mutual benefit society is one of the largest organizations in the Polytechnic. Its members pay a small weekly fee, which entitles them in case of sickness to a sufficient weekly cash allowance, besides the attendance of one of the forty or more physicians of standing living in all parts of London who constitute the medical staff; with other advantages, such as free medicines, and admission to hospital if necessary, a sum sufficient for burial expenses being also paid in case of death. It is needless to say that all such good features as this — and from time to time new ones are devised — bind young men to the Polytechnic, and that each part strengthens the whole.

Besides giving his unremitting personal attention, — no small sacrifice on the part of a man of his high social position and absorbing business affairs, — Mr. Hogg has since 1882 invested in the Polytechnic more than half a million dollars. Of this great sum, $300,000 in round figures has gone into the buildings and their equipment, and $200,000 has gone into the cost of current maintenance. The Polytechnic has a large staff of carefully selected specialists for its corps of teachers, and Mr. Hogg has been "running" one of the greatest popular universities in the world, without any endowments and without burdensome fees. He is a sound financier, and spends not a penny in needless or extravagant ways; for, while a man of large business and means, there is a limit to his fortune, and he does not roll up the Polytechnic's expense account for the mere pleasure of paying annual deficits. He has managed to keep the current yearly outlay down to about $70,000, of which the income of the day school and the various fees of the members and pupils return $40,000, leaving a deficiency of $30,000, which Mr. Hogg has been paying out of his own pocket from year to year. If invested permanently in English consols, an endowment fund of $1,200,000 would be required to yield an income equal to the sum paid yearly by Mr. Hogg to keep his institute going at full capacity. At a later point in this article I shall have occasion to refer to plans for the endowment of this model institution and the partial relief of Mr. Hogg from the burden he has borne, single-handed, so magnificently and without any signs of growing weary in well-doing. And now I shall turn to another brilliantly successful institution.

A variety of circumstances have combined to give the "People's Palace," recently opened in East London, a more extended and popular sort of fame than the Regent Street Polytechnic has acquired. The People's Palace needed skillful advertising, because it was dependent upon gifts and upon a thoroughly aroused interest in its objects for the means to erect its buildings and enter upon its work. The Polytechnic happened to have for its founder and manager a man with the means to pay its bills, as well as the skill and devotion to make it successful. The "Beaumont Institute," better known by its other name of the "People's Palace for East London," is the outcome in very large part of the efforts of a man who, though he could not pay the bills himself, is one of the most princely beggars of modern times, and has shown himself possessed of the tact and devotion to carry on the great institution he has built up. Sir Edmund Hay Currie is a very remarkable man. All his life he has been identified with East London, his business interests lying in that quarter. And all his life he has been interested in educational and philanthropic matters, in hospitals, and in the welfare of the masses generally. He distinguished himself in Crimean hospital management. He was chairman of the committee that provided for the extraordinary requirements of East London at the time of the great cholera epidemic. In a like capacity, when East London was scourged by small-pox,

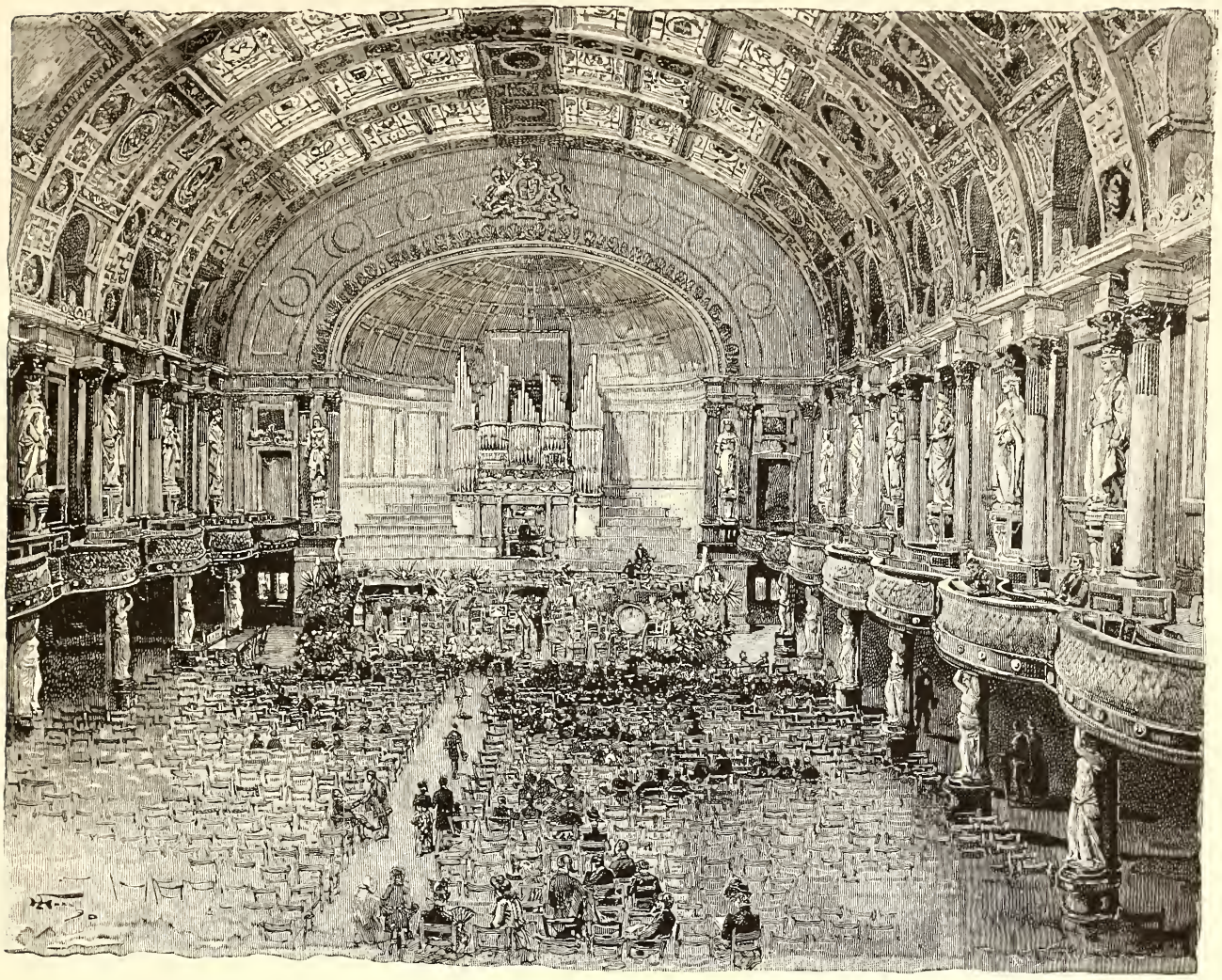
he took thousands of cases to an improvised hospital camp quarantined on a hillside in Kent. When the once great ship-building industry of East London succumbed to competition elsewhere, bringing terrible hardship upon thousands of families, Sir Edmund organized the necessary work of relief. The principal hospital of East London was at one time languishing for funds; Sir Edmund came to the rescue, and his irresistible tactics and energy as a beggar secured for it $750,000. When a man with such natural endowments of enthusiasm and energy, such capacity for organization, and so thorough a knowledge of the field and the people, gave up everything else in order to devote himself to the working out of a scheme for a great recreative and educational institution in East London, it was reasonable to look for results.

For providing the nucleus of the People's Palace funds credit should be given to John B. Beaumont, who died about 1840, leaving money the income of which was to be spent in promoting the education and entertainment of the people in the neighborhood of Beaumont Square, his East End property. The Beaumont fund wrought a certain amount of good for some years, after which the testator's survivors who were in charge seem to have got the property into a bad shape, and to have brought its usefulness quite to an end. Application was made to the Charity Commissioners of England, an important official body who have large powers of supervision and readjustment over charitable endowments, to rescue the Beaumont fund. Thus, some twelve years ago, Sir Edmund Hay Currie, as chairman of the newly appointed Beaumont trustees, was able to recover for its legitimate objects about $60,000 of the money originally devised. This sum was not large enough to set on foot any important enterprise, and after several years Sir Edmund in 1881 persuaded his colleagues of the Beaumont Trust to allow him to undertake the collection of $250,000 additional, with which to establish an institution of some magnitude. His courage has been amply rewarded, for the People's Palace has secured gifts and endowments worth at least twice that sum.

Sir Edmund's financial undertaking was aided by events and publications which gave the prosperous and aristocratic people of the West End their first conception of the condition and needs of East London, with its great neglected plebeian population. Mission workers and social reformers had discovered the existence of East London, and were beginning to make their discovery known. But still more timely for Sir Edmund's inchoate project was the discovery of East London by a popular novelist. Mr. Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" appeared in the autumn of 1882. In his preface Mr. Besant tells us that he had undertaken many wanderings in the previous summer "in Stepney, Whitechapel, Poplar, St. George's-in-the East, Limehouse, Bow, Stratford, Shadwell, and all that great and marvelous unknown country which we call East London," and that he found there "many wonderful things, and conversed with many wonderful people." In the body of the book he mentions Stepney Green as being "in that region of London which is less known to Englishmen than if it were in the wildest part of Colorado or among the pine forests of British Columbia, . . . a strip of Eden which has been visited by few indeed of those who do not live in its immediate vicinity."

> Two millions of people, or thereabouts [says one of the descriptive passages in this fascinating novel], live in the East End of London. That seems a good-sized population for an utterly unknown town. They have no institutions of their own to speak of, no public buildings of any importance, no municipality, no gentry, no carriages, no soldiers, no picture-galleries, no theaters, no opera — they have nothing. It is the fashion to believe that they are all paupers, which is a foolish and mischievous belief, as we shall presently see. Probably there is no such spectacle in the whole world as that of this immense, neglected, forgotten great city of East London. It is even neglected by its own citizens, who have never yet perceived their abandoned condition. They are Londoners, it is true, but they have no part or share of London; its wealth, its splendors, its honors, exist not for them. They see nothing of any splendors; even the Lord Mayor's show goeth westward; the City lies between them and the greatness of England. They are beyond the wards, and cannot become aldermen; the rich London merchants go north and south and west; but they go not east. Nobody goes east; no one wants to see the place; no one is curious about the way of life in the east. Books on London pass it over; it has little or no history; great men are not buried in its churchyards, which are not even ancient, and crowded by citizens as obscure as those who now breathe the upper airs about them. If anything happens in the east, people at the other end have to stop and think before they can remember where the place may be.

Nothing short of personal inspection and study will give one so good an idea of "the east" and its ways of living and thinking as Mr. Besant's novel. The truth of fiction is in such matters superior to the truth of statistics. Yet statistics may tell us much, and I am inclined to give the summary findings of a most exceptionally thorough inquiry into the social and industrial condition of East London made recently by Mr. Booth, of the Statistical Society, and presented in an elaborate paper which appeared in the Society's journal for June,

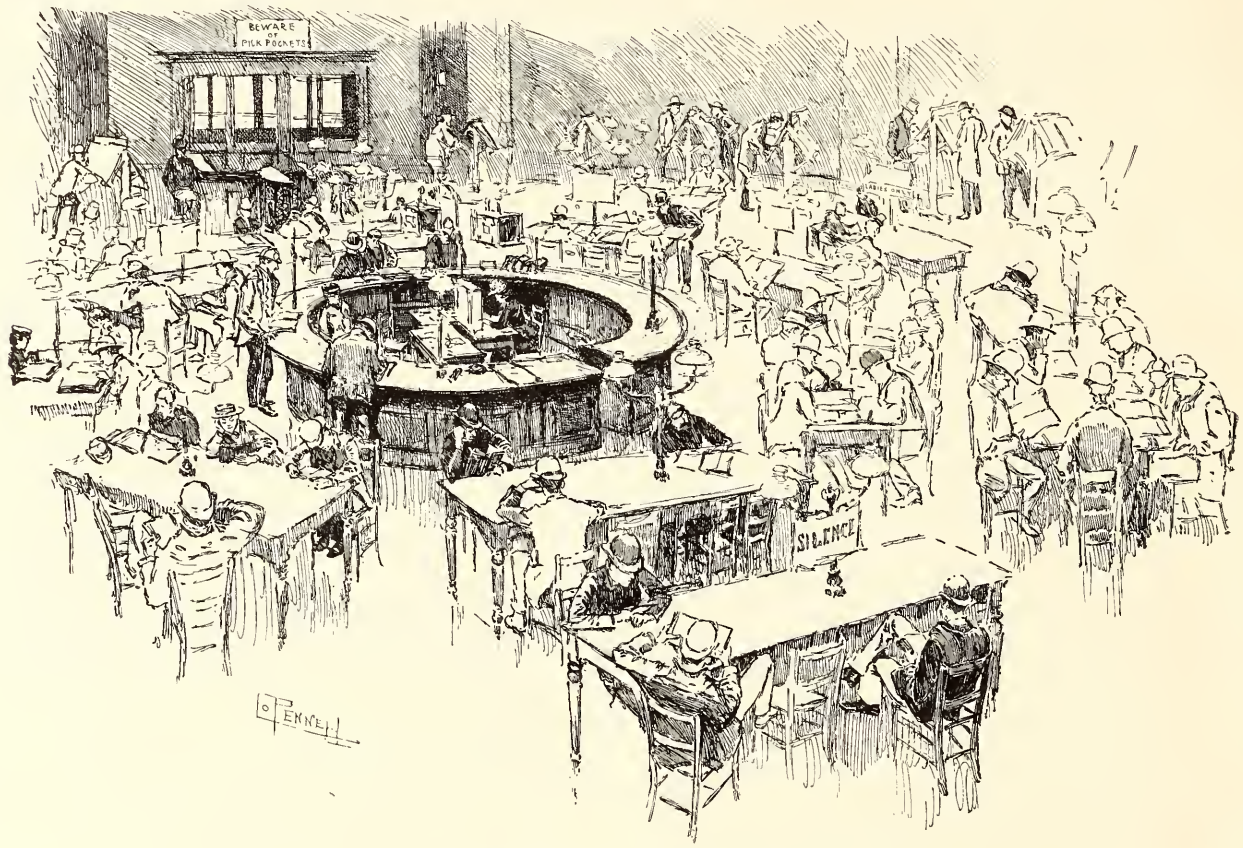


THE HALL, PEOPLE'S PALACE.

1888. The districts which Mr. Booth investigated contain a population of one million. I cannot enter in a detailed way into this gentleman's classification; suffice it to say that by "the poor" he means those below the line of full self-support. Within the poverty line he finds 35.2 per cent. of the population, which he further distributes into four classes, as follows: (A) the lowest class, loafers, semi-criminals, etc., 1.2 per cent.; (B) the "*very poor*," whose earnings are only casual, 11.2 per cent.; (C) intermittent earnings, 8.3 per cent.; and (D) small regular earnings, 14.5 per cent.,— the last two classes constituting "*the poor*" and being never wholly independent of public relief. Class E, composed of those who have regular standard workingmen's earnings above the poverty line, includes 42.3 per cent. The higher labor class (F) numbers 13.6 per cent. The "lower middle class" (G) is 3.9 per cent., and the "upper middle class" (H) is 5 per cent. A classification by callings shows 22.3 per cent. to belong to the "common labor" class; 23 per cent. to the "artisan" class, engaged in the building trades and mechanical pursuits; 9 per cent. engaged in "dress and food" preparations; 9 per cent. classified as "sundry wage earners," including workmen on the highways, shop assistants, seamen, etc.; 10.7 per cent., small-profit earners — the keepers of small shops, stalls, hawkers, etc.; 2.8 per cent., large-profit earners — the keepers of larger mercantile establishments; 5.3 per cent., clerks and the "sub-professional class"; .5 per cent., professional; .2 per cent., those of independent means — the residue being made up of those who have no occupations or are not earning a regular livelihood. These figures, in conjunction with Mr. Besant's descriptions and sketches from the life, may well give some adequate idea of the dullness and dreariness of the East End, and of its great need for those social, educational, and recreative diversions that break the monotony of the workaday routine and help to make life really worth the living.

Mr. Besant's novel is the story of an ingenuous and clever young gentleman and a lovely and fabulously rich young lady who were quixotic enough to leave the drawing-room life of the west and to devote themselves to the welfare of the east. They planned and built a great "Palace of Delight," with concert-halls, reading-rooms, picture-galleries, an art and design school, and various classes, social rooms, and frequent fêtes and dances.

They threw it freely open to the people, gave the people large share in its management, and made it a great recreative center. On the title-page Mr. Besant calls his book "an impossible story," explaining in the preface that he had done this in deference to certain friendly advisers, who had told him it was "impossible"; he adds, however, "But I have never been able to understand why it is impossible."



THE READING-ROOM, PEOPLE'S PALACE.

It would be an error to suppose that Mr. Besant was indebted for his plot to the then incubating project of the Beaumont trustees; for his work was done and given to the world before he had heard anything whatsoever of that project. On the other hand, the trustees would not fail to acknowledge their obligations to Mr. Besant, both for ideas and also especially for the aroused attention of people of wealth and position. The novel appealed most strongly to the imagination. It was evidently a book with a purpose, written with strong conviction. The novel gave the "People's Palace" its name, gave the project a great impulse, brought money and influence, and undoubtedly gave emphasis and prominence to the entertainment side of the Beaumont plan. But in the working out of the plan as a whole, and in the arrangement of practical details, the trustees of the Beaumont fund, who also became the People's Palace trustees, very wisely relied upon the experience and advice of Mr. Hogg and Mr. Robert Mitchell of the Regent street Polytechnic. Mr. Mitchell's services were incessant and invaluable.

The People's Palace is very fortunate in its location. It is in the Mile End Road, which, as a continuation of the Whitechapel Road, is the great thoroughfare of East London. The horse-cars come to it from north, south, east, and west, not to mention innumerable omnibus lines. As Sir Edmund says, "The net was put down in the right place." Immediately north is the populous district of Bethnal Green; on the south lies Stepney, St. George's-in-the-East, Limehouse, and Ratcliffe; on the west, all of Whitechapel; and to the east are the unknown regions of Bow, Bromley, and Stratford. Five acres of land were secured at this strategic point, and the main hall of the central building, called "Queen's Hall," was opened by the Queen in person on May 14, 1887. The active work of the Palace was begun on October 3, some old buildings on the ground being fitted up temporarily for class-rooms and workshops, and sheet-iron buildings, also quite temporary in character, being constructed for gymnasium, exhibition, refreshment, swimming-bath, office, and various other rooms. The Queen's Hall is a great room, with vaulted ceiling, showily decorated, and imposing in its appearance. It has a fine organ, a large stage for the Palace's chorus and orchestra, and audience accommodation for four thousand people. In June, 1888, the free library and reading-room

was opened. It is immediately behind the Queen's Hall, with a separate entrance. It is a huge, eight-sided room, with space around the walls for 250,000 books, and with room at the tables for many hundreds of readers. Donations, largely from publishers and authors, have already accumulated to the extent of about 20,000 volumes; and nearly all of the newspapers and periodicals which are to be found at the tables are sent free. Among the largest donors to the funds of the Palace is the Drapers' Company, one of the city guilds which for some reason did not join the others in the formation of the City and Guilds Institute which carries on so large a work in behalf of technical education. The Drapers subscribed to the People's Palace fund $20,000 a year for ten years,—half of which should be invested as endowment,—and also gave an additional $100,000 for the building of the permanent technical schools. These schools flank the main building on the east, and were opened in October, 1888. Externally the Palace has anything but a palatial appearance as yet, the front not having been completed. This front part will be a great semicircle, covering the main hall, the technical schools, and the buildings on the west side that will correspond with the schools on the east. The front will have three stories, the lowest one being a newspaper and rendezvous room, with especial reference to the wants of men who consult the papers for employment advertisements; and there is no reason why there should not be conducted employment agencies on the spot. There will be social and refreshment rooms above, and on the uppermost floor the art school will find its habitat. To the rear on the west will be a winter garden, inclosed in glass, full of palms and flowers and tropical fruits, communicating with the library and the Queen's Hall. The permanent gymnasium and swimming-bath will occupy a detached building just west of the principal pile. This description must answer for the buildings; which, I may add, will have a great variety of minor appointments and facilities for the various departments of the work.

In describing briefly the work of the Palace, I shall observe the following order: (1) The recreative features, or the Palace in relation to the general population of East London; (2) the social features, or the Palace in relation to its own membership; (3) the educational features, or the Palace in relation to those who join its classes; and (4) the technical day school for boys.

The happiness and edification of the general

THE READING-ROOM, PEOPLE'S PALACE.

population has from the first been a large part of the scheme. It touches one's heart to find out how little pleasure these people have. There is an absolute dearth of amusement in their part of the town. Nobody lives in East Lon-

don who can help it, the better class of retail tradesmen who do business there living in the country. Many of the people, even the elderly folk, have never seen green fields. One might expect to find the cheap variety theaters flourishing in those quarters, but they are wholly lacking. The gin-palace is the only place of resort. Sir Edmund began his operations with a "show," and he has been giving shows ever since. That he has succeeded in supplying a want is sufficiently attested by the fact that *a million and a half* of people attended his entertainments in the first year, 1887–88. He began in October with a poultry and pigeon show, in his small sheet-iron exhibition shed, and in five days about 37,000 people paid twopence each for admission, and were delighted. The East End people are fond of animals, and Sir Edmund knew how to please them. In November a several days' exhibition of chrysanthemums attracted 20,000 people. In December the Prince of Wales visited the place to open an exhibition of the work of London apprentices, which remained open several weeks, and was visited by 86,000 people. A three-days' dog show in March, a two-days' cat and rabbit show in April, and a two-days' donkey and pony show in July, were all very largely attended. A workmen's exhibition,

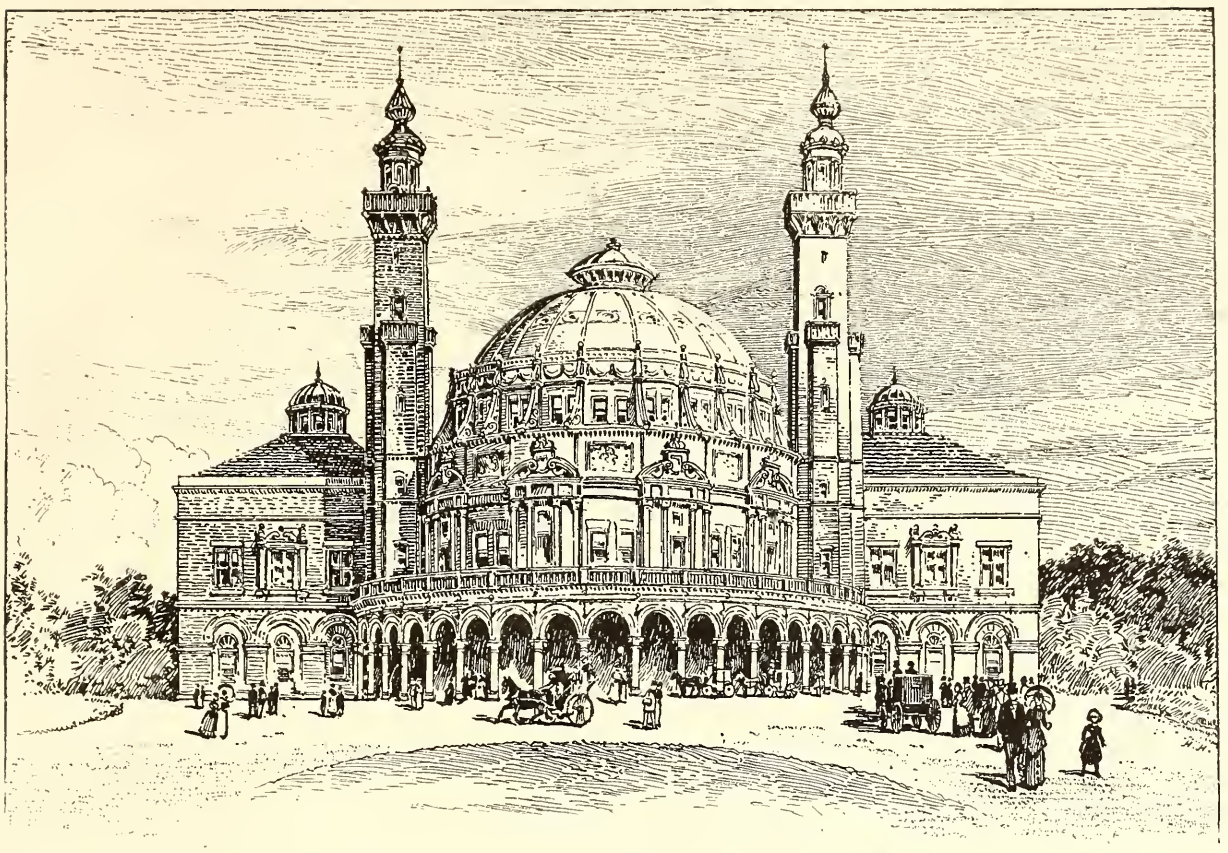
ROBERT MITCHELL.

opened in May, had been visited by about 100,000; and space forbids an account of flower-shows and picture exhibitions and children's entertainments. All these shows made awards of prizes and premiums, and thus stimulated interest, and excited lively anticipations of the next year's exhibitions and rivalries. The great feature of the recreation section for the year was, however, the closing one, opened by the Duchess of Albany in August, 1888. It was a six-weeks' fête, which included an admirable exhibition of pictures by the leading modern English artists, concerts by the choral and orchestral societies of the Palace, the constant attendance of a famous military band, flower-shows, and a profusion of bunting everywhere throughout the buildings and grounds, with rifle-galleries, swings, and all sorts of "side-shows." The admission fee was one penny; and 310,207 people, largely the very poor, entered at the turnstiles.

Meanwhile the beautiful library with its books and papers was free to everybody, and throughout the year it drew an average of a thousand readers a day on week-days and nearly twice as many on Sundays. In the Queen's Hall, also, three excellent concerts have been given each week on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday evenings, with an average attendance of 2500, the admission fees being only a penny or two. Not the least attractive of these concerts are those given by the well-trained choral society and the orchestra of the Palace's own members. The swimming-bath, opened by the Earl of Rosebery in May, was patronized to the extent of 70,000 during the summer, and is self-supporting. Altogether, the recreational section has been a most unequivocal success, and has already proved a boon to East London.

The organization of the People's Palace Institute and its social and educational characteristics are upon the general model of the Regent street Polytechnic. The same limits of age, sixteen to twenty-five, were adopted. The enrollment for the first year reached 4200, of whom about one-fourth were young women. The membership fees were made rather smaller than those at the Polytechnic, but after a year's experience they have been raised to precisely the same point. In its very different environment it seemed necessary for the Palace to make its amusing side more conspicuous than its sober educational side, and as a natural consequence the young people at first joined its Institute more for the entertainments and social diversions than for the classes. With the opening of the second year, in October, 1888, it was found advisable to reverse the original plan, and instead of admitting members to the classes at reduced fees, to admit to Institute memberships, at half rates, young men who had joined one or more classes — thus encouraging study and discouraging the use of the Palace solely as a meeting-place and a center of entertainment. The new rule seems a wise one.

While the young men and the young women



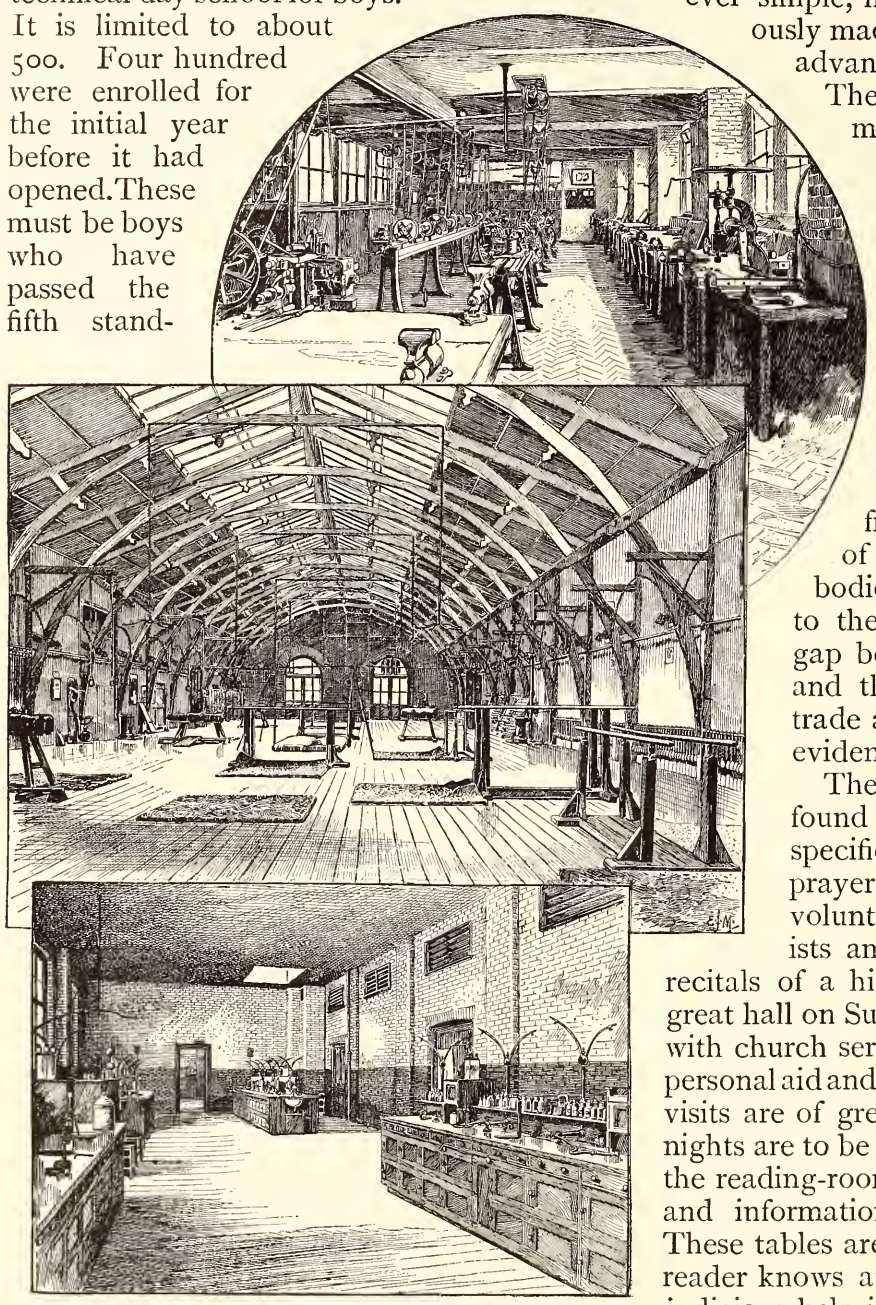
PROPOSED FRONT OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE, AS SEEN FROM THE MILE END ROAD.

meet in the reading-room, concert-hall, classes, and various entertainments, their suites of social rooms are entirely separate. The old buildings at the back of the main hall, from which the technical schools have been removed to their new quarters, are fitted up for social purposes. The ground floor is exclusively for the young women, and contains a social room, reading-room, sewing-rooms, the lady superintendent's room, cloak-rooms, etc. Eleven rooms on the upper floor give accommodation to the young men, and contain a billiard-room, chess-room, club-room, and various others for committees, and the like. The Palace Institute has its full complement of athletic clubs, literary societies, and miscellaneous organizations. The Corporation of the City of London has supplied a ten-acre playground at Wanstead Flats for the cricket, football, and tennis clubs. Mr. Besant, who takes a lively interest in the Palace, is the leader of a literary circle and editor of the "Palace Journal," a weekly periodical full of announcements, reports of club meetings, athletic events, and local affairs of the Palace, and with literary features of a character that Mr. Besant's editorship might well be expected to supply. The social life of the young women comes under the wise and helpful superintendence of a very accomplished lady, Miss Adam, who was Lady Brassey's friend, and her companion on the famous *Sunbeam* voyages. The young women have the Queen's Hall for gymnastics three nights in the week, have their swimming clubs and their nights for exclusive use of the bath, have their dances and evening reunions in the social rooms, and are privileged occasionally to invite their masculine friends to dancing parties. East London being what it is, the association of the two sexes at the Palace on social occasions requires the wisest and most careful supervision. Miss Adam seems to be accomplishing among the young women of the East End that excellent work in the good cause of taste and manners that Mr. Besant's Miss Kennedy is described in the story as doing.

The educational work is particularly indebted to Mr. Mitchell, of the Polytechnic, who organized it for Sir Edmund, and undertook the delicate and important task of selecting a staff of instructors. A list of the evening classes would fill half a page. They cover the same fields of general and commercial instruction, science and art, technical and practical trade, music, and special subjects for young women that I have described in my account of the Polytechnic. The technical and practical classes are admirably conducted by instructors who belong practically to the trades they teach, and have also theoretical knowledge. The relations of these classes to the trades unions and to the examination and subsidy schemes of the Government's Science and Art Department and the City and Guilds Institute are precisely those of the Polytechnic. In 1887–88

3716 students joined the classes. Last year the number was much greater, and the facilities, with the new school buildings, were very much improved.

Sir Edmund dwells with special enthusiasm upon the advantages and prospects of his technical day school for boys. It is limited to about 500. Four hundred were enrolled for the initial year before it had opened. These must be boys who have passed the fifth standard in the public elementary schools, and are over twelve years of age. They are expected to be about thirteen when they enter, and it is desired that they shall stay at least two years, and three if possible. They are picked lads, preferably the sons of mechanics in the neighboring districts. A great number of free scholarships are provided, open to schoolboys on competitive examination. The others pay sixpence a week tuition fee. The lads are given a varied course of general instruction, shop work, and laboratory work. There are great numbers of chemical factories in East London, which have very few trained chemists; and Sir Edmund's lads will all have thorough instruction in the chemical laboratory. All will begin their mechanical training with woodwork, learning to draw, of course, and doing all their shop work, however simple, from accurate drawings previously made by themselves. They then advance to other lines of work. These boys are all intended for mechanics, their fathers having given a pledge to that effect, and they are all sons of parents whose income does not exceed $1000 a year. When, at fifteen or sixteen, they leave the school to go into trades, they may join the Palace's evening classes. A junior order of Institute membership has been established, limited to 250 lads from thirteen to sixteen years of age. This day school embodies the same ideas with respect to the best way to bridge over the gap between the elementary school and the proper age for going to a trade as those held by Mr. Hogg. It evidently suits English conditions.



MACHINE SHOP, GYMNASIUM, AND CHEMICAL LABORATORY, PEOPLE'S PALACE.

The People's Palace has as yet found it inexpedient to attempt any specific religious work, although prayers are said in the classes, and a voluntary Christian Association exists among the young men. Organ recitals of a high character are given in the great hall on Sundays at hours not conflicting with church services. The Palace enlists the personal aid and interests of many people whose visits are of great benefit. Thus on Saturday nights are to be found at a number of tables in the reading-room gentlemen who give advice and information about books and reading. These tables are labeled, so that the inquiring reader knows at a glance where to apply for judicious help in scientific reading, in poetry, fiction, history, biography, economics, etc. The idea is a very admirable one, and might be applied in all great public libraries with wonderful advantage. Mr. Longman, the publisher, is a member of the library committee, and gentlemen of the highest special qualifications are glad to give their services. Musicians of eminence take the solo parts in the concerts, literary men and famous scientists give lectures, and this East End university of the people has the benefit of much of the best talent of England. Sir Edmund has many ideas and plans yet to be put into execution; but the place is fairly established upon main lines that will not

be abandoned. The establishment as soon to be completed will represent an investment, chiefly in bricks and mortar, of about $600,000. Sir Edmund's three concerts a week and his numerous popular shows bring in pennies by the scores and hundreds of thousands, and these help to meet the current expenses. The Drapers' yearly largess covers a good part of the deficit, and the rest is to be permanently met by an endowment which I shall mention further on.

It is not to be inferred that in all the years of the past no other attempts more or less directly in this line had been made by good people for the benefit of the two million human beings of East London. A number of establishments still survive to tell the tale of brave efforts; but most of these have been inadequately supported, and none of them have rested upon so broad a foundation as the Polytechnic plan. It is one of Sir Edmund's generous ambitions to make the People's Palace the head and center of a coöperating group of East End institutions, which are not necessarily to be upon the same exact model, but which unite recreative and educational features for the welfare of the young. He believes that life and vigor can be infused into more than one enterprise now languishing under debt or bad management or paucity of resources.

The Rev. Freeman Wills is a gentleman whose share in the Polytechnic movement should have due and honorable mention. For several years, with voice and pen, he has been preaching the gospel of institutions upon Mr. Hogg's plan, and urging their establishment in different parts of London. Shortly before the opening of the People's Palace he had himself established a polytechnic known as the "Finsbury," near the eastern edge of "the City" and close to the well-known Broad Street Station. It is not as yet completely built, and has from the first been embarrassed for funds; but it has several thousand boys on its membership rolls and in its classes, and it manages to survive and do good work. It has influential friends who have made it very considerable gifts, and its large membership seems so strong an argument for its permanent maintenance that it is not likely that it will be allowed to close its doors for lack of funds. Its clubs and societies are in a very lively condition, and while its educational equipment is not equal to that of the two great institutions I have just described, it happens to be in the vicinity of excellent technical and night schools, and its especial function would seem to be the social, moral, physical, and recreative culture of the thousands of young men who live within easy reach of its doors. Mr. Wills had known much of the condition of South London, and of its great and crying need for institutions of just this character; and in the spring of 1888 he obtained on favorable terms the lease of a great building which had been erected at a cost of $140,000 in a populous part of South London as a public hall, swimming-bath, and place of resort. It had been a financial failure, and Mr. Wills secured it as a building which could easily be adapted for the uses of a polytechnic. It was opened in June by the Princess Louise, and within three months it had secured a membership of three thousand boys. Its future depends chiefly upon its success in securing, first, the funds that will be required to purchase the building and make the necessary additions, and then the public endowment for which it is a hopeful candidate. It is under the personal management of Mr. Wills, who conducts the weekly "Polytechnic Journal" as the organ of his two institutions. An influential committee acts as a provisional board of trustees. The surrounding districts, which include Kensington, Brixton, Clapham, Camberwell, and parts of other parishes, have a population of 250,000 within a radius of less than one and a half miles from the "Lambeth Polytechnic." It is mainly a working-class population, although not of the poorest orders.

I have spoken of a "public endowment" for which at the time this sketch was written the Lambeth Polytechnic was a candidate; and this brings me to a part of my subject which is, perhaps, the most important of all. The Charity Commissioners are a board which was created by Parliament in 1853 to superintend the administration of charitable and educational endowments all over Great Britain. In 1883 Professor James Bryce carried through Parliament a bill providing for the amalgamation of the old parochial charities of London and the application of the income to the welfare of the poorer classes throughout the metropolis, under direction of the Charity Commissioners, in the form of provisions for technical education, the maintenance of libraries or museums, the purchase of open spaces and recreation grounds, the establishment or assistance of provident institutions and hospitals, and whatever else might seem good to the commissioners in promotion of "the physical, social, and moral condition of the poorer inhabitants." In about a hundred old parishes there were a vast number of endowed charities of ancient standing whose original objects had become obsolete, or whose funds, having greatly outgrown the requirements of those objects, were being squandered or misapplied. Under the terms of this act the Charity Commissioners garnered funds and property to the total value of about $15,000,000, yielding (at three per cent.) a present income of $500,000,

PICTURE SHOW AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

about $200,000 of which is paid over to another body, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, for Established Church purposes, while the remainder is at the disposal of the charity board for the objects specified in the act. Considerable sums have been devoted to the purchase of parks; and, in accordance with the evident wish of Parliament and the general public, it was determined by the commissioners to aid technical education. Very thorough investigation was made by the board with the view to discover the best way to promote a technical instruction that would benefit the lower rather than the middle classes. Institutions at home and abroad were studied, Mr. Henry Cunynghame, one of the assistant commissioners, making a special and expert examination of the whole subject. As a result, the commissioners concluded that in England only the richer and middle classes would go to day technical schools, and that night schools for apprentices and young people of the working classes should be supported. They also concluded that in England it would be wholly unwise and impracticable to attempt to make the technical school supplant the shop, and that its instruction should be supplementary and of a more scientific and theoretical character, rather than for the purpose of imparting mere working skill in trades. They were convinced that for the young workingmen of the metropolis it was highly desirable that the gymnasium, the swimming-bath, athletic games, and careful physical training should be provided. They also concluded that it would be fatal to mix ages, and that the period from sixteen to twenty-five was the approved one. Further, they agreed that it would not be well to give apprentice boys "things for nothing." And thus they had reasoned themselves into the acceptance of Mr. Hogg's polytechnic as the most complete and desirable form of technical school for the poorer classes of London. They determined to take his school as a model, and to promote the establishment of a series of similar institutes throughout the metropolis. Studying Mr. Hogg's experience, they were satisfied that $500,000 could be made to pay the cost of plain buildings and to provide an endowment fund that would yield enough to cover at least a good part of the difference between current receipts and expenditures for an institute that would accommodate say four thousand members and a larger number of students. It became known in the spring of 1888 that the commissioners would aid in the establishment of a number of these institutes, upon approval of their locations and plans, and upon the securing of at least half the necessary means from private donors. It was understood that $3,000,000, or the income of that amount, would be devoted by the commissioners to the promotion of polytechnics. They gave Mr. Hogg's polytechnic $12,500 a year in perpetuity, on condition that a private fund of $175,000 be raised — this being regarded as equivalent to $7500 a year. The conditions having been met, the Polytechnic has now an assured income from endowments of $20,000 a year, which places it upon a secure footing. The People's Palace also receives from the commissioners this same sum of $12,500 per year. The commissioners further offered in the early summer of 1888 to give outright $750,000 towards the maintenance of three polytechnics on the south side of the Thames on condition that an equal sum should be contributed from other sources. The offer created great enthusiasm, and a highly influential committee was formed to carry the project through. It was in anticipation of the acceptance of his institution as one of the three that Mr. Wills opened his Lambeth polytechnic. Large gifts to the South London committee from wealthy city guilds have assured the success of the project. South London has from 800,000 to 1,000,000 people, and many of its districts are almost as dreary and destitute as the East End itself. The easternmost of these South London polytechnics has been secured for New

SUNDAY CONCERT IN THE GREAT HALL, PEOPLE'S PALACE.

Cross in Deptford. This parish is bounded by Greenwich, Lewisham, Peckham, and Rotherhithe, and the region has a quarter of a million people. The buildings and grounds of the Royal Naval School have been acquired for this polytechnic through the generosity of the Goldsmiths' Company, which in October announced its willingness to give an endowment of $12,500 a year, this income being regarded as equivalent to a capital sum of more than $400,000. The Charity Commissioners promptly met the gift with one of like amount and secured the premises. This polytechnic will be known as the Goldsmiths' Company's Institute, and that company will doubtless guard its future prosperity. It will, of course, be conducted upon the Regent street model.

The central polytechnic of the South London group will be at the Borough Road, on premises long owned by the Corporation of London, and as an annex it will have the great Royal Victoria Hall, purchased in August, 1888, by a committee, of which the Duke of Westminster was chairman, for a South London "People's Palace" as a tribute to the memory of the late Samuel Morley. For the vast population in the vicinity of the "Elephant and Castle" and Spurgeon's Tabernacle, this Borough Road Institute and People's Palace will be of inestimable benefit. It has the most promising situation, perhaps, that could be secured in the entire metropolis, excepting that of the People's Palace for East London. Whether Mr. Wills's Lambeth polytechnic will eventually be accepted by the South London committee as their third undertaking seems as yet to be uncertain, a rival site being the Albert Palace, at Battersea Park, which has of late been idle in the hands of a receiver, and which with its grounds could be readily transformed into a most suitable and attractive people's palace and polytechnic institute.

Southwest London, on the north side of the Thames, was made practically certain of a polytechnic institute when early in the summer of 1888 the Charity Commissioners offered $250,000 on condition of an equal sum being subscribed, and they accepted as satisfactory a site in Chelsea given by Earl Cadogan, valued at $50,000. Although surrounded by the wealthiest parishes of London, from Fulham to Westminster, this region has its hundreds of thousands of poor people who will profit by the institute.

The arrangements for North London have not progressed so far, at the time this is written, as those for South London; but the commissioners have signified their willingness to give $1,000,000 for the endowment of four polytechnics in North London, on condition that a like sum be secured by voluntary subscriptions for the erection and equipment of the buildings upon plans approved by the commissioners. Committees composed of members of Parliament and influential citizens of the boroughs of Hackney, Finsbury, Islington, and St. Pancras are earnestly working for the attainment of these very desirable institutions. Of the five million inhabitants of the metropolis, North London may certainly claim more than a million, and the need for people's palaces is only less urgent than in the east and the south.

Thus it is altogether probable that the near future will see from nine to twelve of these admirable institutions in the different parts of the metropolis, all well housed, all endowed, and able altogether to provide instruction and amusement for well-nigh a hundred thousand young people of the average age of twenty. They will all have excellent technical, commercial, and general schools for evening students, and technical day schools for lads in the early teens. Each will have an ample gymnasium, a swimming-bath, a recreation ground somewhere accessible, and cricket, foot-ball, rowing, tennis, cycling, and other out-of-door clubs. They will all have social rooms, reading-rooms, literary societies, and indoor clubs of every legitimate description. In addition to provisions for their own members, most of them will provide entertainment and instruction in popular form for the masses, the extent of this part of the work depending much upon the locality and its needs. Certainly this is a very remarkable and a very promising movement. If it stood alone it would be almost lost in the vastness of London's population and necessities. But it must be regarded as an harmonious part of the whole work of popular education that is making its advances tardily but surely in England. The night classes maintained throughout London by the School Board, assisted on the recreative side by the Recreative Evening Classes Association, accomplish no small good. The university extension movement, with its popular lectures, has become an appreciable educational influence; and Toynbee Hall, which has grown out of the university movement, is an increasing factor in the work of social and educational improvement among the poor. The famous schools of an older order, of which King's College, the Birkbeck Scientific and Literary Institution, and the Workingmen's College are instances, still flourish and give instruction to many thousands of people in day and evening classes. The Finsbury Technical College, the City and Guilds' Central Institution at South Kensington, and the great science and art colleges of the Government adjoining the Kensington Museum, are all at-

tainable by the exceptional young person who aspires to the highest scientific, artistic, or technical training; and all these, and many other successful schools of a more or less special character, have their places and perform admirably their proper functions. But the Polytechnic supplies a want so distinct as to be unmistakable. It gives the sons of the people a few years of experience in association together for studies and pastimes and the varied interests and pleasures of youth, that is akin to the experiences that the more favored sons of the wealthy enjoy at Eton, Rugby, Harrow, and the other great public schools, and at the universities. It is a kind of experience that develops manhood, and that may do much to preserve and bring to the front those best traits of English character which the life in crowded towns in too many ways tends to minimize if not to destroy. However successful the polytechnic movement might prove in other and smaller cities,—and it certainly would seem to have a wide applicability,—there can be no manner of doubt about its fitness for London conditions and about its brilliant and useful future.

Albert Shaw.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

FRIEND OLIVIA.

BY AMELIA E. BARR,

Author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Border Shepherdess," "A Daughter of Fife," "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," etc.

XIV.

JOHN RECKONS WITH CHENAGE.

"In the night time visited,
And seeing with close-shut eyes the day unborn."

"For she a woman, womanlike in mind,
Not of man's strength, alone, without a sword,
She hath destroyed me."

"This shall be thy lot,
My stern Avenger dwelling with thee still."

"What waters of the Don will cleanse me? Or what sea of Asoph with its barbarous waters bending over the Black Sea? Not Neptune himself, with his multitudinous waters, will be able to expiate such wickedness."

ANASTASIA had that night a singular experience. A few times in her life she had heard her father speak of a peculiar dream which at critical epochs in their fortunes visited all of the De Burg family. It varied as to its circumstances, but never as to its controlling demon, and she had heard this spirit of the dream so vividly and so recently described that she was conscious of a kind of recognition when she saw him.

For, the week before her miserable wedding, her father met this spirit of his house in that dim frontier of Eternity which we call Dreamland. And so terrible had been the meeting that in the cold, gray glimmer which precedes dawning he came to her for company, showing a face as wan as a specter. And as he flung open the casement and thrust his dark head into the still mysterious day she had shivered with an unknown fear—sympathetic, half divining, yet dumb either for question or for comfort.

She recalled his imperative knock at her door, his eager request to be admitted, his greed for light and air, the troubled terror in his eyes, the pallor of the unborn day upon the pallor of his face, the long, sad sigh with which he threw himself into the chair, the unnatural voice in which he whispered her name.

He had said nothing more at the time, but, lost in thought, seemed to be content to feel his daughter's presence, to hear her commonplace observations, and to watch her combing and brushing her long, black hair before the mirror. There was something so very mortal and fleshly about Anastasia that he got rid of the supernatural as he watched and listened to her; so that, when the sun touched the horizon, he felt able to fling off the dread and awe which had overwhelmed him.

She did not name the circumstance at breakfast, but when the meal was over De Burg took her to the terrace, where there was a great sun-dial with a stone seat around it, and he made her sit by his side. In the broad dayshine it was possible to speak of what she ought perhaps to hear.

"You will see him for yourself some day, Asia. He will come as your friend or your foe. He will make you taste the savor of death in

life, or else convey by secretest means the assurance of whatever you desire. Ah, me! The fear of him comes thundering back, and I am tormented with cruel expectation."

"Who is he?"

"My father believed him to be Glaive de Burg, who burnt the Saxons out of Shoreham and built there a castle whose walls still stand. 'T is said he was partner in all King John's treachery to his brother Richard, and that Glaive de Burg betrayed both brothers to each other. One day he was arrested for high treason and he knew his hour had come. As he crossed the courtyard of the castle, the mailed guards being on each side of him, he flung the great key of his home backward and bid his demon 'keep it well until he came again.' He was beheaded within a week, and came no more to Shoreham. But the castle was strangely troubled, and the De Burgs dwelt hardly there until King Henry VIII. gave them this priory. Then they deserted Shoreham and it fell into decay. But the man with the key grows no older. As my fathers saw him I see him. This morning he presaged great trouble to me. Lowering and black was his face, and his voice full of terror, and I fear death, Asia, knowing well what powers there be behind it."

"But he is not always terrible, and I will hope that he may be so far touched by my fidelity to the De Burgs, and by my helplessness against such as would hurt me, as to fight my battles. And surely, if I see him, father, I will not fear to ask that all evil designed you may be shifted to your enemies."

And yet when the mysterious adherent did visit her she was conscious only of an intensely personal instruction which she could not translate into human language—so personal, indeed, that she was inclined jealously to keep to herself all that she had supernaturally learned.

From this informed sleep she awakened with a sudden sense of life. It was as if the demon had said: "That is all. Go!" She opened her eyes wide, there was a moment of blank, then the whole communication flashed upon her mind and brought with it a feeling of strength and light-heartedness which not even her father's critical condition could essentially impair. For if Nathaniel Kelder had gone to Appleby she knew he would do all that was possible for the sick man. "Pious people are a comfort sometimes," she thought, "and cousin Nat's conscience will require him to be extra kind to his enemy."

She dressed herself with some care and ate her breakfast alone with a very good appetite, Chenage being still in the torpor of alcoholic sleep. Then, as the morning was warm and fine and the west wind brought on it delicious odors from the lavender beds in the lower part of the garden, she asked for scissors and a basket.

"The heads are full ripe, Gilbert," she said; "I will go and cut them. When the master is ready for breakfast let me know."

Gilbert watched her a moment going through the garden, and an unusual feeling of pity came into his heart. "She be pretty and good-natured, bless her—and my word, but she will catch it anon." Then he went into the kitchen to eat his own meal and found such sentiments little approved. The women all stood by master, and the inferior men-servants all had personal reasons for standing by the women.

But Anastasia was not thinking of their ill-will, though she was quite aware of it. That wondrous man of the dream, and the mystery and promise of his unexplainable revelation, filled her mind with a vague but positive sense of coming triumph over all her enemies. She went straight to the lavender beds and cut the small basket full. As she straightened herself her eyes met two other eyes. They were looking at her with such an intensity of regard as may have compelled her attention. Before she could move or speak a hand parted the hazel boughs, a brown hand covered with rings, and then Anastasia laughed lowly and went towards the beckoning fingers.

"O Pastro! Is it you at last?"

"It is Pastro, my lady. The captain wants your orders."

"Go and tell him that I am being slowly killed. Chenage flogs me like a dog."

"The great devil!"

"To-day Chenage goes to Kendal market. Tell Captain John to come, 'as from the king,' about one o'clock. I will see him, if I die for it. Pastro, look here"; and she pushed aside her handkerchief and showed a livid mark across her shoulders. "He did that yesterday. Go and tell Captain John what you have seen, what I say."

"I will tell, fear not."

"Remember, one o'clock! Pray God he kill me not before help comes. Help will come?"

He nodded decisively, and the mist of pity in his black, piercing eyes told her that she had a proper messenger. She waited a moment until the rustling among the hazel bushes ceased, then with her basket of lavender she turned towards the house. In a few moments she saw Gilbert at the open door looking towards her; Chenage, then, was at breakfast, and she hasted lest her delay should add to his usual irritation.

She was so nervous that she began to sing—a pitiful little murmur, the thinnest echo of her former clear, high trilling; that kind of

singing in which trembling souls hide, or try to hide, their crying. Chenage looked at her, and the poor pretense froze upon her lips. However, she noticed instantly that he wore the suit in which he usually rode to Kendal, and the circumstance gave her comfort. It was the sign and promise of all she wished. Chenage had dressed himself for his evil destiny.

"Well, mistress, gadding about, as usual."

"I have been cutting the lavender."

"Gilbert, fling that high-smelling stuff away."

She let the man take the basket without a word, but there was a look in her eyes which maddened Chenage beyond words.

"Where is the letter you got last night?"

She laid it at his side.

"Old Kelder! Lies! Where is Nat Kelder's letter?"

"I had no letter from Nat Kelder."

"You had."

"I had not. You see my father is dying. I want to go to him."

"You want to go to Nat Kelder. He is in Appleby. You shall not go within a hundred miles of him."

"What do I care for Nat Kelder? It is my father I —"

"'Ah, me! I would I had a Puritan lover! How I should adore one! How becoming is their dress! How refined and gentle their manners! Loving is their only vice, and I vow they love to perfection! Ah, me! I would I had a Puritan lover!'" So, with black, drawn brows and angry mimicry, he mocked her with the idle words she had taught him.

"I want to go to my dying father."

"You want to go to Nat Kelder. You are not going to Appleby now; no, nor at any other time."

"Are you above the law? I have been summoned there. And I swear I will go to my father."

"You will go to bed and stay there. When I am in Kendal I shall tell Dr. Kirby to be here to-morrow. Kirby will swear you are ill, or mad, if I tell him to. And, by Heaven! I will make you mad if you are any saner than suits my purpose."

As he spoke he grasped her arm. And he had a cruel grip; a vise of iron would hardly have pressed her flesh more torturingly.

"Let me go, Roger, please. You hurt me, you make me sick. Pity — pity — pity!"

To see the color leave her cheeks and mortal terror leap into her eyes, to see her red lips turn ashy and her eyelids droop and quiver, gave him a fierce joy. The brutal fingers closed tighter: he was mocking her about Nat Kelder, and forgot himself until he suddenly knew that he held a dead weight in that merciless grip. For a moment he was terrified. He called the women, and they loosed her dress and threw cold water over her face, but with the return of life he experienced an access of anger against her. She began to sob as consciousness came back, and he sent every one away and sat down beside her.

"Mistress," he said, "it will be more for your welfare to listen to me than to cry for yourself. I am going to Kendal. Ask Audrey to show you the room in the garret of which she keeps the key. It has a story, and she may tell it to you. My grandmother, Lady Cecilia Chenage, lived eleven years in that room. There is an iron staple in the wall, and an iron chain and bracelet on the floor. My grandfather kept the key of that bracelet. Lady Chenage was subject to faintings and cryings; she had had many servants as well as my grandfather, and she made his life uncomfortable. She became mad. Do you understand? Faith, if you do not, you have less sense than will serve your turn."

Then he went away, leaving the terror-stricken woman dumb with the horror of her situation. She lay still until she heard the clatter of his horse on the paved yard, and knew by the whining of the dogs and the clash of the iron gates that he was on the high road to Kendal.

It was then about ten o'clock, and if John came there were still three hours to be got over. If they should carry her to that dreadful room before John came! If John should not come! She tried to think what she must do, and the outlook appalled her. Her father was in prison, perhaps dying; he could not help her. The Bellinghams had cast her off since that affair of Roger Prideaux. Mistress Cecil, the Le Talls, the Sandersons, the Paleys, none of them had the power, even if they had the will, to help her. The Kelders? Yes, she believed the baron would shield her at any risk. But how could she reach him? The servants watched the house by day, the dogs would not spare her by night. It was impossible for her to walk to Kelderby; under what pretense could she get a carriage, or even a horse, to take her there?

In a hopeless and miserable round of revengeful cares and sullen sorrows she passed a couple of hours. Several times Audrey urged her to "go and lie down and get a bit of sleep." But she felt as if nothing could induce her to go upstairs again, unless John's coming should remove the hand of terror. Soon after the noon hour she heard the gallop of a horse and the slow movement of a man leaving his dinner to answer the unexpected visitor.

She stood breathless, with the door ajar, listening. It was an hour sooner than she ex-

pected her brother, but she could understand how hard it would be for John to wait after he received the message sent by Pastro. The imperative knock at the front door was repeated twice before Thomas Hodges reached it. It was a moment of supreme anxiety. She hardly breathed until she heard the voice, John's voice, ask for Chenage. There was the slow, expected reply, then some impetuous talking, and Hodges followed by John came into the parlor. He was perfectly disguised in a suit of almost Puritanical gravity.

The eyes of the brother and sister met. "Madam," said John, "here is the king's seal and authority for my intrusion. As I cannot see your husband, permit me to sit at this table and write my instructions." He spread out a sheet of parchment with a great seal and the signature of "Carolus Rex" attached to it. Anastasia played her part perfectly. She called in Gilbert and bid him look at the paper, and Gilbert bowed down to the sign and seal of royalty. In a whispered consultation with Anastasia he thought that the bearer of so august a paper should have all conveniences, and he himself proposed to spread refreshments for him in the best dining parlor.

"I shall have to ask you, madam, to give me your attention, as these instructions are in cipher, and must be explained to you."

With affected reluctance Anastasia remained, and at length the door was shut and she stood alone with her avenger. They wasted no time. She told her story in low, passionate words. She showed her wounds and her bruises. She revealed the threat made to her that morning, and as she spoke her eyes were full of such mortal terror that John saw in them the bare garret room with its iron chain and bracelet.

He listened with that quiet fury which intends nothing less than the direst vengeance. His pretty sister who had braved so much for him! What would he not do for her? As she made her mournful complaint his face grew blacker and blacker, and Anastasia knew that Master Chenage would go mad before she did.

"What time does Chenage leave Kendal?"

"Between ten and eleven to-night."

"Will he have any one with him?"

"He may have Squire Bevil, but only for two miles. Bevil Hall is about two miles out of Kendal."

"Will the brute be sober?"

"So sober as to keep his seat. His horse knows its master and the way home."

"He will never bring his master home again."

"Are you going to kill him?"

"Kill him? Not yet. Oh, no! He shall long for death a thousand times more than he ever longed for you. Kill him? Not until he has paid for every blow he has given you. Oh, I will kill him by inches, as he would have killed you in that living grave upstairs. He shall die daily, by hours, and minutes."

"I have not told you all yet. He promised father £200 to go to the king, and then he informed against him. 'T was his hope that father would be arrested before the money was paid."

"Oh-h-h! That accounts for what I saw at De Burg as I passed. Where is father?"

"In Appleby common jail."

He drew his lips tight, and an indefinable sound escaped them. It was the utterance of many feelings, but anger was the predominating one.

"I can never believe that you will forget this, John."

"You must needs know better. I shall think on it — and he will pay for it. Ha! ha! ha! ha!" Anastasia looking into John's face caught something of the passions which infused and infuriated it. Her glinting eyes had the fire of vengeance in them. Her lips wore the cruel smile of inexorable and pitiless retaliation.

"Shall I see you again, John?"

"Not at this time. I shall be pleasantly engaged with Master Roger Chenage. But Pastro will bring you a comfortable word. Get ready for Appleby if you wish to go, and trouble your heart no more about a dead man."

"Chenage is —"

"Chenage *was*, as far as you are concerned."

"John, I had *the dream* last night."

"Ah! that is doing business. Was he favorable?"

"He touched my wedding-ring, and it fell at my feet broken in two. He made my heart light as a bird on the topmost branch. I have assurances. If I could find words I might tell you more."

"You have said enough. I am invincible. My own sister, my only true friend, there are footsteps!"

He stood up, kissed her with hearty affection, and then faced the door with a haughty insolence that made Gilbert cringe and tremble before him.

"There is food and wine in the next room, if it please your lordship — your grace — your highness — to eat and drink."

"Bring me wax and a candle."

There were candles and wax in the room, and Anastasia watched with many queer thoughts the old man's trembling desire to serve. John sealed elaborately a sheet of paper and gave it to Anastasia with many exact orders for its safe delivery to Chenage. "Keep it in your breast, madam," he said; "things of great importance to the king and to the future Earl of Chenage are secured by it."

Anastasia bowed low, but even in that moment, when her existence was held in suspense

and tragical danger, she could not avoid giving her brother a glance from beneath her level brows which might have roused a fatal suspicion even in Gilbert's stupid mind if he had not been so lavishly impressed by John's moods and actions that he dared not raise his eyes. And he was further impressed by the fact that John refused all refreshment, his care being only to get forward on his journey as quickly as possible.

"Mistress! Mistress!"—and Gilbert sank his voice to a whisper—"'t is the king himself, I 'll warrant. He be here looking after his own business, and need for him to do so; and a grander man I never saw. I could fairly have knelt down and kissed his feet."

Anastasia gladly humored the idea. She went for a likeness of the exiled monarch, and Gilbert was certain of the identity of the two men. What an event it was for Chenage! The fact that the whole household was enjoined to secrecy gave the news something of the delightful flavor of stolen fruit. In the kitchen there was a grand feast prepared, and over it the stranger was discussed.

Even "the mistress" obtained a reflected respect. She was the keeper of a paper which was to make master Earl of Chenage. Gilbert had heard him say so, and every man-servant and woman-servant had their own hopes in the realization of such dignity. These hopes kept them in delightful conversation and in a constant appetite for something to eat or drink until the night was far advanced.

Anastasia understood the revolution in feeling, and she smiled complacently. She was no longer in mortal terror. She felt that John had succeeded in imparting to her an importance which would secure her safety until he had made her again mistress of her destiny. But she took the precaution to show herself to some one of the household every hour of the day. If there was any suspicion, she was determined to be beyond it. At eleven o'clock she consulted Gilbert about his master's return. She did not "wish to sleep until she was clear of the charge of the paper." Gilbert thought she ought not to do so. He was sure master would be home anon. Thus another hour passed,—two, three hours,—and the whole household being exhausted with their great expectations, it was finally concluded that master had staid the night with Squire Bevil.

"Or he may have met the stranger," said Anastasia, with an air of mystery and subdued enjoyment.

This suggestion was so excellent that it supplied a new interest to the exhausted theme. The servants resolved to sit another hour, and Anastasia bid them good-night with her sweetest smile. "I think," she said, "we have heard good news to-day; good news both for England and Chenage." The men gave a little cheer. The women dropped courtesies. They looked at her with a far more gracious interest than they had given that night on which she entered Chenage as a bride. They inferred from her parting speech that the king was coming back, and also that she had some surety of becoming Countess Chenage. And they were all shrewd enough to know that the king's return would restore De Burg to his estate, and thus give to the future countess a position and a protector which even Chenage would not dare assail.

All their thoughts and selfish plans were clear to Anastasia, and as soon as she was within her room she laughed softly but immoderately at them. She had not been mentally idle, for she was aware that her position was not yet in her own control. She desired most of all things to go to her father, but this step she could not take while her husband's fate was uncertain. She must remain at Chenage until public opinion had come to some decision on the matter. But she felt already the lifting of the incubus. Her flagging spirit, that ever since her marriage had flown under its natural pitch, as if it was a body in a body, and not a mounting essence, resumed its old daring, its pushing inquisitiveness concerning whatever affected its happiness.

As soon as she was alone she threw aside every restraint of mood and clothing. She was too excited to sleep, her mind was busy with probabilities, and she looked in vain for anything fixed to rest it upon. Underlying all her thoughts was the thought of her father. All that he had suffered, all that he was suffering, she laid to the charge of Chenage. He had denied this treachery, denied upon his honor, but Anastasia believed him not. And the contemplation of her dying father made her contemplate the probable condition of Chenage with satisfaction.

She recalled one by one his various acts of petty tyranny, she looked again at the marks which his cruel fingers had left, she shuddered at the threat which led her memory to that chamber of wrong and misery which might have become her grave. The thought of the poor lady who perished there filled her eyes with tears. The thought of Audrey, who had probably assisted at that burial of the living, filled her with horror and with strange dreams of retribution.

She heard the clock strike three, and she stood up to listen to each reverberation. John had told her that at three o'clock the tide would serve his purpose, and Roger Chenage would begin in reality his voyage to eternity. John's last words to her had been, "At three

o'clock he will be dead to you." Three had struck. She was free. She took a long breath. She stretched outward and upward her arms. She felt no motion of pity. She asked herself why she should pity him. "He never knew pity for any one, not even for the poor lady who could hardly have wronged him in any way.

"Whatever John does to him, he deserves it. I swear he does. I hope John will tell him that I planned the whole affair. I do not think that he will sleep much to-night; and on whom will he spend his temper to-morrow morning? Not on me. Will he try it on John? Ha! ha! His courage flies not so high. A weak woman, whom the law had tied hands and feet ready for him, makes the pastime he prefers. I wonder if by this time John has cut my bonds. I think he has. I believe it. I am free — free — free — free." She dropped suddenly asleep with the word parting her lips.

She was awakened by a loud and imperative knock at her chamber door, and the sound of a human voice full of wonder and fear. "Mistress! Mistress! Open, an it please you, Mistress, such a thing has happened! We don't know what to make of such a thing."

"What is the matter, Nan?"

"We don't know what, mistress. The master's horse is come home alone. Master is n't on him. A thing like that never happened before. It has given us all such a feel, you can't think, mistress."

In her white night garment and her bare feet she stood looking at the woman. Her long black hair fell around her face and shoulders, and she lifted her hands and pushed the froward curls behind her ears. In the respite this action gave her she tried to decide upon the proper rôle to play.

"Mercy on us, Nan! Send Gilbert to me, at once."

Unconsciously she spoke in her old imperative manner, and the woman resented its assumption, even in the midst of her excitement.

"Gilbert, you are to go to the mistress; and to go to her at once. She is in a very high way this morning. I don't know what to make of her. I walked myself off middling quick."

After such a message Gilbert thought his honor demanded an extra delay, and before he had made up his mind to go to Anastasia she had hurriedly dressed herself and was with him. Suddenly she opened the great oak door which shut off the kitchen, and stood gazing at its occupants from the topmost of the short flight of steps by which it was reached. The gloom and shadow of the long passage was behind her, the morning light from the wide kitchen windows shone in her face, and turned the Indian calico she wore into a garment of strange beauty and brilliancy; for its "pines" full of gorgeous coloring caught the August sunshine, and made around her a haze of glowing reflections.

"Gilbert!"

Gilbert turned and looked at his mistress, and in that first glance abandoned all his dreams of authority over her. Anastasia had regained herself. Her beauty was a thing to wonder at. Not a servant of them had ever before seen her face as they saw it then, with the eyes flashing fire and the cheeks blazing like carnations, and the long curling veil of her dark hair flung backwards in that studied confusion which permitted some of the locks to stray over the milky whiteness of her throat and bosom.

"Gilbert! What have you done? Who has been sent to Kendal?"

"I have been that moidered, mistress, I have had no thoughts about me. I would give a matter of twenty shillings to know what to do."

"This is your affection for your master, is it? A pretty crowd of sniffling, sneaking varlets he has been feeding and pampering! Every man-jack of you ought to have been on the search ere this. Come, sir; take horse and go to Baron Le Tall's and raise the cry there. Thomas, you make haste to Squire Bevil's. Jekyl, you ride post-haste to Kendal, rouse the constables and the justices, and see to their getting out a hue and cry. The master had gold on him. I tell you he had gold on him, and plenty of it. All of you knew that. Pray God all of you know not more than you ought to know about this delay and the reason of it. I am suspicious of you. Before God, I am suspicious of you all! A bad lot the master pampered. I always told him so. Guzzling and planning, instead of calling me and hurrying on the search yourselves. You have let hours go by without one word or effort. It looks evil. It looks scandalously evil!"

"Mistress, these are strange words."

"True words, Audrey. Only too true! If you are indeed innocent, make shift to reach farmer Gates, and what you cannot do he can. Jess, you foot it over the moor to the head-shepherd. Nan, you take the high-road and turn hither the first man you see, gentle or simple."

"Mistress, I am little able to ride."

"Make shift to do so, Gilbert. You will ride, perhaps, to the saving of your own life. For I swear by my conscience I trust none of you! Too much delay. Such a good master! Such an idle pack of ingrates around him!"

Her passion was so well assumed that it carried all resistance before it. The younger servants, white and terrified, hasted to do her bidding. Audrey and Gilbert had not the

moral courage to keep their own ground. In fifteen minutes she had the house to herself, and then she hastily sought the spot where Pastro had met her on the previous day. There it was most likely he would be waiting for her again. Her supposition was correct. When she reached the lavender beds the brown hand parted the hazel boughs, and the large brown face with its gold-ringed ears gleamed for a moment amid the green leaves.

"Pastro?"

"Here, my lady."

"What news?"

"All is well done."

"You got him?"

"Safe."

"Where is he?"

"The devil or Captain John knows. He is between them and the deep sea."

"Where did you get him?"

"Two miles out of Kendal."

"At what hour?"

"At eleven last night. He was in drink."

"How was it done?"

"We were three. One stopped his horse. One felled him. Captain John gagged him. I had borrowed after dark the horse and cart of a fisher who was out with his lines. We laid the brute at the bottom of it. I and my mate went with the cart. Captain John rode the horse of Chenage to the sea-shore. We reached it about one o'clock. All was quiet. Our boat was waiting. We tossed him into it, struggling like a caught conger, and just as dumb. I saw him put on board."

"Then?"

"I took back the horse and cart. The fisher's wife heard me. I told her a bit of smuggling had been done, and gave her a gold piece. She nodded very sensibly. Then I rode the horse nearly back to Chenage and turned him loose. He did his part well also. I have waited here for you."

"Pastro! Pastro! How can I thank you?"

"For Captain John I would cut off my hands. To help a fair lady out of trouble is thanks by itself. I am paid."

"You are a fine gentleman. I swear there are few as fine! Where go you now?"

"To the sea-shore. The farmers stare at me. By the sea I am with my kind. For three days the captain will keep in deep water; on the last night I shall meet him by Barrow and get aboard again."

"Then you will see Chenage?"

"Yes"; and he nodded with the syllable most expressively.

"Will you have wine or meat? I have time to bring them."

"They will be a great gift to me."

So she hasted back to the house and took from the buffet a bottle of wine and some meat and bread. As she passed through the hall she stood a moment and lifted a riding-whip which lay upon a table with Chenage's hunting-cap and gaiters. A bright but vindictive smile widened her mouth as she did so, and after she had given Pastro his food she said:

"When you see Roger Chenage give him this whip, and tell him 'to take patience' with it. That was commonly his word when he used it on me—'Take patience, mistress.' Deliver as much to him, and say with it that I think of him hourly, and find in the thought a very reasonable happiness."

Then Pastro wrapped the long lash round the leathern handle, laughing low as he did so, for he was thinking within himself what a delightful, devilish thing it would be in Captain John's hand.

She stopped on her return to the house and gathered a handful of lavender. She put her face in its hot perfume, and then fastened the purple heads in her girdle. She did not hurry, and she found plenty of time to eat a refreshing breakfast before there was any answer to the many calls for help she had sent out.

Le Tall came first. She did not think it necessary to affect any great show of grief to him. He knew that Chenage treated his wife brutally; he knew it, though Anastasia never said so. As a friend of both De Burg and Chenage, he assumed the duty of directing the search for the missing squire. As a magistrate he made the servants miserable, for he evidently regarded Anastasia's suspicions of them as not altogether improbable. They durst not leave their service, and it was now Anastasia's pleasure to render it a very hard one.

Revenge made her a most economical housekeeper. Comfortable meals and confidential chats might have done much to help their anxiety, but she kept them on bare rations and at constant and divided service. "Every piece of money was needed for the search," and whenever she found two of them together she accused them of making plots to hide their crime, and hinted at the necessity of securing them behind bolts and bars.

For many days Chenage Grange was busy with comers and goers. Two generations had not seen the old gray house so apparently gay. Constables, magistrates, friends, and curious people of all kinds found business there. Every one was received by Anastasia. She listened to their suggestions. She wept where she knew weeping would be effective. She smiled radiantly through her tears where it was best to dazzle. She let no one go away without eating or drinking. She earned the good-will or the admiration of all who approached her.

Of course the strange visitor of the previous day became the prime subject for suspicion and inquiry. The paper given to Anastasia was solemnly opened in the presence of two magistrates—and found blank. At that day this was not a remarkable circumstance. The king had probably an understanding with Chenage as to what a blank message would mean. Or, what was more likely, the paper might contain information which could only be made visible by the use of some secret preparation.

Gilbert described the man according to his own wonderful opinions and suspicions. Anastasia, in clever but guarded speech, contrived to represent a person as utterly dissimilar to John de Burg as it was possible to be. And when nothing could be learned of Chenage, and every trace of the man beyond Bevil gates vanished, popular opinion settled itself upon the surmise that Chenage had met this stranger, that he was really the king or some one very close to the king, and that Chenage had considered it best for his Majesty's interests, or his own interests, to go away, secretly and at once, upon some important political errand.

"He will return as unexpectedly and suddenly as he went away," said the greater part of the friends of Roger Chenage. Le Tall did not echo this opinion. He had heard from Anastasia during these days the full story of her sufferings and her husband's wickedness, and Le Tall was a superstitious man.

"The devil has taken him," he said with a gloomy terror. "He has gone down into hell while he was yet quick."

And Anastasia answered him not a word. But there was such a strange intelligence in her gleaming eyes, in her parted lips, in her white fingers upon them, that he mentally added, "And you know it!"

XV.

IN APPLEBY JAIL.

"But if one righteously hath borne the rod
The angels kiss those lips which spake for God."

"Send thy silver on before, tending to his sick and poor.
Every dirhem dropped in alms touches Allah's open palms
Ere it fall into the hands of thy brother. Allah stands
Begging of thee when thy brother asketh help."

"Men are more sensitive to contemptuous language than unjust acts; for it is harder to bear insult than wrong."

THE little party of relief from Sandys had left home in the sunshine, but it was raining heavily when they entered Appleby—that warm, misty summer rain which seems so unreasonable and is so depressing. It was too late to visit the jail that night, and they were all weary enough to be grateful for the rest and refreshment of the comfortable hostelry near it.

In the morning it was still raining, and Olivia looked mournfully into the wet street. Not far away she could see a low stone building with iron gratings across its small apertures, and she knew instinctively that it was the jail. Unflinchingly she looked at it, in her serious eyes the vague, sad speculation with which we approach the unknown factors of our destiny. Nathaniel stood silently beside her. They were waiting breakfast, for Hannah Mettelane was trying to get into her hands in orderly fashion the new circumstances out of which she was to make daily life.

"And I 'll tell you what, children," she said, "if you are set, both of you, on going into that place, it will be a deal better for me to stay out of danger. If we should all be sick together who is to nurse the sick? Every soldier cannot go to the battlefield; some one must be left in camp."

Black and miserable in the rainy morning looked the iron-grated jail. And its interior was crushing. For there is always some incubus of horror and sadness in the air of a place where men have suffered for generations, just as in old churches where men have prayed for generations the presence of the supernatural is almost palpable. An interview with the jailer was the first necessity, for in that day this functionary was an autocrat, responsible to none, guided only by his own passions, prejudice, or interest.

He was found to be a very moderate fellow, hiding beneath his Puritanical garb and address a strong liking for the king in exile. Towards De Burg and Prideaux, who were in prison for their presumed sympathy with the king, he had a favorable feeling, and had willingly permitted them such comforts as they were ready to pay for.

"But you see, master," said he to Nathaniel, "I do rent this place of the town, and hard work it be to make my rent and living out of such as are sent here—being mostly Quakers, who are a stubborn lot; and, though many of them rich, standing on the unlawfulness of their imprisonment, and dying rather than paying their dues."

He was taking his keys from his leather belt as he spoke, and Olivia and Nathaniel followed him without further remark. The opening of a door introduced them to the upper prison. It was a large room, used for the women prisoners and for light offenders, and though foul and close beyond words and but dimly lighted by the open grates, still immeasur-

ably more comfortable than the lower one, into which they descended by a trap in the floor and a steep, ladder-like stair.

In this dungeon, which was below the street, there were only three small gratings in front; the back part of the room remained in perpetual chill and shadow. The common sewer of the town ran through it; the air was full of noxious gases; frogs and toads and crawling things had there a constant dwelling-place. It was always cold; its stone seats were wet and slimy, and into it the blessed sunshine never came; only a dim light, shorn of all its warmth and glory, crept timidly in for a few yards, and was then quenched in the heavy miasma of the place.

Nathaniel ejaculated in a passionate whisper the great, compassionate name of "God!" Olivia stood still and looked with widening eyes around her. A Friend with placid face near one of the gratings was braiding shoelaces and dreaming of heaven. Another Friend was drawing through the bars a loaf of bread which a sympathizer had brought him. A third sat backward in the gloom. Two men waiting trial for murder were quarreling over a pot of beer near him, and a highwayman by his side was spitting out curses at the gibbet and chains he foresaw for himself. But the Quaker in the midst of them heard them not. Distrammeled of earth, he had retired into the inmost inmost of the soul, where neither man nor angels but only God cometh. He was in an ecstasy. In that divine depth his soul had recovered her wings, and on the six pinions of contemplation found out that third heaven where there is a dividing asunder of soul and spirit by the sword of the Lord and the spirit is joined to the Lord.[1]

There were two cell-like rooms cut off from this larger one, and Prideaux and De Burg occupied them. Nathaniel went at once to his cousin. Olivia was speedily in her father's arms. He had not dreamed of her coming; she was like the vision of an angel to him. And he was so worn-out, so near the point of exhaustion, that he covered his face with his hands and wept. But there are few situations so bad that money will not ameliorate them. A kind of stiff-necked carelessness had prevented Prideaux from buying comforts of which he had been unjustly deprived, but Olivia felt no such restraint. The jailer brought, at her order, plenty of fresh straw, and spread it for Roger in a corner of the larger room, and he lay down upon it gratefully and fell into a sleep which every prisoner respected. And Asa put his burning hands in Olivia's with a sweet content.

"It has been my prayer to see thee once more," he whispered. "And thou needst not fear, for no harm shall come to thee — God's love so walls thee round about."

"What shall I do for thee, Asa?"

"Stand faithful to thy God and bear thy testimony bravely. Let not thy love ever come before thy duty. In due time love will be blessed by duty. Thy father hath changed much. His heart is on fire. He hath a zeal beyond his strength. Leave him not till thou canst leave him wisely. Be a good girl, and God will make thee happy. Thou canst trust him?"

"From the beginning to the end."

All there was left of mortal life seemed to have fled to Asa's eyes. They had an ardent, longing gaze, as if his soul was watching through them for the angel bringing his release.

"Be a good girl, and God will make thee happy." He said the words again, and fell into a sleepy stupor from which he did not rouse himself until sunset. Then he touched Roger and said:

"I have heard with my inward ear the voice of God. I am come to the day which shall judge all my days. Wash my hands, Roger, and my face, and put on me clean linen, and then I will lie down and wait for my change." It was the last intelligent act of a noble death-bed. Calmly and steadily through a week of great suffering he had been going down to the grave, with a certain solemn pomp of conscious grandeur, as one who knew himself victorious over it.

So Roger washed and dressed Asa for his burial. He became rapidly worse. Though he had semi-lucid intervals during the next twenty-four hours, though his inner man mounted higher and higher, his outward man hourly wasted and drew towards its place and center. During this last remnant of conscious life he spoke but five times, and each effort appeared to be made from a distance farther and farther away from earth:

"Here I have been very close to Him, but now I escape to the courts of heaven, where I shall see him face to face."

"Rest in the Lord! Rest! Rest! and again rest!"

"The river is very low and calm; he that is washed needeth only to wash his feet!"

"Light! Light! A tide of glory!"

"Felicia!"

Felicia was his wife's name. She had left earth more than forty years before.

"Felicia!" It was the last effort of mortal speech, though he lay in a deathlike stupor for more than three days afterwards. Why was not his earthly tabernacle dissolved without this pause? For what was he waiting? For whom was he waiting? Neither of *this* nor of *that* world; it was evident that he was so far beyond mortality as to

[1] "He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit."—1 Cor. vi. 17.

Feel through all his fleshly dresse
Bright shootes of everlastingnesse.

Olivia watched him constantly, but at midnight of the fourth day the watch was over; the act of death was accomplished. It was a dark sultry night, with no light of moon or stars. The rain plashed heavily on the pavement outside; the rush candle in the heavy air of the cell burned very dimly. Nathaniel and Olivia knelt together on the damp straw of the dying man's bed; Roger clasped his hands and repeated in a low, intense voice Paul's triumphant defiance of death. The three Friends in prison sat in silent prayer at a little distance. There was a calm beyond the calm of earth, and the faint stir and mutterings of the restless prisoners in the larger room touched not the peace of this place of death. At the last moment a heavenly radiance transfigured the face of the dying man. It was the light of the rising, not of the setting, life. Out of bonds and darkness through the constellations! Was there any wonder that the rapture of that release glorified the moment of death?

The night of Asa's death was the crisis of De Burg's illness. Nathaniel had dared to leave him only for the few sacred moments of the great mystery. Immediately after it De Burg recovered that consciousness he had lost for many days. During that sojourning at the mouth of the grave he had been constantly to his own soul muttering his crimes. But it was a confession without repentance and without promise. He came back to life insolent with that hate and anger whose fever had already burnt him to ashes and left him without power to give it the graphic utterance he had been accustomed to. The sight of Nathaniel almost convulsed him with abortive rage, and it was evident that his presence would no longer be serviceable.

The jailer's wife had given a bed to Olivia, and the weary girl was sleeping. Prideaux sat beside his dead servant lost in a revery which Nathaniel could not disturb. He awoke one of the Friends in the prison and left De Burg in his charge. Then he went to one of the gratings, and standing by it waited for the morning. The rain was over, but there was a wrack of clouds driving on the wind; all the stars were muffled, and the little town was so deeply hushed in sleep that the wailing of a sick child a little distance off seemed to fill the street with a portentous and sorrow-laden sound.

An influence he could not escape was around him, and as the dawn came dimly and showed him the white faces turned heavenward in their sleep he comprehended the divine pity of Christ. And he stood among those prisoners of sorrow and sin with prayers and tears, bringing each separate soul, as he understood it, to the heart of infinite pity. Thus in the night when there are no ordained priests in the temples God has priests consecrated without imposition of hands. Clouds of darkness were in the sacred aisles and over the altars of every church in England, but still priests ministered before the Lord. The Friend watching by De Burg was praying. Prideaux, sitting by "his servant departed this life in hope," was praising God for him. Nathaniel standing in the prison-house lifted up his hands and with holy intercession ministered before God. Everywhere souls were awake with sorrow or with pain and were serving, each soul in its course, before the Lord. "For these are they to whom the night-watch is appointed."

As soon as the jailer was awake Nathaniel left the prison. He found at the inn a messenger from Kelderby with letters from the baron and Lady Kelder. The baron informed him that George Sanderson of Penrith wanted to borrow one hundred pieces of gold on mortgage, and he requested Nathaniel to accompany to Penrith the lawyer who had the money in charge and examine the security given, "if it was within his duty to De Burg to leave him for so long." Lady Kelder wrote more explicitly:

SON NATHANIEL: My cousin Annie's husband is in trouble through tampering with politics — a thing no decent man can do and keep out of trouble; and if your affections are not totally and sheerly given to those Quakers, 't will be a service to me, your mother, if you convey the gold with some words of sympathy and good-will in your own person. 'T is not to be hoped that you will return to Kelderby until after the assize, yet I pray you to remember that you may have some indebtedness to your father and myself. Your father hath a failing sickness, I fear, and I — but it is little matter on that subject to complain. But I pray you to care a little for your own body's welfare, seeing that the soul is very useless without the body on this earth. For I do assure you that good health is the soul's good fortune, and though a man so far gone in love may not believe it, good health is the very salt of life. My son, I long to see you, and so abide your loving mother,

JOAN KELDER.

To the duty nearest to us! Wise and good men have obeyed that dictum long before Carlyle voiced it. To go to Penrith was Nathaniel's most evident duty, and he went. And Olivia was not sorry to be rid for a while of Love's fearing importunities. She perceived that a great "opportunity" had been given her, and she desired to accept it gladly, without fear and without restraint. But Nathaniel's constant cautions and anxieties clouded her enthusiasm, and really hindered her usefulness. So it is that even in love a part is sometimes better than the whole.

The two weeks that followed were weeks of

great though subdued excitement. Roger's heart was in a flame, he forgot everything in the great strait of obligation which he felt towards his fellow-prisoners. He was an evangelist filled with his own evangel. The power and fervor of the Indwelling Light burned within him, and kindled every soul that he approached. For men catch doctrines by actual contact, by heart acting upon heart, not by reasoning and written arguments. And to these men and women in prison, sinking through long, hard pressure of obscure distresses, or buffets of outrageous fortune, or bonds of actual crime, the gospel Roger preached was the Gospel of a great Deliverance; and none of them quite escaped the almost miraculous influence of his burning words.

Olivia's power was equally deep, though less marked. She spent the long hot days among the women prisoners. There were nursing babies with them, and the mother of one was shivering and burning with an ague. What could Olivia do but take the wasted little atom and nurse it in her own arms? She listened to all these poor creatures' sorrows. She taught them several small arts by which they could earn a trifle of money. She brought them the good food which Hannah Mettelane prepared. She gave gold freely where gold could give liberty. She filled the hours of her voluntary confinement with deeds whose loving unselfishness touched even the rough hearts of the jailer and his wife to a far-off imitation of them.

Nor did she forget De Burg. He had no conscious remembrance of her, and the quiet girl in her duffle gray gown who washed his hands and face in sweet waters, who brought him jellies and broths and the delicate food he longed for, evoked no particular speculation in his mind. He had indeed a double portion of the selfishness of the convalescent — he was served and comforted, and the fact was for many days sufficient for him.

But one afternoon, when he was so much stronger as to be lifted into a chair near the grating, he did begin to wonder vaguely who the girl might be. In two more days he had progressed so far as to reflect that the men who lifted and dressed him were evidently Quakers, and then it was easy enough to infer that Olivia also was in prison for her faith. He called to mind in a rambling way the number of wealthy and refined women who had been thrown into jails for not going to church, or for talking to small congregations in their own houses, and he speedily decided that his nurse was one in the same case. Then some convincing thought connected her with the Quaker Prideaux, whom he had himself helped into Appleby prison. A strange suspicion followed, and he was about to trace it to confirmation when the door was softly opened and his own daughter stood upon the threshold. She glanced at her father, and, instantly comprehending his ability to receive her, fell at his feet with a glad cry. She put her arms around his neck and drew his wasted face down to her own and covered it with tears and kisses.

"Asia! Asia! Why came you not before?"

"'T was the fault of that hound Chenage. But he will never come between us again, my father. Never again!"

"What mean you? Is he dead?"

"He is gone."

"Gone? But where?"

She looked him steadily in the eyes. "I know not, and I care not. He treated me like a servant, and he flogged me like a dog."

"Flogged *you!* He flogged *you!* A thousand hells!" And his parchment-like skin, wrinkled with the waste of sickness, glowed as if there was a flaming fire beneath it.

"He put you here also, and by God's day! I would I had him here under my own hand and foot."

"Gone! Gone! Where hath he gone? Speak, Asia!"

"Le Tall saith that the devil hath him, and faith! I am sure Le Tall has guessed to a miracle."

"I am too weak to guess your riddle. In plain words, what mean you?"

"The day he disappeared a stranger came to Chenage, and he asked me many things about him. I kept nothing back; I showed him the bruises on my arms and bosom. He made my wrongs his, as he had a right to do. Chenage went to Kendal market that day, and he never came home."

"Kidnaped?"

"The man said he came on the 'king's business,' and the general report is that Chenage went with him on the same, and will return as unexpectedly as he left."

"Think you that?"

"When to-morrow comes back again I shall begin to tremble."

She had grown suddenly gloomy, and De Burg looked uneasily at her. "You must know, dear father, I could not come here earlier; for there was a blaze about the affair, and for my own safety I sat still where I was, in the sight of all. But when the nearness of your trial gave me excuse I grudged every moment of delay."

"I have been in the grip of death, Asia."

"Baron Kelder wrote me of your illness, and also of Nat Kelder coming to you. Nat hath a conscience, and I knew he would be good to you for the contradiction of the thing."

"'T was but one of many humiliations. I know well that out of Prideaux's pocket have

come many things of prime importance to me, drugs and the like. Also, I have been nursed by Prideaux's daughter, or else I have dreamt it. 'T is hard to stomach such favors."

"Faith! 't is very easy, if you look at it in the right way. Let Prideaux pay for your drugs. Let Nathaniel give you comforts and service. Let Saint Olivia mend your laces and linens and make you soups and jellies. Too much honor for the lot of them! Nothing is more comfortable to me than to reflect on the good things I get out of them that hate me." She spread her velvet skirts, and looked down at the jeweled clasps of her shoes and up at her embroidered gloves, and then removed the beaver hat she wore and shook out its white plumes. And as she did so she said, with a toss of her haughty head:

"Chenage paid for these braveries — that is one point in their favor. I can see him hugging his purse and counting out the gold pieces one by one, as if they were drops of his heart's blood. I tread upon him every time I buckle my shoes. I wish I could send him word how gladly I wear the velvets whose cost he counted so grudgingly. Faith! these white plumes in my hat he bought for his own beaver, and being of the primest quality, I make myself welcome to them. Odsbodkins! What are your enemies for but to serve you? Have you forgotten, father, that the assize begins in two days, and that even if your trial is put off until the last there is but little time to prepare for it?"

"I have been unable to think of it. You must see a lawyer for me."

"I will do better than that. I will see the two judges; Lord Cecil is one of them, and I have so worked on Mistress Cecil as to get a grace letter from her to him. As for Lord Sutton, the other, he never yet could resist the 'I pray you' of a pretty woman. I shall make sure of your verdict ere they try your case. Keep your heart at full ease."

The conversation then turned upon Chenage and her married life, and though nothing definite was told De Burg, he had a very clear intelligence as to his son-in-law's fate. In his heart he thought it very good news; and good news is a cordial tinctured with the elixir of life. Before Anastasia left him he was sitting straighter, and holding his head with something of its old domineering poise, as he drank in his daughter's promises and hopes for the future.

She put a full purse into his hand as she went away. "Chenage's gold," she said, with a merry laugh. "I hope he remembers how much he saved for you and for me. When the king comes to Whitehall, dear father, faith! we will carry it with the highest there."

She was in a royal humor, and as she passed through the prison rooms she left some of her smiles and gold among their wretched inmates. They talked about her as if she was some creature of different clay, and when they wearied of their speculations they sat pondering gloomily, each in his own heart, the different darkness in which we have our mortal birth.

The next day she came early to the prison. It was a wet day, and it angered her, for she was a woman made for the sunshine. As imprudent as she was impulsive, she took no pains to preserve the good-will it had pleased her to buy on the previous day. She spoke peremptorily to the jailer, and manifested without restraint her contempt and loathing for the situation in which she found herself.

As her eyes pierced the gloomy room their sullen stare suddenly turned to one of passionate anger. Olivia was walking in the more quiet space at the end of the room, and she had a babe in her arms. Its white puny face lay against her bosom, and she was softly singing it to sleep. Anastasia stood still a moment and looked at her. The gray dress, the square of white lawn folded across her breast, the placid face, irritated her beyond control. She remembered at the moment what her father had said of the care given him by the Prideaux, and it struck her only as a piece of impertinent interference with a life too weak to resent it. She walked straight to Olivia.

"Your servant, Mistress Prideaux. I take credit to myself for my forethought in sending you here. 'T was for my father's sake I did it, and sure the motive will be excuse enough for the deed. But faith! I have no taste for your further company." She made a scornful courtesy with the words, drawing down her handsome brows in a black frown.

"Thou sent me not. I came here for the love of God, and out of charity for thy father's desolate condition."

"Then pray make your charity a large claim on the Almighty. Faith! I hope he may be so good as to pay you, for I vow I have not a fair word or a gold piece for you."

"Thou art freely welcome for God's sake."

"Where is Nat Kelder? 'T is said you were in London in his company, and that you found the excuse of your father to follow him to Appleby. Fie! fie! I would you had more modesty or more pride."

Olivia answered her not. She still continued her walk, but she had ceased singing, and her cheeks were flaming with indignation.

"Answer me, mistress."

Then the sick woman turned and looked at Anastasia, and a virago called Moll Bassing went close to her, and, putting her hands upon her hips, defied her by the dumb provocation of a face shoved in closest proximity.

"Off, you pestilent creature!"

"Off thyself. Or if thou be so fain for a fight, look 'ee here!" And she bared her brawny arms, and doubled her huge red fists in Anastasia's face.

"Moll, be quiet. Thou knowest well that nothing can harm me."

"A God's-blessing on thee, mistress! 'T would be a hard death for any who tried to harm thee here." Then, addressing Anastasia: "Now, Mistress Penny-Pride, be off! Go thy ill ways. This room is for better folks than such as thou be."

Anastasia looked scornfully at the woman; she despised her brutal passion, and mocked it. Turning to Olivia with a laugh, she said: "So this is one of your friends, Mistress Prideaux. I ever thought you were base-born."

"Base-born! Hear her! hear her!"

The women were now all talking together, and the room was in a tumult. Anastasia stood her ground, but there was a look of terror in her eyes. She knew they were quite capable of giving her a far more severe punishment than ever Chenage had attempted.

Then Olivia, holding the babe in her left arm, put her right hand upon their leader. "Moll, thou must sit down and be quiet. If thou strikest, thou wilt hurt me most of all."

Her voice, so calm and even, had an authority they had learned to love and a charm they could not resist. They obeyed her at once, dropping their hands, but still muttering threats as Olivia turned to Anastasia.

"Mistress de Burg, be pleased, for thy own sake, to remove at once. Here is danger for thee, though none for me. I wish not to see thee hurt." And though the proud woman stood flashing hatred and scorn on the speaker, she was yet insensibly controlled by her stern, still face and the calm, positive voice with which she commanded her obedience.

"I owe you somewhat already, Olivia Prideaux, and you may add this impertinence to the bill."

Then there was another passionate outcry from Moll Bassing and her companions, and the jailer angrily strode towards the group.

"Moll, I will give both you and the fine madam you are quarreling with a taste of my whip if you keep not the peace."

"O jailer, kind jailer, take us both to task! I 'd say 'thank 'ee for fifty,' if you give her likewise."

"Mistress de Burg," urged Olivia, "I pray you dispute no further, but go at my word. You do but provoke those that you must needs obey."

"Well, then, 't is no shame to flee from such a rabble lot. Jailer, open the door."

"Patience, mistress. This is my house, and, by Heaven! 't is easier to get in than to get out. Go into the passage-way and cool yourself. I would not have you set the town on fire."

She gave Olivia one steady, vengeful look before she went, and Olivia, still holding the child close to her breast, looked steadily back at her. And Anastasia was astonished. For in that moment she saw, not the gentle Quaker maiden, but a tall, noble-looking woman, holding her head high in conscious rectitude, and glowing with sinless indignation at outrage unnecessary and unprovoked.

(To be continued.)

Amelia E. Barr.

MAN.

I WAS born as free as the silvery light
That laughs in a Southern fountain;
Free as the sea-fed bird that nests
On a Scandinavian mountain;
Free as the wind that mocks at the sway
And pinioning clasp of another,—
Yet in the slave they scourged to-day
I saw, and knew — my brother!

Vested in purple I sat apart,
But the cord that smote him bruised me;
I closed my ears, but the sob that broke
From his savage breast accused me;
No phrase of reasoning judgment just
The plaint of my soul could smother,
A creature vile, abased to the dust,
I knew him still — my brother.

And the autumn day that had smiled so fair
Seemed suddenly overclouded;
A gloom, more dreadful than Nature owns,
My human mind enshrouded;
I thought of the power benign that made
And bound men one to the other,
And I felt in my brother's fear afraid,
And ashamed in the shame of my brother.

Florence Earle Coates.

AN ARTIST'S LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

BY JOHN LA FARGE.

IYÉMITSŬ.

WE were told by our good friends that the temple of Iyémitsŭ, the grandson of Iyéyasŭ, far less pretentious than the shrine of the grandfather and founder, would show us less of the defects which accompanied our enjoyment of yesterday. The successors of Iyémitsŭ were patrons of art, sybarites, of those born to enjoy what their ancestors have sown. The end of the seventeenth century has a peculiar turn with us, a something of show and decadence, of luxury and want of morals; and the same marks belong to it even in Japan. Indeed, I feel in all the Tokugawa splendor something not very old, something which reminds me that this was but the day of my own great-grandfather; a time of rest after turmoil, of established sovereigns on various scales, of full-bottomed wigs, of great courtliness, of great expenses in big and little Versailles. I miss the sense of antiquity, except as all true art connects with the past, as the Greek has explained when he said that the Parthenon looked old the moment it was done.

. . . . . .

The temple of Iyémitsŭ is indeed charming and of feminine beauty, complete, fitted into the shape of the mountain like jewels in a setting. From near the red pagoda of Iyéyasŭ's grounds a wide avenue leads, all in shade, to an opening, narrowed up at its end to a wall and gate, which merely seems a natural entrance between the hills. There are great walls to the avenue, which are embankments of the mountain, from which at intervals fountains splash into the torrents at each side, and overhead are the great trees and their thin vault of blue shade. The first gate is the usual roofed one, red, with gilded rafters and heavy black bronze tiles, and with two red muscular giants in the niches of the sides. Its relative simplicity accentuates the loveliness of the first long court, which we enter on its narrowest side. Its borders seem all natural, made of nothing but the steep mountain sides, filled with varieties of leafage and the columns of the great cedars. These indeterminate edges give it the look of a valley shut at each end by the gate we have passed, and by another far off disguised by trees. This dell is paved in part, and with hidden care laid out with smaller trees. Down the steep hillside a cascade trembles through emerald grass, part lost, part found again, from some place where, indistinct among the trees, the jaws of a great bronze dragon discharge its first waters. A simple trough collects one rill and sends it into the large stone cube of a tank, which it brims over and then disappears.

The little pavilion over this well is the only building in the inclosure. It is more elegant than that of Iyéyasŭ, with its twelve columns, three at each corner, sloping in more decidedly, their white stone shafts socketed in metal below and filleted with metal above, melting into the carved white architrave. In the same way the carvings and the blue and green and red and violet of the entablature melt in the reflections under the shadow of the heavy black-and-gold roof with four gables. From under the ceiling, and hanging below the lintels, flutter many colored and patterned squares of cloth, memorials of recent pilgrims.

As we turn to the highest side of the court on the left and ascend slowly steep, high steps to a gorgeous red gate above our heads, whose base we cannot see, the great cedars of the opposite side are the real monuments, and the little water-tank upon which we now look down seems nothing but a little altar at the foot of the mountain forest. The gate, when we look back, is only a frame, and its upper step only a balcony from which to look at the high picture of trees in shadow and sunlight across the narrow dell which we can only just feel beneath us.

The great red gate has two giant guardians of red and green, and innumerable bracketings for a cornice, all outlined, and confused all the more by stripes of red and green and white and blue.

Just behind the gate, as if it led to nothing, rises again the wall of the mountain; then we turn at right angles towards a great esplanade, lost at its edges in trees, from which again the forest would be all the picture were it not that farther back upon the hill rises a high wall, with a platform and lofty steps, and the carved red-and-gold face of a cloister, with another still richer gate of a red lacquer, whose suffering by time has made it more rosy, more flower-like.

Up these steps we went, the distant trees of the mountains ascending with us, and rested in the red-and-gold shade. Above us the gold brackets of the roof were reflected back, in light and dark, upon the gold architrave, adorned by great carved peonies, red and white, and great green leaves which stood out with deep undercutting. From the fluted red columns projected great golden tapirs' heads and paws, streaked with red like the bloom of tulips. The gilded metal sockets and joinings and the faint modeled reliefs of the wall, all of dull gold, looked green against the red lacquer. Beyond, the inner lintel was green, like malachite, against the sunny green of the forest. Its chamfered edge reflected in gold the lights and shadows beyond, and against the same green trees stood out the long heads and trunks of the tapir capitals in red and gold.

Through this framework of red and many-colored gold we passed into the inner court, made into a cloister by walls and narrow buildings, rich in red lacquer and black and gold. As before with Iyéyasŭ, so also within this inclosure, is another raised upon a base faced with great blocks of granite, fretted, spotted, and splashed with white and purple lichens. The sun-embroidered wall or fence that edges it is black with a bronze-and-gold roof; its trellises are of white, edged with gold; as usual, bands of carved and colored ornament divide so as almost to pierce its face; and its beams are capped with jointings of chiseled metal. The central gate spots joyously the long line of black and gold and color and bronze, with imposts of white carving, framed in rosy lacquer, and with gold pillars and a gold lintel, upon which is spread a great white dragon, and with a high gold pediment, divided by recesses of golden ornament on ultramarine, and with golden doors fretted with a fairy filigree of golden ornament.

Through this lovely gate, with an exquisite inlaid ceiling of pearl and gold and walls of carved and colored trellises, we pass to the main shrine, only just behind it.

Here again, less pretense than with Iyéyasŭ, and greater and more thoughtful elegance. The long white carved columns of the portico run straight up to the brackets of its roof — except where, to support the cross-beam of the transoms, project red lions' heads and paws, looking like great coral buds. The entire architrave of the building is divided into a succession of long friezes, stepping farther and farther out, like a cornice, until they meet the golden roof. Only a few gold brackets support the highest golden beam — carvings, color, and delicate stampings of the lacquer embroider the gold with a bloom of color. The gold doors look like jewelers' work in heavy filigree.

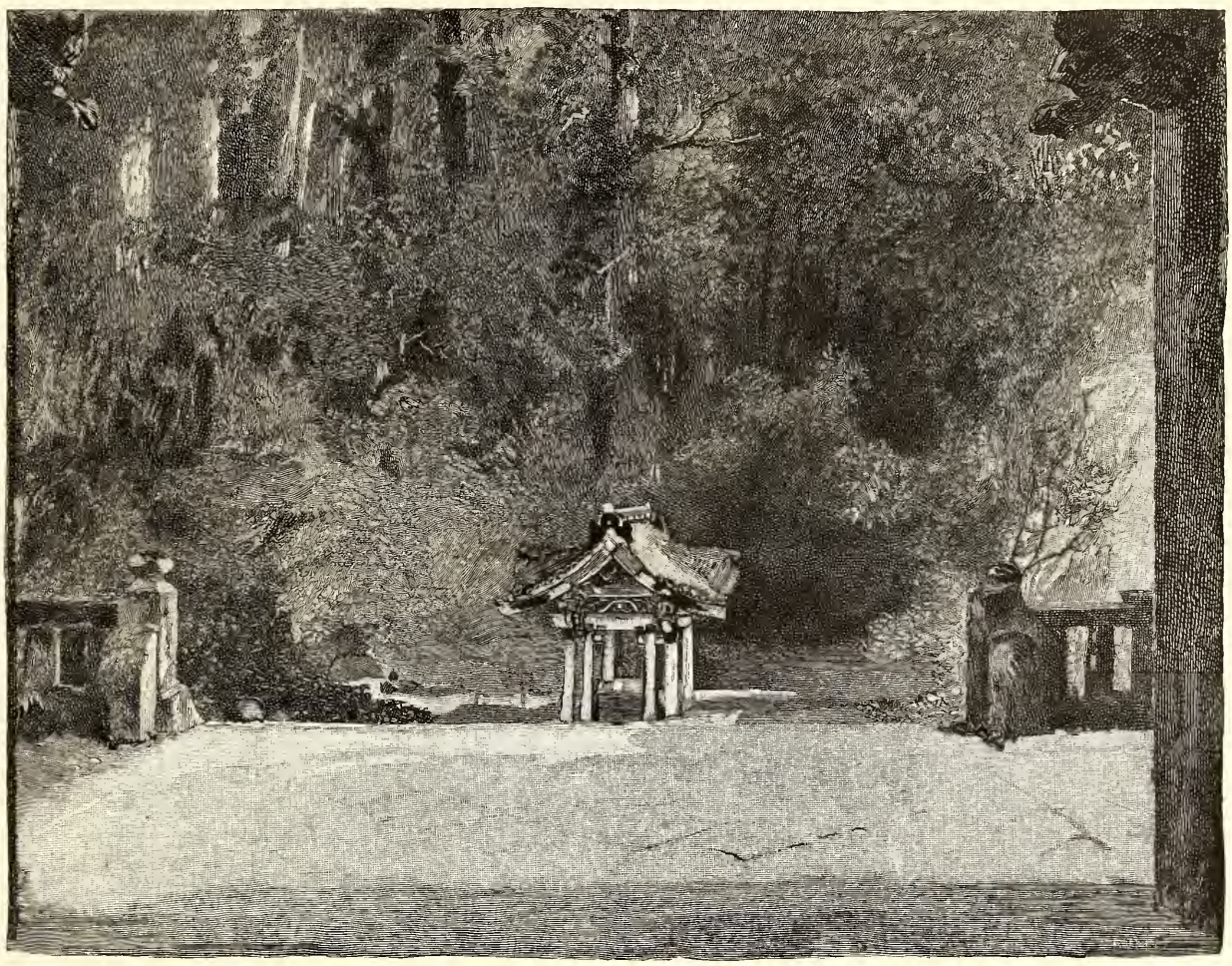
All within was quiet, in a golden splendor. Through the small openings of the black-and-gold gratings a faint light from below left all the golden interior in a summer shade, within which glittered on lacquer tables the golden utensils of the Buddhist ceremonial. From the coffered ceiling hangs the metal baldachin, like a precious lantern's chain without a lamp.

The faces of the priests who were there were known to us, the elder's anxious and earnest, the younger's recalling an Italian monsignore. One of them was reading by the uplifted grating and rose to greet us, and to help to explain. We entered the narrow passage which makes the center, through whose returning walls project, in a curious refinement of invention, the golden eaves of the inner building beyond. Gratings which were carved and gilded trellises of exquisite design gave a cool, uncertain light. We passed out of a trellised door on to the black lacquered floor of a veranda, and then sat awhile in a simple room with our hosts to look at temple manuscripts and treasures, and at the open palanquin which once brought here the dead Iyémitsŭ — not reduced to ashes, as his grandfather Iyéyasŭ, but wrapped and covered up in innumerable layers of costly and preserving vermilion. We passed into the corridor behind the building and looked at the picture hanging on the wall, which faces the mountain and the tomb, in which Kwan-on the Compassionate sits in contemplation beside the descending stream of life. Then for a few moments we entered by a low door the sanctuary, narrow and high and with pyramidal roof.

By the flickering torch which alone gave light, all seemed of gold — the wall, the columns which run up to the central golden roof, and the transoms which connect them. In the darker shade stood a golden shrine, never opened. Whatever precious details there may be were bathed in a shade made of reflected gold. An exquisite feeling of gentle solemnity filled the place. We passed out suddenly into the glare of day and under the blazing blue sky, which hung over the inclosure of tall trees and the temple like the ceiling of a tent.

Again a great wall, spotted with moss and lichens, is built around as an inclosure. It makes a base for the greater wall of the mountain rising above it, which is covered with forest trees, as if the skirting of the wilderness of northern Japan were here suddenly limited. Across one single opening, on the side, where show the seams of the immense cyclopean construction, and joining two corners, broken by great patches of the shadows of the gigantic trees, stretches a white wall, heavily roofed,

against a shadow almost black. In its center is a strange, white gate-building, moundlike in shape, absolutely plain, but capped by a great roof, which is stretched out upon a mass of brackets, all of gold and colors, and with carved golden doors, whose central panels are all fretted and chiseled and stamped with the Wheel of the Law. Here begin the distant steps leading through the trees to the tomb where lies the body of Iyémitsŭ, cased in layers of vermilion, under golden bronze, like his grandfather Iyéyasŭ, and surrounded by the still more solitary splendor of the forest.



LOOKING DOWN ON THE WATER-TANK, OR SACRED FONT, FROM THE SECOND GATE.

Astonishing as is the contrast to-day, in the abundance and glory of summer, of the bronze and the lacquered colors, and the golden carvings, with the wild rocks and trees, the grass and the mosses, I should like to see in the snow of winter this richness and glitter and warmth of red and white and black and gold.

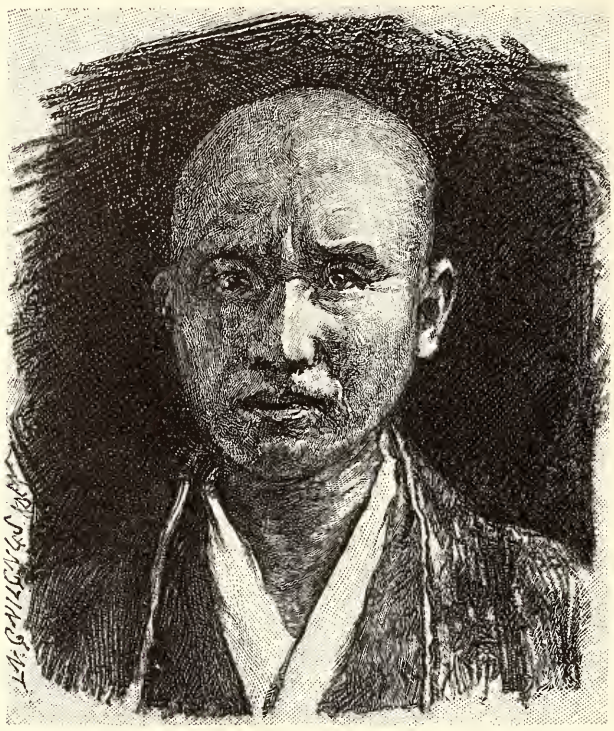
Can it bring out still more the lavishness of refinement, which wells up as if exhaustless? Does its white monotony and the dark of the great cedars make one feel still more the recklessness of this accumulation of gold and lacquer and carving and bronze, all as if unprotected and trusted to the chances of the recurring seasons?

As we repeat each look, on our slow return through the temples, the same elegance, the same refinement, the same indifference to the outrages of time, contrast again with the permanence and the forces of nature. With the fatigue and repetition of the innumerable beauties of gold and color and carving and bronze, the sense of an exquisite art brings the indefinable sadness that belongs to it, a feeling of humility and of the nothingness of man. Nowhere can this teaching be clearer than in this place of the tombs. It is as if they said, serenely or splendidly, in color and carving and bronze and gold: "We are the end of the limits of human endeavor. Beyond us begins the other world, and we, indeed, shall surely pass away, but thou remainest, O Eternal Beauty!"

JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE.

NIKKO, August 2, 1886.—I fear that of all my description the refrain of the words gold and bronze will be all that you will retain. How can I have any confidence in my account of anything so alien, whose analysis involves the necessary misuse of our terms, based upon another past in art?—for words in such cases are only explanations or easy mnemonics of a previous sight. But soon I shall have photographs to send, and if I can summon courage for work, in this ex-

treme heat and moisture, I shall make some drawings. But again, these would not give the essential reasons for things being as they are; and whatever strange beauties would be noted, they might appear to have happened, if I may so say, and not to have grown of necessity. It is so difficult for our average way of accepting



A PRIEST AT IYÉMITSŬ.

things to think of what is called architecture without expecting structures of stone — something solid and evidently time-defying.

And yet, if architecture represents the needs of living of a people, the differences that we see here will have the same reasonableness that other devices show elsewhere. The extreme heat, the sudden torrents of rain, will explain the far-projecting and curved roofs, the galleries and verandas, the arrangements for opening or closing the sides of buildings by sliding screens, which allow an adjustment to the heat or the damp. But weightier reasons than all these must have directed in the construction of such great buildings as the temples, and I think that, putting aside important race influences, these sufficient reasons will be found in the volcanic nature of Japan and its frequent earthquakes. Whatever was to be built must have had to meet these difficult problems: how successfully in the past is shown by a persistence of their buildings which to us seems extraordinary, for many of them are lasting yet in integrity for now over a thousand years.

I speak of the influences of race because it is evident that very many traditions, prejudices, and symbolic meanings are built into these forms, and that many of them must have come through the teachings of China. Everywhere the higher architecture, embodied in shrines and temples, is based on some ideal needs, and not essentially upon necessities; is, in fact, a record or expression of a religious idea or mystery. In this case I am too profoundly ignorant, as most of us are, to work out origins; but my mind feels the suggestion of an indefinite past, that once had meanings and teachings, just as my eye recognizes in the shape of the massive temples the image of a sacred box, or ark, once to be carried from place to place. There is, perhaps, in this direction a line of study for the men to come.

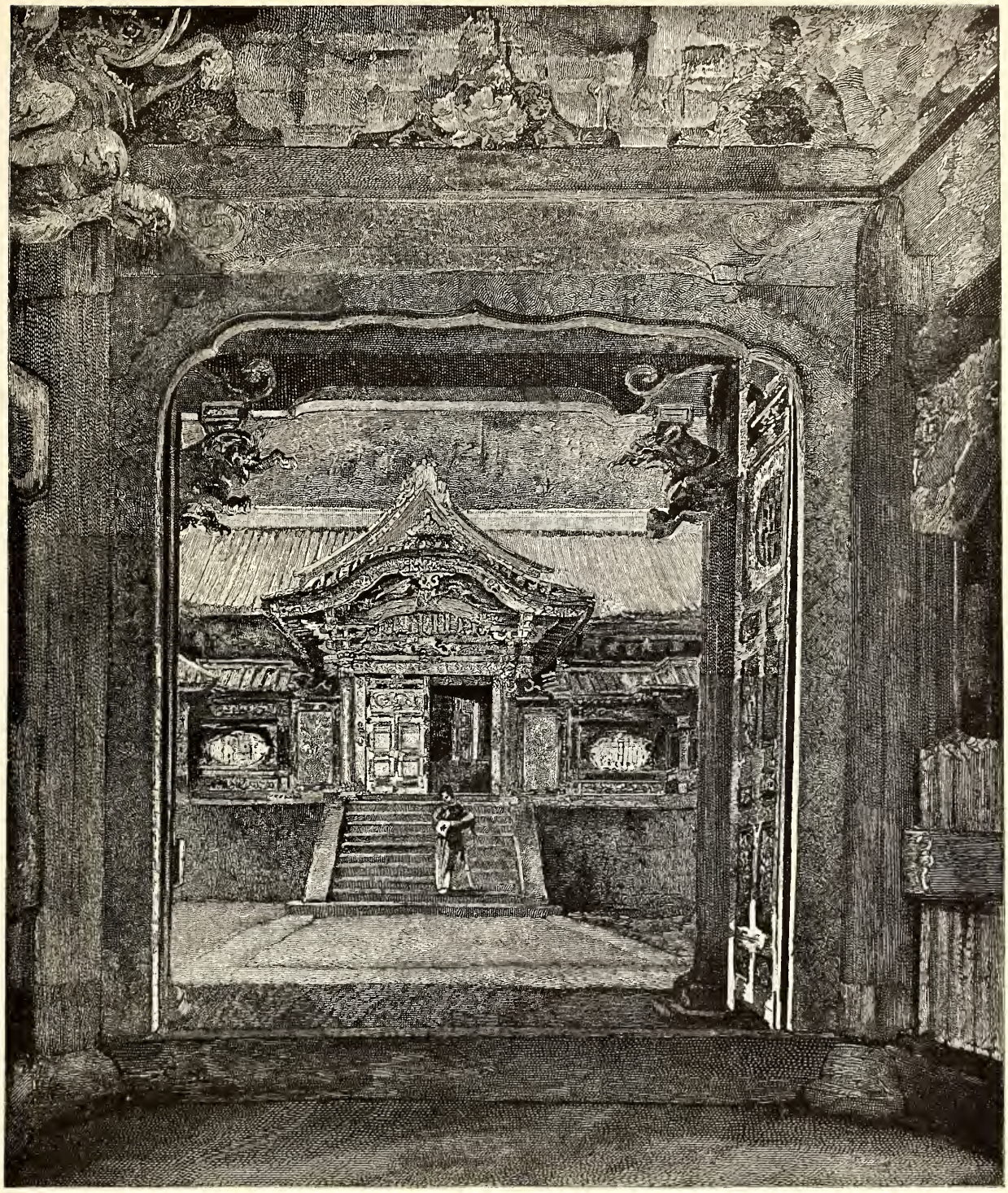
Like all true art, the architecture of Japan has found in the necessities imposed upon it the motives for realizing beauty, and has adorned the means by which it has conquered the difficulties to be surmounted. Hence no foundations, which would compromise the superimposed building by making it participate in the shock given to its base. Hence solid pedestals, if I may so call them, or great bases, upon which are placed only, not built in, the posts which support the edifice, leaving a space between this base and the horizontal beams or floors of the building. The building is thus rendered elastic, and resumes its place after the trembling of the earthquake, and the waters of bad weather can escape without flooding any foundations.

The great, heavy, curved roof, far overhanging, weighs down this structure, and keeps it straight. An apparently unreasonable quantity of adjusted timber and beams supports the ceiling and the roof. Complicated, tremendous corbelings, brackets grooved and dovetailed, fill the cornices as with a network; but all these play an important practical part, and keep the whole construction elastic, as their many small divisions spread the shock.

Still more, in such a building as the charming pagoda at Iyéyasŭ's shrine, which is full one hundred feet high, slight looking and lithe, the great beam or mast which makes its center does not support from the base, but is cut off at the foundation; and hence it acts as a sort of pendulum, its great weight below retarding the movement above when the earthquake comes.

I have heard the whisper of a legend saying that the architect who devised this, to correct the errors of a rival and partner, was poisoned in due time, in jealous return. For those were happy times when backbiting among artists took the more manly form of poisoning.

Now besides all this, which gives only the reason for the make of certain parts which together form the unity of a single building, there are other principles before us. The relation of man to nature, so peculiarly made out



IN THE THIRD GATE OF THE TEMPLE OF IYÉMITSŨ, LOOKING TOWARDS THE FOURTH.

in the Japanese beliefs, is made significant, symbolized or typified through the manner in which these buildings are disposed. A temple is not a single unity, as with us, its own beginning and end. A temple is an arrangement of shrines and buildings meaningly placed, often, as here, in mountains — a word synonymous with temples; each shrine a statement of some divine attribute, and all these buildings spread with infinite art over large spaces, open, or inclosed by trees and rocks. The buildings are but parts of a whole. They are enveloped by nature, the principle and the adornment of the subtle or mysterious meaning which links them all together.

Besides all this is the religious symbolism underlying or accompanying all, as once with us, of which I know too little to speak, but which can be felt and occasionally detected because of many repetitions. But this would carry me beyond my limits; and indeed we find it very difficult to obtain any more information from our instructors, whether they do not know securely, or whether they reserve it for better minds and worthier apprehensions. Nor do I object to this Oriental secrecy or mystery, as it adds the charm of the veil which is often needed.

And I should wish that soon some one might undertake to make out in full the harmony of

proportions which has presided over these buildings. It is evident that a delicate and probably minute system of relations, under the appearance of fantasy, produces here the sense of unity that alone makes one secure of permanent enjoyment. My information on the subject is fragmentary: I know that the elegant columns are in a set relation to the openings of the temple; that the shape of these same columns is in another relation to their exquisite details; that the rafters play an important part, determining the first departure. I have seen carpenter's drawings, with manners of setting out work and measurements, and I feel that there is only a study to carry out.

Nor is my wish mere curiosity, or the interest of the antiquarian. What we need to-day is belief and confidence in similar methods, without which there is nothing for ourselves but a haphazard success; no connection with the eternal and inevitable past, and none with a future, which may change our materials, but will never change our human need for harmony and order.

You have heard of the little gardens, and of their exquisite details, in which the Japanese makes a little epitome of nature, arranged as if for one of his microscopic jewels of metals, ivory, or lacquer.

Here in our own garden there would seem no call for an artificial nature. The mountain slope on which we live must always have been beautiful of itself; but for all that, our garden—that is to say, the space about our landlord's house and our own—has been treated with extreme care. Our inclosure is framed towards the great temple groves, and the great mountains behind them, by a high wall of rock, over which, at a corner edged with moss, rolls a torrent, making a waterfall that breaks three times. The pool below, edged with iris that grow in the garden sand, is crossed by a bridge of three big flat stones, and empties secretly away. On each side of the fall, planted in the rock wall, stands a thick-set paulownia, with great steady leaves, and bending towards it a willow, whose branches drop far below itself and swing perpetually in the draught of the waterfall. Bunches of pink azalea grow in the hollows of the rocks, and their reflections redden the eddies of the pool. Steps which seem natural lead up the wall of rock; old pines grow against it, and our feet pass through their uppermost branches. On the top is planted a monumental stone, and from there a little path runs along, leading nowhere nowadays, as far as I can make out. I am right in calling this mass of rock, which is a spur of the mountain's slope, a wall; for I look down from its top to the next inclosure far below, now overgrown and wild. What is natural and what was made

KWAN-ON, BY OKIO.

by man has become so blended together, or has always been so, that I can choose to look at it as my mood may be, and feel the repose of nature or enjoy the disposing choice of art.

Where the little bridge crosses over, and where mossy rocks dip down a little to allow a passage, edged by a maple and a pine, I look over across the hidden road to a deserted *yashki*, with one blasted tree, all overgrown with green and melting into distances of trees which, tier behind tier, reach to a little conical hill, that is divided and subdivided by sheets of mist at every change of heat and damp, so that I feel half as if I knew its forms perfectly — half as if I could never get them all by heart.

In the sand of our little garden are set out clumps of flowers, chrysanthemum mostly,

and occasionally iris and azalea; and the two houses make its other two sides. The priest's house, an old one, with large thatched roof projecting in front and supported there by posts covered with creepers, is nearer the water. I see the little priest with his young neophyte curled on the mats in the big front room whose whole face is open; while in a break, or wing, is the opening to the practical housekeeper side of the dwelling.

Our own house, which faces south like the priest's, completes the square, as I said. It is edged on the outside by a small plantation of trees with no character, that stretch away to the back road and to a wall terracing a higher ground behind. There a wide space overgrown with bushes and herbage, that cover former care and beauty, spreads out indefinitely towards conical hills hot in the sun, behind which rises the great volcanic slope of Nio-ho. A little temple shrine, red, white, and gold, stands in this heat of sunlight and makes cooler yet the violets and tender greens of the great slopes. This is to the north. When I look towards the west I see broad spaces broken up by trees, and the corner of Iyéyasŭ's temple wall half hidden by the gigantic cedars, and as I write, late in the afternoon, the blue peak of Nan-tai-san rounded off like a globe by the yellow mist.

The garden, embosomed in this vastness of nature, feels small, as though it were meant to be so. Every part is on a small scale, and needs few hands to keep things in order. We have a little fountain in the middle of the garden, that gives the water for our bath, and sends a noisy stream rolling through the wooden trough of the wash-room. The fountain is made by a bucket placed upon two big stones, set in a basin, along whose edge grow the iris, still in bloom. A hidden pipe fills the bucket, and a long, green bamboo makes a conduit for the water through the wooden side of our house. With another bamboo we tap the water for our bath. In the early morning I sit in the bath-room and paint this little picture, through the open side, while A——, upstairs in the veranda, is reading in Dante's "Paradiso," and can see, when he looks up, the great temple roof of the Buddhist Mangwanji.

Occasionally the good lady who takes care of our priest's house during his weeks of service at the temple of Iyémitsŭ salutes me while at my bath, for the heating of which her servant has supplied the charcoal. She is already dressed for the day, and in her black silk robe walks across the garden to dip her toothbrush in the running water of the cascade. Then in a desultory way she trims the plants and breaks off dead leaves, and later the gardener appears and attends to one thing after another, even climbing up into the old pine tree, taking care of it as he does of the sweet-peas; and I recall the Japanese gardener whom I knew at our Exposition of 1876, as I saw him for the last time, stretched on the ground, fanning the opening leaves of some plant that gave him anxiety.

Thus the Japanese garden can be made of very slight materials, and is occasionally reduced to scarcely anything, even to a little sand and a few stones laid out according to a definite ideal of meaning. A reference to nature, a recall of the general principles of all landscapes,—of a foreground, a distance, and a middle distance; that is to say, a little picture,—is enough. When they cannot deal with the thing itself — when they do, they do it consummately — they have another ideal which is not so much the making of a real thing as the making of a picture of it. Hence the scale can be diminished, without detriment in their eyes, until it becomes Lilliputian to ours. All this I take to be an inheritance from China, modified towards simplicity. I do not know

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ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF IYÉMITSŬ.

to what type our little garden belongs. For they have in their arrangements manners of expressing ideas of association, drawing them from nature itself, or bringing them out by references to tradition or history, so that I am told that they aim to express delicate meanings that a Western imagination can hardly grasp; types, for instance, conveying the ideas of peace and chastity, quiet old age, connubial happiness, and the sweetness of solitude. Does this make you laugh, or does it touch you — or both? I wish I knew more about it, for I am sure that there is much to say.

I have spoken of simplicity. The domestic architecture is as simple, as transitory, as if it symbolized the life of man. You can see it all in the drawings, in the lacquers, and it has recently been treated completely in the charming book of Professor Morse. Within, the Japanese house is simplicity itself; all is framework, and moving screens instead of wall. No accumulations, no bric-à-brac; any lady's drawing-room with us will contain more odds and ends than all that I have yet seen together in Japan. The reserved place of honor, a sort of niche in the wall, the supposed seat of an ideal guest, has upon its bench some choice image on a stand, or a vase with elegant disposal of flowers or plants, and above it the hanging roll with drawing or inscription. Perhaps some other inscription or verse, or a few words on a tablet upon some cross-beam, and perhaps a small folding screen. Otherwise all works of art are put aside in the fireproof storehouse, to be brought out on occasions. The woodwork is as simple as it can be — occasionally, some beautiful joinery; always, when it can be afforded, exquisite workmanship; and, above all, exquisite cleanliness. For there are no beds — only wadded coverlets and the little wooden pillow, which does not disturb the complicated feminine coiffure in the languors of the night. No tables; food is laid on the cleanly mats, in many trays and dishes. No chairs; the same mats that serve for bedstead and table serve for seats, with, perhaps, a cushion added.

And this is all the same for all, from emperor's palace to little tradesman's cottage.

There is nothing, apparently, but what is necessary, and refinement in disposing of that. The result is sometimes cold and bare. There is the set look of an insistence upon an idea — the idea of doing with little : a noble one, certainly ; as, for instance, when the emperor's palace at Kioto is adorned merely by the highest care in workmanship and by the names of the artists who painted the screen walls — in solitary contradiction to the splendor and pomp of all absolute rulers, no storehouse for the wasted money of the people, but an example of the economy which should attend the life of the ruler. It is possible that when I return I shall feel still more distaste for the barbarous accumulations in our houses, and recall the far more civilized emptiness persisted in by the more esthetic race.

John La Farge.

TRACK ATHLETICS IN AMERICA.

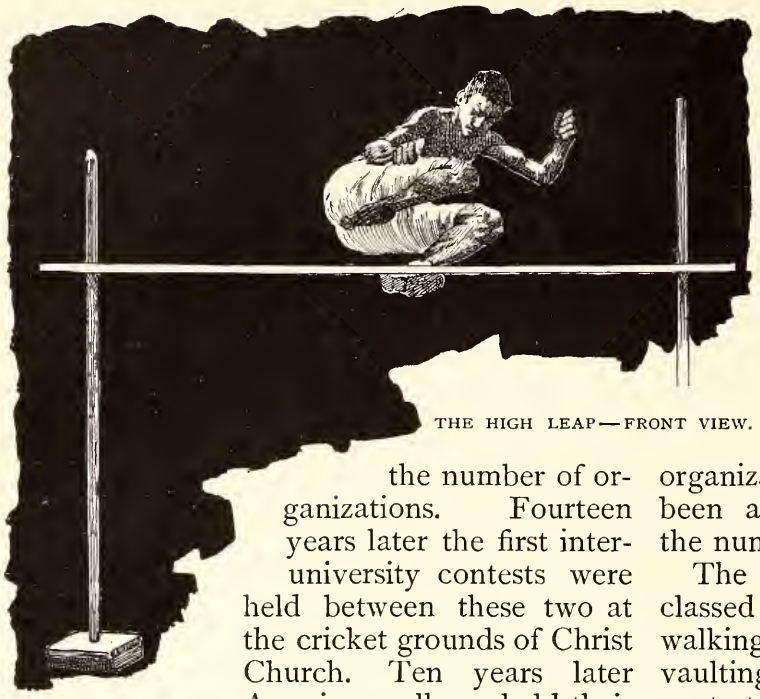
ENGLAND has been in advance of us in track athletics, as in many other branches of sports, having long ago learned the advantages of all outdoor exercise. But Americans are already realizing that the unfailing laws of nature demand more attention to the physical welfare of the body, and base-ball, foot-ball, and boating have done much for us; but track athletics offer a wider field, as they give more opportunity for individual endeavor, and demand nothing of that team work or united exercise which must always place something of a limit upon the universal enjoyment of and participation in the other sports.

THE ONE-HUNDRED-YARD DASH — THE START.

The professional side offers but little of interest to us beyond the records. The reason for this is that, in America at least, professional running is, like professional sculling, under a heavy cloud of questionable practices in the way of buying and selling races. Certain of the more recent additions to the professional ranks are men of better character, and men whose conduct will eventually tell favorably towards an increase of interest in professional running.

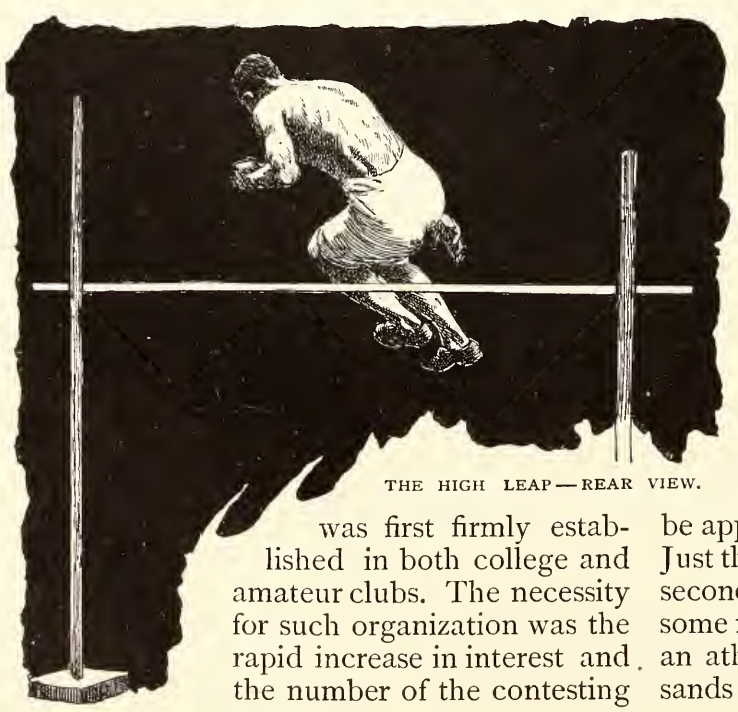
The amateur ranks, however, offer a very different phase of the subject. Two classes may be at once selected; not because they are actually distinct, but because their growth has been different, and because the conditions under which they exist must always differ considerably. These two classes are college athletes and other amateurs. College athletes are competing more and more in the general amateur meetings, and it is not improbable that they will eventually join with a general association of amateurs.

Of English universities Oxford was the first to possess an organized athletic club. This was forty years ago, and in a few years Cambridge followed, for a time even taking the lead in



THE HIGH LEAP—FRONT VIEW.

the number of organizations. Fourteen years later the first inter-university contests were held between these two at the cricket grounds of Christ Church. Ten years later American colleges held their first intercollegiate contest at Saratoga. This American meeting was, however, only a sort of side show to the intercollegiate boat-racing of that date. The incentive of these contests, nevertheless, brought about the formation of athletic associations at both Harvard and Yale, Harvard's organization antedating Yale's by a few months. The Intercollegiate Association was not formed until college sports had been in progress for some three years. Then in 1876 the Intercollegiate Association of American Athletes of America was organized. The same year the New York Athletic Club gave an annual meeting for the decision of the amateur athletic championship of America. The year 1876, then, may be taken as the date when organization



THE HIGH LEAP—REAR VIEW.

was first firmly established in both college and amateur clubs. The necessity for such organization was the rapid increase in interest and the number of the contesting clubs. This was most marked in the college meetings, for in 1873 only three colleges competed, in 1874 eight, and in 1875 thirteen. The year after organization only six colleges competed, but since then the number has never been below nine, and ten years from the date of the formation of the Intercollegiate Association there were fifteen colleges represented by contestants. The number of events, which in 1873 was one, increased in the following year to five, and was twelve when the organization was formed. These events have been altered somewhat since that time, and the number is at present fifteen.

The various games which are generally classed under the term "track athletics" are walking, running, jumping, bicycling, pole vaulting, throwing of weights, and tug-of-war contests. Of these, running occupies the first place in point of public interest. The very idea of a race between two men stimulates interest at once, and to watch a close contest between trained runners is pleasant even to those uninitiated in the mysteries of the track.

The fastest running thus far done by any amateur for one hundred yards from a standstill is ten seconds, and if one may believe the best authorities in the way of sporting journals, amateur runners have been coming up to this limit occasionally ever since 1868, but not one has passed it. In that twenty-odd years some eight American amateurs and an equal number of Englishmen have dashed down the track in the even time of ten seconds, while hundreds have run the course in the next fraction of a second. This record was made first in London in 1868, and last in Detroit in 1889.

A story was once written of a man who traveled many a mile to attend performances of a lion tamer. He was possessed of the insane desire to see the man eaten by the wild beasts, and eventually his passion was gratified. There is a similar feeling of expectation in the minds of most of the enthusiasts who attend the amateur meetings of track athletes. Sometime that ten-second record will be beaten, and it will be a story worth the telling if one has seen it done. Naturally, the fifth of a second by which this coming champion will dash into prominence will not be appreciable to the eye of the best of judges. Just the slightest movement less of the fine split second-hand on the watches of the timers, and some man's name will be famous as the name of an athlete who has accomplished what thousands have been attempting for twenty years.

When one thinks that these sprinters, as they are called, go at the rate of thirty feet a second, he realizes something of the meaning of the term "dash" as applied to the short-distance races. Nor are the longer distances without especial interest, each in its own way. From a quarter of a mile down the races are run at the top of the man's speed, but the half-mile, mile, and above require the husbanding of strength and proper putting forth of just enough to run out the entire distance at the best uniform speed. The walking requires a rather more accurate idea of the rules to make it of the most interest to the average spectator, who fails to feel that the walkers are putting forth their best endeavors *because they do not run*. This feeling is but human, and it often seems to take possession of the contestants themselves, as one may see from the occasional warnings given by the judge.

The other features of track athletics are not brought so prominently before the public as are running and walking, but no one can fail to find a keen enjoyment in each when once or twice he has been a spectator of the contests. There is no better way to acquaint the reader with these various events than to answer in detail the questions which one might ask who for the first time attends one of these field meetings. The very heading in the newspaper, speaking of the men as the "Athletes of the Cinder Path," provokes a question. They come by this designation legitimately and on account of the peculiar construction of the track upon which they run. This track is a scientific affair, and not a mere stretch of black dirt. It is made of six inches of the most approved constituents, carefully laid, and occupies months in its construction.

First the ground is accurately surveyed and measured, and the track so marked out that the required distance is given. The best tracks have straight sides, while the ends are upon moderate curves, either circular, elliptical, or parabolic, there being considerable difference of opinion regarding the respective merits of these curves. This distance is measured just eighteen inches from the inner edge, in order that the runner may have room to run freely and yet not be obliged to traverse more than the correct distance. When the track is thus mapped out the proposed space is excavated to the depth of six inches, and curbings of seasoned lumber, an inch thick and eight inches wide, are set up around both inner and outer edge. Then the first layer, consisting of four inches of ordinary rough ashes freed from the coarser lumps, is deposited for a foundation. This layer is carefully raked and leveled, and then covered with two inches of loam. This loam in turn is carefully picked over and all small stones taken out. It is then rolled and watered frequently, usually for some weeks, but occasionally for two or three months, in order to have it thoroughly firm and hard. Finally the top layer, of cinders, is put on. This should be just sufficient thoroughly to cover the loam in every spot. The track is then complete, but it requires the constant care and attention of an experienced man to see that it is kept in condition. The object of all this is to give the runners a firm, dry, and elastic surface upon which to make their best efforts successfully.

One of the first things on the programme of events received on entry to the grounds is a summary of records. This plainly means the best time or distance, as the case may be, by which the contest has been won at any preceding meeting. But records have become things of nicety, and it requires certain conditions to make them of value.

A professional runner named Seward was at one time accredited with running one hundred yards in nine and a quarter seconds. From the time when belief in that record was exploded down to the present day there have been many discussions relative to timing. The English are partial to a single watch in the hands of an experienced timer; but to make a record in this country requires the presence of three timers or measurers, and two of these must agree or the intermediate one of the three be taken as the correct one. These timers and measurers, together with the other officials of the meeting, may be distinguished by the various ribbons which they wear. In this respect track athletics differ considerably from either base-ball or foot-ball. Two officials on the field suffice in these sports, but on the track there are nearly a score. First there is the referee, who decides all questions in dispute which are not otherwise covered by the rules, and who has power to disqualify a competitor. Then there are two or more assistants to the referee, who are called clerks, and who act as witnesses before him in case of fouls. There are three judges at the finish, who determine the order in which the contestants finish. Three other judges are called field judges; these measure and tally the trials of competitors in jumps, pole vaults, and weight competition. There are three time-keepers, who take the time in the events requiring it. There is a clerk of the course, who notifies the contestants to appear at the starting time, and assigns them their positions. There is one starter, who assumes control of the competitors after the clerk has placed them in their positions, and who, either by word or by pistol-report, starts each race, and whose duty it also is to disqualify any contestant making a false start. There is a

judge of walking, who determines the fairness or unfairness of the walking, and warns or disqualifies any contestant guilty of adopting an unfair gait. There is one scorer, who records the order in which contestants finish, as well as their time. Finally, there is one marshal, who has police charge of the inclosure. There is occasionally an official reporter, who announces the record of each event. Any number of assistants may be given to such officers as the judge of walking, clerk of the course, scorer, and marshal. All these officials are necessary to the careful conduct of the events and to the accurate recording of them.

As the first array of contestants in the 100-yard run come up to the starting-point, and the clerk of the course assigns them their positions, one is struck by the difference of build among them. Tall and short, light and heavy, there are few men who are prevented by physical make-up from competition in one of these dashes. Brooks at 170 pounds, and Myers at 110 pounds, made one of the prettiest 220-yard contests ever seen in America, and both could run a fast 100. In this 100-yard race one of the chief points to be mastered is the start. How to get off quickly is the problem, for a fifth of a second means five feet of ground. They are on the mark, and the starter stands behind them where they cannot see his movements nor the flash of his pistol. "Are you ready?" "Set!" An instant, and at the crack of the pistol down they come, and almost before an inexperienced man can select his favorite from the rush, they breast the tape which is held across the finish-line, and the race is over. Nothing is prettier in any race than the running up out of the crowd of a fast sprinter who is too good for his companions, but who has perhaps lost a fraction at the start. There is none of the gradual cutting down of competitors such as one sees in the longer distances — just a mad dash for the front, as it seems; and yet when one comes to analyze it, to know the training gone through to get that stride, he begins to realize that it is by no means what it appears at the first glance, almost a matter of luck. The start, too, requires weeks of practice, and one might almost say years of experience. If an ordinary spectator were to watch the start of an experienced sprinter against a novice, he would almost invariably suspect collusion of some kind between the starter and the sprinter. More than this, he would think that the experienced man got off considerably more ahead of the novice than he really did; for the sprinter gains not only in leaving the mark, but in getting instantly up into his stride, whereas the novice is not fairly under way for several feet after he has actually left the mark. The rules regarding unfair starting are necessarily strict, on account of this great advantage to be gained. In all short races, those up to 300 yards, the penalty for a false start is to be put back one yard. It is greater in the longer races. Two yards is the penalty in races up to 600 yards, three yards in races up to 1000 yards, five yards in races up to a mile, and ten yards in those over a mile. In all races a third false start disqualifies the competitor; and any attempt to advance ahead of his mark after the words "Are you ready?" is met with immediate disqualification.

The 220-yard race is similar to the 100 in all respects. The contestants belong to the sprinter class, and go at high speed the entire distance.

With the 440-yard, or quarter-mile, one sees the first signs of grief in those whose condition is not of the best, or who cannot hold out for the entire distance. It is at this distance that the runner shows that he is not a machine. The best illustration of this is found in the records of the events. The speed of a runner at his best, as shown in the 100-yard race, is ten yards a second. This speed he holds with machine-like precision in the 220-yard race, the record being a bare fraction under 22 seconds. When the 440-yard race is reached, however, he cannot gather the power necessary to finish in 44 seconds, but at this distance we find the best man nearly 4 seconds behind time. The quarter-mile has more in common with the sprint runner than the distance man, however, for the sensation is that of running at full speed the entire distance, rather than by a perceptible effort so husbanding power as to make the pace a steady one, which is the feeling of, for example, the mile runner. The distance runners appear to run easily all the way, and to the spectator it seems that they might go faster if they would make the effort; but where the sprinter would have run himself out, and would begin to go unsteadily and manifestly with an effort, the distance man is still springing easily over the ground, apparently with no thought of fatigue, but rather with a consciousness of strength.

Hurdle racing is a sport which stands between running and jumping, being a combination of the two. It does not require a man of marked jumping ability, however, as the flights are only 3 feet 6 inches, and any average athlete, although he may have paid no attention to jumping, finds no difficulty in clearing them. The point, in fact, at which the hurdler aims is to clear them just as little as possible, skimming over the tops so closely that he almost grazes each. In the early days of hurdling the runner ran as fast as he could between each flight, and with no definite number of steps took the hurdles as he might

obstructions thrown in his pathway at haphazard. The scientific hurdler now takes a certain number of steps between the flights, and, fetching each at the most favorable point for his rise, actually clears them without a break in his stride, one leg being put out while the other is bent just as though it were but an exaggerated step. The distance covered is 120 yards, and there are ten hurdles set 10 yards apart with a 15-yard clear start and finish. Other distances are sometimes run, as 220 yards most commonly. In this case the hurdles are a foot lower, and are set 20 yards apart. The amateur record for the 120-yard hurdle race is 16 seconds. This shows that the runner loses almost half a second at each one of the obstacles in his course.

The walkers next attract our attention. To the ordinary pedestrian who tramps out for twenty or thirty miles into the country the gait of these racers is entirely unfamiliar. There seems the most intense exaggeration of every muscular movement. Watch this man who walks a mile in seven minutes! It certainly seems as if he would twist his spinal column apart just above his hips. But if one attempts to walk alongside of him, one soon realizes with what rapidity he covers the ground. Even a modest trot will not keep one even with him. Roughly speaking, it takes only a little over two minutes longer to walk than to run a mile. The distinction between running and walking is, that in the latter the heel strikes the ground first, and some part of one foot is always touching the ground, whereas in running the toe strikes first, and there is a period in the stride when both the runner's feet are off the ground. It requires the most expert of judges to see that the walking is fair, for there are a dozen tricks of gait, not in the least apparent to the uninitiated, which are unfair. Perhaps none is more common than what to us would seem the faintest suspicion of a limp, but which means the failure to straighten the leg at each step, thus not striking the heel first, from which an unfair walker can gain a very marked increase in speed. Long-distance pedestrianism, such as six-day walking-matches, has nothing in common with the walking of the short-distance cinder-track men. Most of these long-distance matches are now of the go-as-you-please class; that is, there is no restriction as to the gait, the majority taking to a kind of jog-trot which yields the greatest results with the least fatigue.

To watch the jumping is rather a relief after the strain of sympathetic effort one feels inclined involuntarily to make when the walkers are exerting every particle of power to pass each other. Here the effort is a concentrated one, a sudden putting forth of muscular energy. The contestants jump in turns, and in the case of a long or a broad jump the greatest distance covered in three attempts wins the event. The run is unlimited, each man suiting his own taste in the matter. The scratch, or line from which the jump is taken, is a joist, some five inches wide, sunk flush with the ground. Just in front of this the earth is removed to the depth of three inches from a space of six inches, and the rule regarding the jump is that it counts a trial with no result if a competitor step over the scratch line, or if he make any mark on the ground in front of the scratch. The measuring is done at right angles to the scratch line and to the nearest mark made by any part of the person of the competitor.

The high jump is made over a flat bar, which is supported on two uprights in such a position as to be easily dislodged. Competition begins at some height, selected by the measurers, which all the contestants can easily clear. The bar is then steadily lifted at the regulation of the measurers. A competitor may decline to use his jump at any height in his turn, but by so doing forfeits his right to jump again at that height. Three trials are allowed, and if on the third the jumper fails to clear the bar he drops out. The removal of the bar constitutes a failure. To run under the bar is a balk, and three of these successive balks constitute a trial jump. A fair jump is one made without the assistance of weights, diving, somersaults, or handsprings of any kind.

Pole vaulting is another species of jumping, in which the jumper aids himself by the use of a long pole which he plants in the ground a little distance from the bar, and with which he lifts himself as he springs into the air. As the pole is reaching the perpendicular he swings himself over the bar, letting go the pole at the same moment. The same rule governs the pole vault as the running high jump, and there is no limit to the size or weight of the poles.

Putting the shot is a contest requiring not only the same amount of skill as the other events, but also unusual muscular strength. The shot is an iron sphere weighing either 16 pounds or 24 pounds, the more usual weight being 16 pounds. It must be put with one hand only, and in front of the shoulder. The competitor stands in a seven-foot square, and must not step out of this square in putting, nor until his put has been measured. The front side of the square has a board standing four inches high, and no part of the competitor's person must be on this board in making the attempt. Puts are measured in a line at right angles from the front line of the square, or that line prolonged, to the nearest mark made by the shot. Three trials are allowed, and the contestants take turns as in the broad jump.

Throwing the hammer, like putting the shot, requires a combination of skill and muscular strength. The hammer is a metal sphere into which is set a handle, the projecting length of which, together with the diameter of the head, is four feet, the combined weight of head and handle being sixteen pounds. The throwing is done from a circle seven feet in diameter, and the competitor may not overstep the front of this circle until his throw is measured. The throw is measured from the nearest mark made by the hammer-head to the circumference of a circle on a line with that mark and the center of the circle. In throwing the hammer under the Amateur Athletic Union rules there are no further restrictions as to the man's method, but it is usual to swing the hammer two or three times over the head at the extended length of the arms, and then to let it go over the shoulder. Other contests in weight-putting and hammer-throwing are indulged in, but these are the most common in the programmes in this country.

Bicycling has grown to be so common and widespread that it has a life, rules, and records quite apart from ordinary track athletics.

The tug of war is the only event in track athletics that necessitates any team work. Only when this event is an individual tug is it similar in conditions to the other contests. The individual pull is not, however, as popular at athletic meetings as the team tug. This latter may be limited in weight, and usually is limited. The limits for the aggregate weight for the four men constituting the team vary considerably, from 550 pounds up to 650. The former would be called a light-weight limit, and the latter approaches the heavy weight, although many heavy-weight teams are unlimited in regard to avoirdupois. This tug is a test of pulling capacity between two teams, one at each end of a $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 inch manilla rope. Formerly the contestants pulled upon ordinary turf, and one of the chief points of skill was the rapid excavation of holes after the word was given. At the present day, however, the indoor method of providing cleats of wood for braces has been adopted in the outdoor contests as well. These cleats are 4 inches by 6 inches, and 22 inches long, and are bolted to a plank about $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet apart. They are so placed that the first cleat on each side shall be at least 6 feet from the center. This places the teams 12 feet apart. The anchors, as the men at the ends of the rope are called, are provided each with a leather belt weighing twenty pounds or less, which is worn as a protection from the rope. This is almost a necessity, as the anchor brings the slack end of the rope only once around his body, and then takes in the slack which his team gains, or holds his own against the pull of the opponents. To go into the scientific points of team-tugging would require almost as much space as a treatise upon cricket or foot-ball, for not only is individual skill a requisite, but also the most highly practiced team work. The time limit is five minutes, and the team having gained the most rope at the expiration of that time wins. Of course a record of this sport cannot be made.

To summarize the records made at track meetings and compare the American athlete with the athlete of Great Britain is perfectly fair in all but the last two of these contests. Hammer-throwing and weight-putting are, unfortunately, not yet governed generally by similar rules in the two countries, so that a comparison means selecting particular cases in order to find a similarity in the methods. In the running and jumping, however, there is not only an opportunity of comparing records, but also in some events the actual contest between the individual best men. In the 100 yards we stand on a level with the English amateurs, a few reaching ten seconds, but none going inside that limit. In the 220-yard run the English amateur has beaten our record. When we reach the quarter-mile, however, our men not only have won in records both here and on their own tracks, but have run away from all their champions in actual races. At the half-mile we have been recently overtaken by a fleet-footed Briton, while another of the race has shown us his heels in the mile. On the hurdle they have long surpassed us, but at the running high jump our champion has beaten their records both at home and abroad. The long jump we also hold, but the pole vault is theirs. On the whole it is a fair division, and leaves us little to be ashamed of.

There is one feature of these sports not yet mentioned, but which forms an important element in the interest and progress of the games. This is what is known as handicapping. Were it not for this many a meeting would lose much of its interest, and undoubtedly it stimulates to the improvement in general ability much more than would only level racing. As the term implies, handicapping is the taking away certain of the advantages of the superior men, and so arranging the acknowledged superior contestants that they must not only do better than the rest in order to win, but do enough better to make it a fair struggle on both sides. Sometimes a time allowance is made to the weaker men; more often, as in running matches, the best man is started from the scratch, and is obliged therefore to run the full distance, whereas his competitors are placed at certain intervals ahead of him, these distances being proportioned to their relative ability as displayed by the records they have already made. In order

that this system of handicapping may be properly carried out, it is, of course, necessary that the handicapper be not only thoroughly familiar with the usual speed developed in all the various races, but also that he keep accurate tables of the records of each one of the runners whom he must place. Even then, unless he be possessed of excellent judgment, he makes occasional mistakes that result in unsatisfactory races. The Amateur Athletic Union, which at present embraces the majority of prominent clubs, employs an official handicapper, whose duty it is, upon receipt of the names of contestants, to map out from his table of records the proper handicaps for the entries in each race. The rules of the A. A. U. provide for this official handicapper at a salary not to exceed $1500; he is expected to keep records and to handicap all entries as directed by the secretary of the Union, also to do other work such as the board of managers may direct.

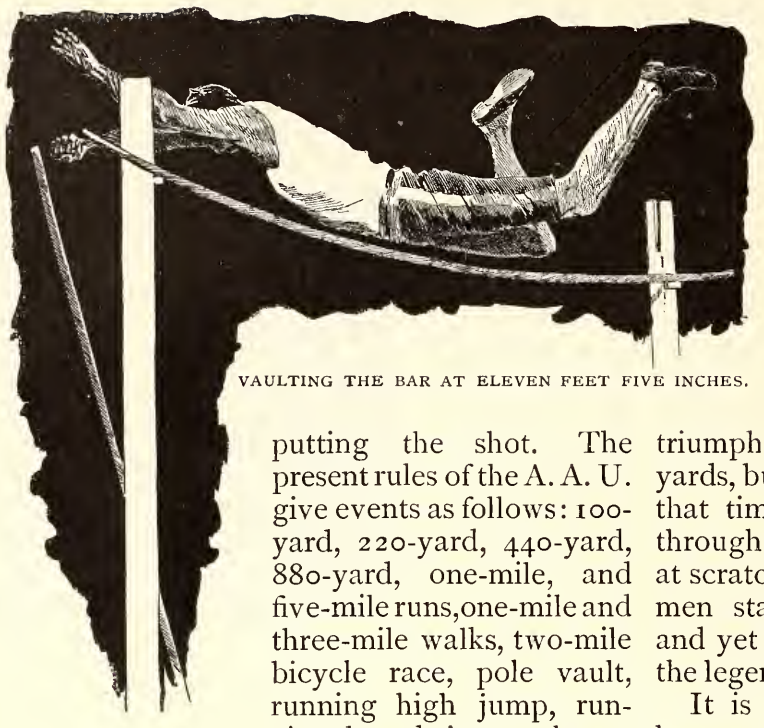
SHOT-PUTTER BALANCING.

PUTTING THE SHOT.

There are a few pertinent questions that arise, to which a review of the annual amateur championship meeting affords more or less satisfactory answers. The question of the age at which a man is fitted for his best athletic work has always been a mooted one in all sports. In the games belonging particularly to track athletics the record of events shows that maturity is most needed in the events requiring unusual muscular development, such as weight-putting contests and hammer-throwing, while the extreme of youth seems no detriment to the running contests, jumping, and pole vaulting. Hammer-throwing and weight-putting championships have been won by men over forty years of age, while boys of eighteen years have taken 100-yard, mile, jumping, and pole-vaulting championships. W. B. Curtis has shown the most mature development by winning championships at the age of 40, 41, 42, 43, and 44 years. The longest continuous connection with track athletic sports has been that of C. A. J. Queckberner, who has competed in twelve successive years, ever since 1878, winning one or more championships at nine meetings. L. E. Myers, whose career is noted later in this article, and F. L. Lambrecht, both held a championship against all competition for six successive annual contests. The entries for these annual championship meetings have ranged from 100 to 150, once even as high as 169. As a rule, four-fifths of those entering start in the events. The tendency to go from the ranks of the amateur into professionalism was much more marked in the earlier days of these meetings. The first annual championship meeting, in 1876, had on its programme the following events: 100-yard, quarter-mile, half-mile, one-mile runs; 120-yard hurdle race; one, three, and seven mile walks; running high jump; running long jump; throwing hammer; and

PUTTING THE SHOT.

SHOT-PUTTER. (LEFT VIEW.)

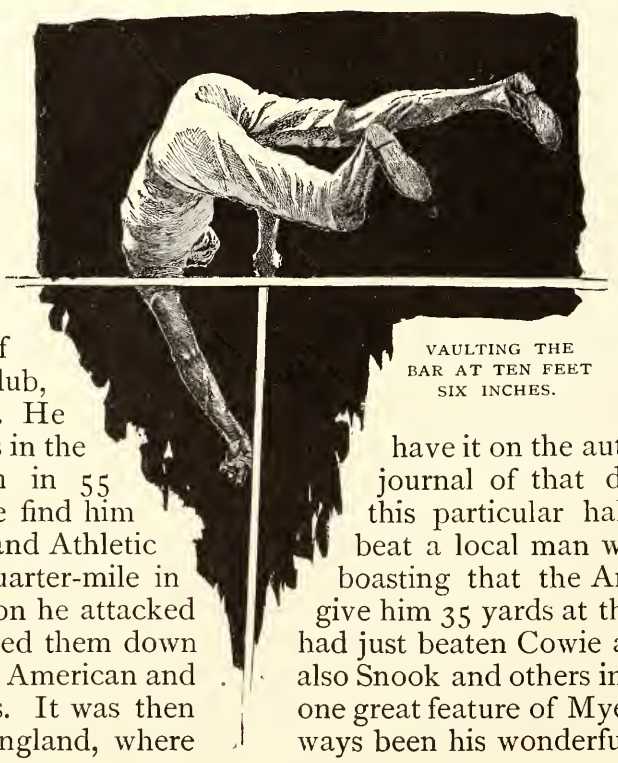


VAULTING THE BAR AT ELEVEN FEET FIVE INCHES.

putting the shot. The present rules of the A. A. U. give events as follows: 100-yard, 220-yard, 440-yard, 880-yard, one-mile, and five-mile runs, one-mile and three-mile walks, two-mile bicycle race, pole vault, running high jump, running broad jump, throwing 16-pound hammer, throwing 36-pound weight, putting 16-pound shot, 120-yard hurdle race, 220-yard hurdle race, individual tug of war, and team tug of war — a total of nineteen. The seven-mile walk is the only event that has been absolutely lost, while eight have been added.

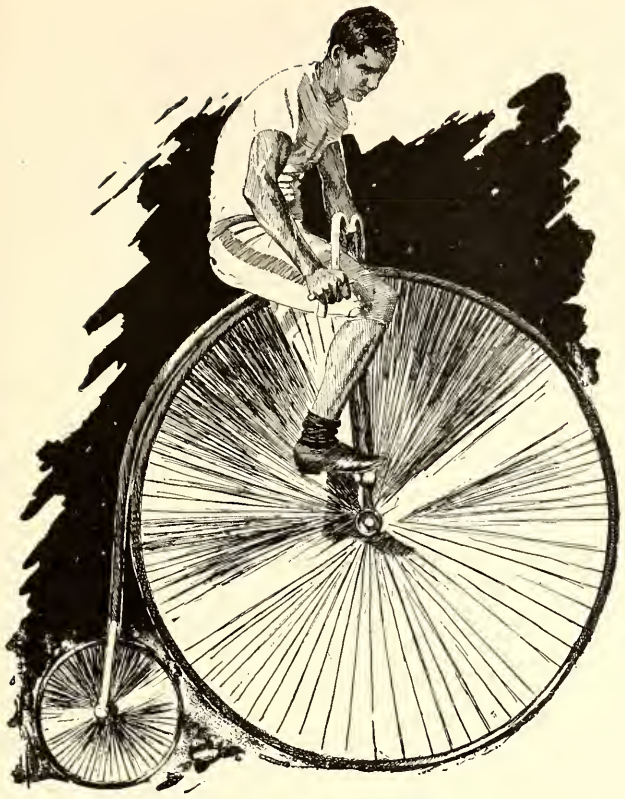
Some of the contests of American athletes have stirred the enthusiastic spirit of more than the mere spectators. No one can read the story of one of his own countrymen contending against a foreigner, and showing pluck and skill enough to win, without a secret satisfaction. The performances of one amateur of our day are so remarkable as to be worthy of chronicling. That man is L. E. Myers, who has now joined the ranks of professional runners; but who, while strictly an amateur, lowered more records, and ran away from more really good runners, than any other man ever upon the cinder track. His first appearance was at the games of the New York Athletic Club, election day, November, 1878. He was given a start of 18 yards in the quarter-mile race, and won in 55 seconds. The next spring we find him in the games of the Staten Island Athletic Club, where he won the quarter-mile in 54 seconds. From this time on he attacked records and men, and mowed them down steadily. In 1880 he won four American and four Canadian championships. It was then decided to send him to England, where they had little faith in the genuineness of his records, and predicted that their second-rate men would run the American off his feet. Previous to his first appearance, Englishmen interested in track athletics laughed at the possibility of his winning. With many runners the time when much is expected of them is very apt to be the occasion when they appear at their worst. Myers, however, never displayed this unfortunate trait, and his first English race was a grand triumph. Not only did he win by a clean eleven yards, but he broke the English record. From that time on he ran on every kind of track, through fields of all sorts of men, was placed at scratch with what appeared at least a line of men stationed all the way down the course, and yet the summary of nearly every race was the legend, "Myers romped in an easy winner."

It is needless to say that the Englishmen became thoroughly satisfied with the genuineness of his records. In 1884 he again visited England, and lowered three records. The following year he crossed once more to meet the best of England's men on various tracks. Two of these meetings were notable. At the Civil Service sports he was entered in a handicap quarter when Cowie, the English champion, was given eight yards' start. Myers ran him down and won in $48\frac{4}{5}$ seconds. A month and a half later, having in the mean time won many races, he was entered at Blackburn in two handicaps, and after winning the half-mile he ran the final heat of the quarter, giving Barton, of Scotland, 20 yards. Snook and others were given good starts in this, and it was generally believed that for once the American was to be defeated. Myers picked them all up, and won over a grass course in $49\frac{2}{5}$ seconds.



VAULTING THE BAR AT TEN FEET SIX INCHES.

A half-mile race of Myers at Widnes shows the caliber of the man. As we have it on the authority of an English journal of that date, Myers entered this particular half-mile handicap to beat a local man who had been freely boasting that the American could not give him 35 yards at that distance. Myers had just beaten Cowie again in the quarter, also Snook and others in the level half. But one great feature of Myers's running has always been his wonderful ability to keep on



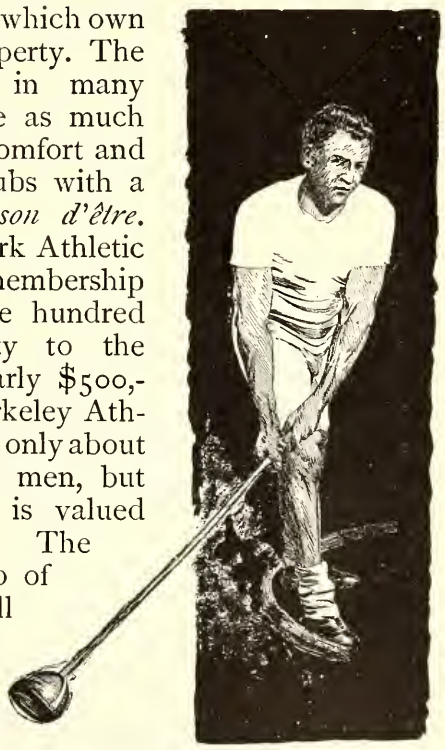
THE BICYCLE-RIDER.

running race after race as long as there was any one before him, and he stepped up to the scratch in the handicap half as ready as ever. One by one he ran through his field, and 30 yards from home had them all behind him, coming in with an easy 8-yard lead in 1 minute $57\frac{2}{5}$ seconds. As the English journal took occasion to remark of the local runner's impression about the 35-yard start, "At five o'clock on Saturday evening Mr. —— had quite altered his opinion on the subject, which only shows what changeable mortals we all are."

SWINGING THE HAMMER.

The only man who has actually run Myers off his feet in a burst of speed was Brooks, a college sprinter. This man had beaten Myers in 1882, but in that race he had made his lead and kept in front to the end. In 1883, however, Myers had the pole, and when the two entered the straight with 90 yards to go Brooks was some 3 yards in the rear. The watches of some reliable experts say that the collegian ran the 90 yards in $8\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. At any rate he gained inch by inch, and 25 yards from the finish was within a yard of Myers. Then it was that both felt the final struggle, and as Brooks came up by Myers's side, both men tried for that impossible speed which is beyond the limit. Myers's limit came a shade nearer than that of Brooks, for he fell headlong in the attempt, and Brooks breasted the tape a winner.

Concerning the financial status of track athletics, while they do not, like base-ball, have an existence for the purpose of money-making, there is nevertheless a large amount of capital involved indirectly. Almost all of the clubs now prominent in this branch of sports have a winter existence, games, and habitat as well as an outdoor one. In most of the large cities there are athletic clubs which own desirable property. The club-houses in many instances are as much marvels of comfort and luxury as clubs with a different *raison d'être*. The New York Athletic Club has a membership of twenty-five hundred and property to the value of nearly $500,000. The Berkeley Athletic Club has only about five hundred men, but its property is valued at $400,000. The Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy, with a membership of over twelve hundred, is worth probably $75,000. The Detroit, the Manhattan, and the Staten Island Athletic Clubs are rich in membership and have a respectable amount of property.



THE HAMMER-THROWER — THE START.

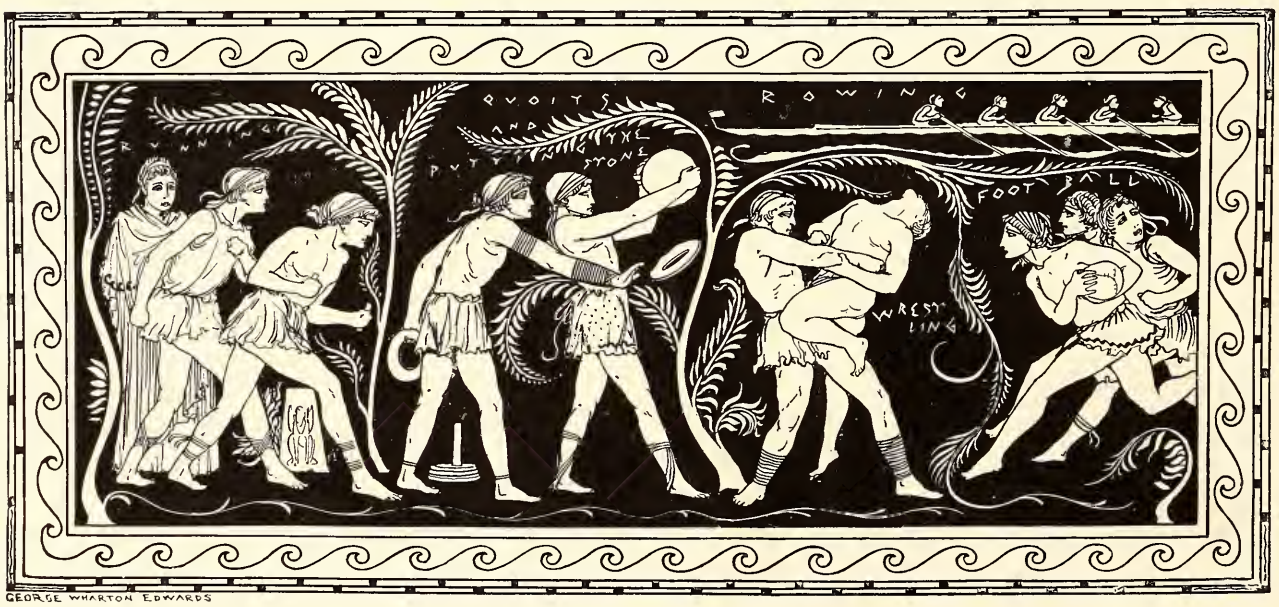
One feature of these sports has not yet been mentioned, and that is the prizes. These have varied much from time to time. The first prizes given in English university sports were money prizes, but this practice was almost immediately altered, and there is now even a rule forbidding an athlete from pawning his medals or in any way converting them into money. While the correct theory for the amateur is that the prize should be valued and valuable only as a token of the victory it represents, as a matter of fact it has become the custom to have the prizes for record-breaking of more than a merely nominal value. So long as the present very stringent rules are in force regarding professionalism

of any kind, there is but little danger of prizes becoming so great in value as to induce men to wish to obtain them with an eye to their marketable nature.

The progress of track athletics in this country has been rapid. The extension of the games of the cinder track throughout all large cities marks a different standing for them than any that they have obtained in the colleges and universities. There they had to wage direct warfare with boating and ball, and for a time the battle was an unequal one. The other sports were older and had the support of those who had gone before, while sports of the track were looked upon as interlopers which would interfere with the more regular games by directing men to other athletic enjoyment. The day has now come, however, when they have an assured position at all the large universities and colleges, while in amateur athletic organizations track athletics have the first rank, and the other sports are of but minor interest. Nor is the day far distant when the audiences that assemble to witness these contests will be equal to those assembled at any amateur ball game or boat race. Moreover the number of contestants is increasing, and that means that more men are enjoying the benefits of open-air exercise, and by the help of the pleasant stimulus of contest are being drawn towards a better physical development.

TAKING THE HURDLES.

Walter Camp.



GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS

TRUSTY, NO. 49.

"WHAT should we do without you, Jerry?" said Phillipson, the prosecuting attorney, "the only murder case on the docket for years, and you have n't been running a week."

Jerry only smiles a wrinkled kind of smile, pushing his hands deeper into his pocket. Then he and the two men with him watch Phillipson and his companion as they enter the court-house. The companion is a Northerner, a director in the railway which may run through the town.

Neither poverty nor a grudging spirit is responsible for the L—— County court-house being Barker's old all-sorts store. Some years ago lightning destroyed the old court-house, which had a portico and a wide hall and a white cupola, and was the pride of the countryside. Now a brick court-house is rising in its place, an ambitious estray from some Northern

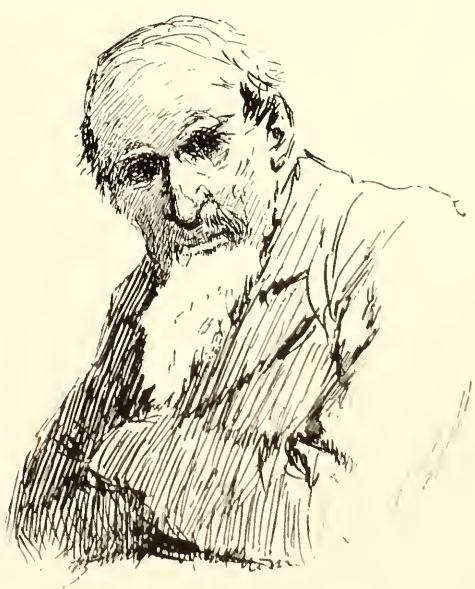
THE HORSE-TRADER.

THE BLACKSMITH.

architect's brain, with Tudor windows and Gothic gables; and in the interval Justice balances her scales in Barker's store.

From the doorway one has a good view of the town. It is an ancient town for Arkansas: in keelboat times it was bustling and prosperous; but the railroads passed by on the other side, and it fell into a gentle decay. Those old-fashioned Southern houses, with their modest pomp of column, architrave, and gallery, and those dingy "all-sort stores," the gambrel roofs of which project at each end to shield loiterers from the Arkansas sun, are a kind of high-water mark of the vanished prosperity. But a change has come; there is talk of a railway; hence the few smart modern cottages elbowing their gay sides through the pines. Something alien and picturesque mingles everywhere with the Southwestern roughness. Perhaps it is because the narrow streets wind so crooked up round the hill, or because the rope ferry spans the river below, or because the near hills are checkered with vineyards and wheat-fields and the far hills have a dark haze of pine, and across the swift green water an old turnpike draws a straight line down a shining avenue of birches, until, crooking suddenly, it is lost in the forest. Over the river are the cotton plantations, the rich black loam where a plowshare will never be dulled by a stone; the vast, dim woods of oak and gum; the canebrake and the cypress swamp. Here the boulders grind through the soil as plentiful as oaths in a river captain's talk, and each farmer tills his own tiny farm. The railroad villages of the bottom have newspaper offices and meat-markets, but the old hill-country county-seat reads its Arkansas "Gazette" once a week, and when a farmer "kills" he hawks his meat from house to house. None the less, however, does the octopus of civilization fling out tentacles into the wilderness: witness the flaming circus-bills, plastered over Jerry Milligan's saloon; witness indeed the saloon itself, which stands, appropriately, next door to the court-house.

THE YOUNG FARMER.



THE OLD JUROR.

DOCK AND THE GAMBLER.

"Looks smart, don't he?" remarked one of the men. "Say, he allus wears them lawyer clothes." He spoke after an admiring glance at the snugly fitting seams of Phillipson's coat and the glossy white rims showing below his black sleeves. "Pore Dock!" he added, spitting gloomily at the short-skirted lady on the white horse. "He fell on downright hard luck in his lawyer. Hops round like a chicken with his head cut off every time Phillipson tackles him. Don't guess Dock got much show."

"Aw, I dunno," said the second man, more cheerfully; "the jury had orter consider how rilin' 't is tuh have a feller skin ye out er fifty dollars — all the money ye got."

"He 'lowed tuh buy a mewl with hit. They all was fixin' tuh go tuh the cirkiss, an' he come yere fust. Feller got everye cent at three cyard monty. Yass, sir. I kin see jes how Dock looked. He sot right thar, an' the feller was a-sa'nterin' down the street easy 's you please. Dock was n't r'arin' on him 't all. All the word he sayd was, 'Lord, whut 'll I say tuh Sis?'"

"That 's his wife, hay?"

"In co'se. Minute I heerd tell 'beout it I knowed how he be'n done, ca'se I lost three dollars an' fifty cents onct that away. Feller changed the cyards an' plum left out the one I bet on; but Dock 's a turrible simple kind er feller, an' he never mistrusted tell I tole him."

"An' more 's the pity ye ondesaved him," muttered Jerry.

"How c'u'd I know he 'd gether you' new gun offen the byar an' light out that away?" the other demanded indignantly.

"An' we all ayfter 'im, hollerin' with all the power," said the second witness, with a chuckle. "Did n't he burn the wind, though! Ketched up tuh the feller 'fore we got tuh the coteheouse. 'Member how he sayd suthin' an' the

THE OLD FARMER.

feller slid his hand back tuh his pocket? Dock war tew briefly fur him, fired 'fore ye c'u'd bat you eye. Feller keeled over dead 's a hammer. Never seen a purtier shoot."

"Yes, sir, it was so," agreed Jerry; "an' by that same token 't is a shame tuh be sindin' him tuh prison fur a thrifle like that."

"Say, Mis' Muckwrath goes tuh the trial evereye mornin' in the world," Dock's first mourner observed. "That 's her now in the blue sunbonnet, totin' the baby, an' the tew boys hangin' on ahind."

The woman passed the men unconscious of the observation. Her short cotton skirts, limp with dew from the grass and the dog-fennel through which she had walked, were flapping against her bare ankles and coarse shoes. The fat baby hung over her shoulder and beat her thin back with a muddy stick. Evidently the stick was coveted by the younger boy, for he made futile jumps after it while he ran, until greed overreached itself and landed him in a mud-puddle, whence he was dragged by his mother with a shake. The action disclosed her face — a narrow, pale, freckled face, with anxious brown eyes.

"Thar, Luke, quit you' meanness," she cried fretfully. "Take Bud's han' an' walk quiet or they all will put ye in jail."

"I don't keer," the child answered; "paw 's thar!"

"O Lordy!" cried the poor woman; "but he 'll come out; he 'll shore come out!"

"Do hush the pitiful critter!" muttered the nearest of the witnesses.

There were other observers of the scene near enough for sight, if not for hearing. First walked the judge, a tall man, carelessly dressed, holding a rose in his mouth. Behind him the sheriff was conducting the jury from the little hotel to the court-house. They paced along two by two, Captain Baz Lemew's head towering above the soft hats. It was a fine, massive head, covered with curly black hair, which shone like a coal against his white hat-brim.

JERRY AND THE TWO MEN.

All the Lemews were property holders, men of substance and dignity, Captain Baz in particular owning one of the best plantations on the river. There was a tradition of a wild youth passed away from home; but years of kind neighborliness, and good citizenship, and generous service in the church had so blurred the old rumors that they retained only enough of their erratic outlines to excuse a familiar affection; Captain Baz he was, not Captain Sebastian Lemew.

Arm in arm with Captain Baz, the foreman, came Dr. Redden, slim, agile, with keen eyes,

THE DOCTOR.

and a yellow beard that curled upward at the ends. He had a trick of clutching his beard, and then flinging his palm outward for a gesture. His loose coat fluttered as he walked, and he swung a branch of dogwood like a cane. The two men following in order were a farmer from the hills and the shrewdest horse-trader of the bottom. The former was sighing:

"Hick'ry buds all out. Mighty purty cotton-plantin' weather. Bright er the moon, tew."

"Tew airly," grunted the horse-trader. "April cotton 's apt tuh git the sore shin."

"Waal, onyhow, I want out," declared the farmer, kicking his heavy heels among the bluets which besprinkled the wayside.

"No, sir," the doctor was saying in a hortatory tone; "no, sir, on principle I avoid looking at the prisoner's wife. Really it 's no palliation of his offense that he has got a wretched woman mixed up with his lot; yet that 's the way people argue."

"There she is," said Captain Baz; "the woman in front. I know her; Muckwrath is one of my [1] renters."

The doctor's eyelids dropped and a flash like the flash of a knife-blade stole out of the half-shut eyes. Every other juror's position he could gauge to a nicety; but the workings of Captain Baz's mind were, so to speak, under water and left no trail.

Now, Dr. Redden desired a conviction ardently. His motives were the cleanest in the world. Of the new South himself, he believed in immigration, enterprise, and their natural promoters, law and order. His zeal was fanned by a pygmy breeze of opposition from one or two in the jury. So was his vanity. Dr. Redden plumed himself on his deft handling of prejudices; here was a chance for tact. But Captain Baz — where did he stand? What was he studying at this minute, for instance? He had turned round on the court-house steps — for the little procession had reached the door — and was gazing absently at river and fields. The landscape had the lovely freshness of morning and spring. Drops of rain glittered in the water-oak leaves, the roses in the gardens wore a richer pink for last night's shower; even the furrow-slices and the blunted edges of the cotton-hills were dyed a deeper tone of brown.

"I love this country," said Captain Baz; but it appeared more to himself than to the doctor. "I was born and raised here. I should hate terribly—" Then he stopped.

"Come on, gentlemen," called the sheriff, jocosely. "Mr. Phillipson won't want to speak without you."

Entering the court-room on a warm morning — such a morning as that which saw the conclusion of the case of the State of Arkansas *vs.* Muckwrath — the first impression is of cool dampness. The room is long and scantily lighted, unplastered and unpainted. The authorities have removed, as unseemly, the rosy damsels who lent their charming presence to

"I FLUNG MYSELF ON HIM."

[1] Tenants.

praises of starch and baking-powder, but the public is still informed by three-foot letters on the joists that "Oliver Chilled Plows are the best"; and still can read a small placard spared by the hand of reform — perhaps for its wholesome moral — affirming that if you pay as you go then you won't owe. Decorations of a more legal cast are not lacking; from estray notices, advertisements of sheriff's sales and delinquent tax lists, to embossments of tobacco quids and gum. The lawyers sit around a rude pine table, the judge presides in a pine arm-chair, and there are chairs without arms for the officers of the court; the rest of the world must content itself with benches. There is a fiction of inclosing the prisoner according to the venerable usage, an uncertain structure of fence palings guarding his chair and giving him infinite trouble if the habit of a lifetime assert itself and his heels swing up to the top.

This morning the room was crowded, for it was known that Phillipson was to conclude his argument, and he had a reputation as an orator, to which, rather than to the intrinsic attraction of the case, was due a sprinkling of the gentry of the region among the shirt-sleeves and sun-bonnets. Immediately after the court was opened Phillipson rose. He had a fascinating voice — sonorous, musical, flexible. Convinced of the prisoner's guilt, he spoke with magnetic fervor. The jury were palpably impressed, while the prisoner's pale wife grew paler and the prisoner nervously chewed gum. He was a tall man and well built, although this was concealed by his ungainly posture, crouched over the fence-railing, his feet squeezed between the palings, his elbows on his knees. His long, curling auburn hair fell over his collar. His eyes were bright violet in tint and of a very gentle expression. His face was one common in Arkansas among the renters, where the loosely hung mouth will often seem to contradict fine brows and straight noses and shapely heads. One could see that he was wearing his poor best in clothes, namely, a new ill-fitting brown coat, blue trousers, rubber boots, and a white shirt with a brass stud but no necktie.

When the lawyer pictured in glowing metaphors and more glowing statistics the incomparable natural gifts of Arkansas, her genial climate, her wonderful forests, her rich mines and richer soil, her mountains and rivers and healing springs, the prisoner listened with an air of relief and interest. When Phillipson, on tiptoe, swung his fist and shouted that the Black River country was "the best poor man's country in the world," he nodded cordially "That 's so!" to the deputy at his side, adding, "Looks like he ar' lettin' up on me an' talkin' 'beout the croaps." But in a second his expansive manner collapsed; his jaw fell, and he leaned over the palings, his lean fingers gripping them hard. Phillipson was demanding why a State so beautiful, so fertile, so attractive to every class of emigrants, is neglected.

"Why is it, gentlemen?" cried the lawyer, waving his white hands at the jury. "I will tell you. It is because the old taint of blood and crime clings to our garments still. Years ago Arkansas in very truth was a 'dark and bloody ground.' Murder stalked unpunished through our smiling cotton-fields and noble forests. All that is past. To-day every one of you knows, gentlemen, that there is not in all this broad land a more peaceful, law-abiding section than ours, or a section with better enforced laws. But people in other States are only just beginning to realize this. Strangers hesitate to bring their families and settle among us. They wait even now, even here, to come among us, willing and able to pour their thousands into our industries, or to link us with iron bands to the great heart of commerce and civilization which throbs outside." There was a general turning of heads at the Northerner. "They wait. What for? To learn that life and property will be respected by you! Gentlemen of the jury, the honor of the State of Arkansas rests in your hands. The dead man was a stranger. He was not a good man. But the law extends the august ægis of her protection even as the rain is shed over the just and the unjust. You are not to consider his character, but only the question, Has he been wronged? You cannot afford, gentlemen, *we* cannot afford, to let the word go forth to the world that Arkansas does not punish murder."

He sat down amid a grateful rustle of applause and many admiring smiles from the ladies in the crowd.

The judge, who had pulled a heap of papers towards him, took the rose out of his mouth and began to read the charge. Captain Baz was listening with frowning attention; the other jurors had been cheered by a bag of peanuts handed up by the amiable deputy in charge. The prisoner was leaning back with folded arms and an expression of eager interest. The judge stated the charge against the prisoner and gave the usual exposition of the law and the usual definitions. He spoke in a slow, gentle voice, and the Northerner's admiration was excited by his luminous and infinitely patient explanations. Indeed, he was so clear that the prisoner himself could follow him, after a grotesque and dazed fashion, tripping now and then over the legal verbiage, but recovering himself at every familiar phrase. He listened to the definition of murder in the first degree with indignant agitation. "All murder which shall be perpetrated by means of poison or by lying in wait"— So

far had the judge gone before Muckwrath exclaimed:

"Why, Judge, I never seen the man afore; an' iz fur layin' in wait an' fixin' tuh pizen, I w'u'd n't do sicher meanness —"

"Shet up!" whispered the deputy. "He 's readin' what you did n't done."

Muckwrath sank back, relieved, to tap his palings with a virtuous finger at every adjective of the "willful, deliberate, malicious, and premeditated killing" described in the statute, and every felony enumerated, "in the perpetration of, or in the attempt to perpetrate" which, "the killing shall be committed." But his countenance darkened at the explanation of murder in the second degree and grew more anxious at the definition of manslaughter, "the unlawful killing of a human being without malice, express or implied, and without deliberation." But he glanced across to where his wife sat with renewed cheerfulness as the judge passed on to justifiable homicide, since here it was that his counsel had made his boldest stand on the right of the defendant to retake his property by force. Muckwrath actually smiled as the judge read:

"Section 1279 defines justifiable homicide as follows: 'Justifiable homicide is the killing of a human being in necessary self-defense, or in the defense of habitation, person, or property against one who manifestly intends or endeavors by violence or surprise to commit a known felony.'"

The smile, however, faded quickly at the judge's comment: "But, gentlemen of the jury, where it is sought to justify the killing under this statute the killing must be to prevent threatened injury to property or the taking thereof by violence or surprise, and no more force must be used than is reasonably necessary. The statute has no application to cases of killing when the deceased has obtained peaceful possession of the property of the slayer by fraud or trickery, without force or surprise —"

"My word!" cried the prisoner, leaping excitedly to his feet, "'t was surprise. I hain't had nare sich surprise in my life like I got when I seen them kyards. They be'n plumb changed up —"

The deputy pushed him back into his seat amid a sympathetic laugh from the audience. "And is slain while in possession of the property so obtained," concluded the judge, who then passed on to the duty incumbent on the State of proving the defendant guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, with the explanation of a reasonable doubt. To all this the jury listened with an air of patient bewilderment, excepting only Dr. Redden, an image of the appreciative listener, and an old man in an extraordinarily frayed and rusty black coat, who was sunk into unobtrusive slumber behind a palm-leaf fan. He awakened in time for the peroration, erecting his head and inflating his chest in a dignified manner, as one who had been following the argument closely all along, let appearances be what they might.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the mild, deliberate voice, "if you find from the evidence, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the defendant and the deceased were engaged in a game of cards in Jeremiah T. Milligan's saloon, in said L—— County and State of Arkansas, and that the deceased had, in a game of cards, by cheating or otherwise, won money of the defendant, and had left said saloon; and that the defendant was informed as soon as the deceased left that he had been cheated —"

"Yaas, sir, so I was," said the prisoner. His attorney, amid various winks and smiles from the lawyers, bent a very red face close to his ear. The prisoner pursed his lips for an inaudible whistle, then nodded.

"And thereupon," the judge continued, "in a fit of passion, he snatched up a revolver from the bar, with the intention of killing or doing great bodily injury to the deceased, and without time for reflection pursued and shot the deceased on sight, you will then, and in that case, find him guilty of murder in the second degree. The fact, if you shall find it to be a fact, that the deceased attempted to draw a revolver, would not excuse the killing, or turn the offense from murder in the second degree into manslaughter. But if you shall find from the evidence that the deceased obtained the defendant's money as before stated, and that the defendant, upon being informed that he had been cheated, was seized with a sudden passion and snatched the revolver and pursued the deceased without any intention of killing the deceased, but with the intention of using threats to make the deceased return the said money, intending also to use the revolver in case he might thereby become involved in a fight with the deceased and need the same to protect himself" (here the prisoner made an expressive pantomime of assent to the deputy); "and if you also find that while thus excited, and while acting pursuant to this intention, he overtook the deceased and the deceased attempted to draw a revolver to shoot the defendant, and thereupon the defendant, in the excitement and in fear of his life" ("Jesso," cried Muckwrath, unable to keep still), "shot and killed the deceased, then, and in that event, you will find the defendant guilty of manslaughter" ("O Lordy!" gasped the prisoner) "and fix the penalty accordingly. The defendant's counsel has asked for the following instruction, which is given, with some modifications: If you find from the

evidence that the deceased was a man of violent disposition and dangerous character, prone to shoot quickly and without provocation, and that the defendant was informed of this dangerous disposition on the part of the deceased prior to the killing, and that the deceased swindled the defendant out of fifty dollars at three-card monte in Jeremiah T. Milligan's saloon, on the third day of April, 1888, and that thereupon the defendant, being told that he had been cheated, got up to follow the deceased to demand back his money, without any intention of doing any injury to the deceased or of making any threats of so doing, and that defendant, having in mind the dangerous disposition of the deceased, picked up and took with him a revolver which was lying on the bar, intending to use the same in case of necessary self-defense" (a grin at what to such an audience seemed broad irony spread from face to face); "and if you further find that when the defendant overtook the deceased the deceased attempted to draw a revolver, and thereby the defendant was placed in danger of his life or limb, and, while acting under the belief that it was necessary to shoot to save himself, did so shoot and killed the deceased — *then* the homicide was justifiable, and you will find the defendant not guilty."

But at this point the prisoner's baby lifted up her voice in a dismal clamor. Vainly the mother tried to hush the child; the prisoner called out, "Gimme the little trick, Sis; she jes wants to get tuh me"; the sheriff commanded, "Silence in the court!" and the audience tittered; all of which rather drowned the judge's voice, charging the jury to lay aside all fear, prejudice, or favor, and render a verdict consistent with the law and the evidence and in harmony with their oath.

The jury themselves were generally absorbed in Mrs. Muckwrath's tussle with her baby and the infant's final consolation by a stick of candy, handed over the heads of the audience from some unknown donor. By the time the stir had subsided the friendly deputy was whispering:

"You all got ter go now."

The Northerner watched them as they were conducted through the side-door to their room, or, to be accurate, their sheds. Up to this moment the grotesque surroundings and the prisoner's antics had made him forget that this rough-handed justice was weighing a fellow-creature's life. Now he remembered.

Phillipson was speaking: "Yes, sir; the charge *was* favorable. Splendid charge. Clear, straight to the point."

"You 'll get a verdict if the jury have n't got on to the Coal Hill horror," said the gray-haired lawyer. "Redden is for you, and he 's a stirring fellow."

The Northerner looked from the man behind the palings to the woman, whose eyes were fixed on him while she hugged her baby tighter. Then he asked, "What kind of convict-camps do you have in this State?"

"All kinds," replied Phillipson, testily.

THE jury had taken various easy attitudes about their table, but they all looked serious.

Captain Baz's mild, bright, dark eyes went from one face to another in a glance that was keen without ceasing to be gentle. He settled his large frame back in his chair and softly fanned himself; quite a typical figure of a planter sitting there, with his dainty linen, and cool pongee coat, and the old-fashioned diamond-pin in his blue neck-scarf. It was an attractive face also which rested on his hand — such a face as a lonely woman would turn to confidingly though she saw it for the first time; a kind, frank, strong face, handsome in spite of the long scar marking one tanned cheek.

"Gentlemen," said Captain Baz, "perhaps we shall gain time by talking this business over a little before we take a ballot."

Speaking for the others, the doctor assented. For his part, he said, he believed that the prisoner ought to be punished. Why did n't he get the constable to arrest the man? It was this habit of trying to right our own wrongs when the law stood ready to right them for us that had given the country an ill name. Phillipson was right; it discouraged immigration. He had seen Mr. Thornton (the Northerner) in court. They all knew he was fixing to build a canning factory. Was he likely to do that if they convinced him that any of his men could get mad and pop away at him with a gun, sure of getting off? It looked like they might lose their factory, maybe their railroad, if they monkeyed with the verdict. Let them remember their oaths and the law; that was all he asked.

The next speaker, who kept an "all-sorts store" at the cross-roads, agreed with the doctor. So did half a dozen others. Their natural sympathy with a defrauded neighbor was offset by the composite motive of self-interest and public spirit to which the doctor had appealed. As the storekeeper expressed it, they all could n't afford to scare off factories and railroads just to pull Dock out of a hole.

The horse-trader was for a verdict of murder in the second degree, on general principles of rigor towards "folks that squealed."

"What in thunder is Dock r'arin' and chargin' 'beout onyhow?" cried he. "If he got skinned up, war n't he tryin' tuh skin t' other feller? 'T ain't noways shore, neither, that the cyards war n't throwed fair. Them

fellers kin juggle the cyards reoun' so ye cayn't tell Ham from Japhet. Dad gum me, I los' twenty dollars myself oncet. But do ye reckon I pulled out my gun an' killed the cuss? Naw, sir. I guv 'im five dollars tuh show me how the trick be'n done. An' he done so. But, law me, I mout try tell I was wore to a frazzle, I c'u'd n't ketch up with it!"

"I 'lowed they all allus cheated," said a young rustic whose mouth hung ajar as naturally as a door without a latch. "Ef Dock ain't be'n cheated that makes a heap er differ. I don't guess we 'd orter let 'im go. Hay, Mr. Hogard?" He addressed the shabby man in the black coat, who might be called a professional juror, being one of those court-room hangers-on always ready to the sheriff's hand either for jurors or talesmen. Apparently occupied in spelling out the judge's charge, he merely shook his head. Really he was waiting until he could discover the drift of opinion, in order to join the minority, thereby protracting the session and enlarging the fees.

His right-hand neighbor, a young farmer from the bottom, spoke up quickly: "I don' see no differ ef they cheat with their fingers or their cyards. I observe they git thar jes the same. Onyhow, Dock, he 'lowed he be'n cheated; an' t' other feller drawed on 'im—"

"Drawed on him!" interrupted the horse-trader with sardonic emphasis. "By gum, who would n't draw on a feller runnin' at ye with a gun?"

"Waal, I don't keer," said the farmer, doggedly. "I 've knowed Dock risin' er twenty year, an' I ain't goin' tuh send him tuh be beat an' pounded in them convict-camps."

"Now ye talk," said the farmer who wanted to get home; "but what fur did he kill the feller? Why c'u'd n't he of given him the bud[1] an' taken the money back?"

"Did get his money back," said another juror, the blacksmith on Captain Baz's plantation; "taken it out of the dead man's pockets, right thar. Must 'a' had a' anxious notion er gettin' that money back, shore. Say, did n't no kin er the feller ever turn up?"

He was answered by the old juror, who pushed a loose pile on the table towards him, saying: "Nary. Nothin' foun' on the person er the deceased neether, 'cept this truck—handkerchief, watch-chain 'thout nare watch, revolver, wallet, Hot Springs cyar tickets, two packs er cyards, an' fifty cents."

The jurors, except Captain Baz, fingered the articles with much gravity and scrutinized them as carefully as if they held some occult evidence of Dock Muckwrath's guilt or innocence.

[1] "To give the bud" or "to give the hickory" is Arkansas for to thrash.

The old juror brought them back to the question.

"Dock's lawyer," he modestly suggested, "made a right smart outer Dock's right tuh take back his property. Jedge ruther favored him thar, I consider."

"I wisht you all c'u'd fix up suthin' this mornin'," said the young farmer. "I 'm right anxious tuh git tuh go tuh Little Rock tuh-night, an' thar 's a long way tuh ride tuh the railroad from my place."

"What ye say tuh manslaughter, then, Baldwin," said the old farmer, "an' let him off easy 's we kin?"

"That 's two year," said the old juror, always strong on the minor points of law; "we all fix the penalty. Two to seven years."

"Say, the Knights Templar p'rade tuh-night," said the blacksmith.

"Splendid parade, I hear, it 's going to be, too," the doctor remarked, with his knife-like side-glance at Baldwin. "Miss Morkin and a lot of our folks are going."

Miss Morkin was the pretty girl whom Baldwin was only too anxious to please. He appealed with a kind of harassed gasp to Captain Baz: "I 'll tell you what I cayn't stand. They tell terrible things 'beout the prisons. Say, what 's your notion, Cap'n?"

The doctor, who had the medical eye for complexion, observed that Captain Baz was certainly very pale. "My opinion, sir," said the Captain slowly, "is that in the present state of convicts in Arkansas if you don't find the man not guilty you had better find him guilty enough to be hanged."

"By gum," muttered the blacksmith, "that are a way ter put it!"

The doctor's eyes brightened, a sure sign with him of rising combativeness. "Do you say that because you have been reading the horrors in the newspapers?"

"No, sir,"— the reply came very quietly,— "I say it from personal experience."

For once the doctor's wits failed him, but he flinched from his first idea. "You were a—an inspector, a—warden," he said huskily.

"No, sir," said Captain Baz as quietly as before; "I was a convict."

"Lord A'mighty!" cried young Baldwin, and was instantly red with shame over his indecorum.

The horse-trader, not so sensitive, declared, "Waal, I bet 't war n't from no meanness, onyhow!"

The other jurors exchanged furtive glances, while Dr. Redden took shelter in a handkerchief and elaborately wiped his face.

"P'raps,"— this was the shopkeeper's best mercantile voice,—"p'raps, bein' like you interjuced the subjeck, Cap'n, you w'u'd tell us some more."

Captain Baz had been watching their confusion, smiling a little bitterly. It seemed to Captain Baz that already they began to wonder over him and look down on him.

"Naturally," said he, "I did n't speak just for the fun of the thing. I had a purpose. I want you to know the kind of punishment you are proposing to give our old neighbor. Well, gentlemen, this was the way of it: I was a wild young man running a cotton-boat, and Owens, my partner, sent me to Little Rock on business. I was young and foot-loose, and I went straight into mischief; got into a gambling den and a fight before sundown: a man was killed. Of course he was a promising citizen with a terrible sight of kin. I am tolerably sure that I did n't touch the fellow, but I was the only man there too drunk to run away; so they caught me and tried me, and the upshot was I got three years. In point of fact, gentlemen, I have no legal right to sit on this jury, being a convicted felon. However, it was not Sebastian Lemew who put on stripes, but Thomas Jones. I was so ashamed of my being such a blamed fool that I fixed it up with Owens to keep the business from my folks. They sent me with a dozen other fellows in a cattle-car to Arkansas River to make a corduroy-road. There — that is what I am going to tell you. I have been quiet for so long on account of my wife. She hated to have me pointed at as having been to the penitentiary. That 's all right; women think a heap of such things; but I can't keep quiet any longer."

"I kin tell you one thing, Cap'n," cried Baldwin, "nobody 'll ever be the wiser for *me!*"

"Nur me," the old juror echoed.

"I say 't war all a blamed shame!" said the blacksmith.

"You must act your pleasure about that, gentlemen," said Captain Baz; but a little of the color returned to his face. "I was saying they sent me off; I went off with a rough crowd. However, there was one gentleman among them. 'Radcliffe,' he called himself. I never saw him again, nor I don't know his real name; but he did me a good turn with his information. He told me, what I found was true, that the whole convict system is a money-making affair. They are all on the make. The board, commissioners, contractors, lessees, wardens, and guards — they all just naturally squeeze the convict. He 's let and sublet, and every man has to make something out of him each time. What do the lessees care if they work a man to death in the camps? They can get plenty more. It is for their interest to underfeed the men and not clothe them or give them medicines or decent human treatment any way. The real man in charge is the warden, and he has practically unlimited power. All the lessee asks of him is to get work out of the men. They are mostly trifling, shirking fellows, and to make them work he has to punish them; so he gets to crowding the punishment on. Wardens and guards are apt to be a brutal lot — first-class men don't want such a job. But the meanest feature of the whole business is its discrimination. It is a fact, gentlemen, as our prison laws stand now the rich man can do almost anything. Suppose a jury does its duty, and sends a rich criminal to the penitentiary, what then? Why, his friends hire him out and he lives at his ease. Radcliffe told me of a large number of convicts hired out that way; his uncle was going to hire him to work on his plantation. 'And do you reckon I 'll work too hard?' said he. 'No, sir; I 'll ride round like a gentleman, and in my own clothes, too, by ——.' He told me about our warden. He seemed to know all about him, and I 'm bound to say his information always turned out correct. Captain Moss, our warden, was an Alabama man. He killed two men down there before he came to Arkansas; but he had influential friends, and the matter was hushed up some way. They need daredevil fellows in a convict-camp, so Moss got the job. Radcliffe said he was rather a quiet fellow when sober, but the devil and any when drunk. Radcliffe advised me to bribe him by giving him my money that came to me to spend. 'He 'll take out his commission, don't fear,' says he. 'If you 've got money you 're all right. But God help the poor man in a convict-camp!' You may imagine, gentlemen, that such a talk as this did n't cheer me up much. But the reality was worse.

"We got to our place at sundown and had to walk four miles from the railroad through the swamp. The camp was in a cypress slash. You could cut the miasma with a knife. But what did it matter how unhealthy the place was? You know what the cypress slashes are. Our shed was on a kind of ridge. Higher up from the river there were some houses built — a cookhouse, and storehouse, and house for the warden in charge. The shed we had was, I should say, sixteen by twenty feet, and there were thirty-three men packed into it. It was worse built than any of these old cabins which we all think ain't good enough for steady living in and give up to the cotton-pickers. A few of the meanest, dirtiest mattresses you ever saw were lying on the floor. Not enough of these, even, for half the men. The others had a blanket and slept on the floor. The cracks in that floor — I do assure you they were bigger than my arm! Of course the shed was simply stood up on four cypress stumps over the mud, and it had settled lopsided. The roof had no shingles, nothing but

scantling; and when it rained it leaked worse than the famous roof of the Arkansas traveler. Puddles of water were standing on the mattresses and the blankets; and with the flicker of the lamps screwed to the wall, and an awful kind of steam rising up from the swamp, and the chains everywhere,— they always chained us at night, you understand,— and the miserable black and white faces all huddled together, oh, it was a hard sight! The men's rags were dropping off them. Not a man among them had a decent pair of shoes. They never were washed or changed up, and some of them had been in camp two months. And while I stood in that hole, half faint, like a flash I seemed to see my room at home and the clean white curtains, and the big tin tub I had for washing, and my mother's and the girls' pictures on the walls, and my father's sword hanging over the glass, and the honeysuckle outside swinging — it turned me dizzy. Just then the dogs outside began to howl. 'Somebody 's lit out,' said the guard. 'Here, get along, 49, I got to go; thar 's you place.' Such a place — a space between two convicts, and next to it a poor fellow crumpled all in a heap, with his shirt cut into ribbons and his back the awfulest sight! He lay right under the lamp. I can see the way his hands dropped down as if they would drop off his wrists, and the sharp look of his nose and chin. Somebody had dipped a hand down through an extra big crack and plastered him with mud to ease the smarting. I can assure you all," Captain Baz added with a very grim and queer smile, "it helps a heap. The fellow was hardly more than a boy, and had a right innocent, pitiful kind of face. As soon as the guard was gone I asked the man who had put the mud on — you could see the mud in his hand, that 's how I knew — I asked him what was the matter. He was a villainous-looking fellow, looked like he had some nigger in him. He was No. 28, but the boys all called him Chuckey. Chuckey gave me a scowl and said, 'Got a lickin'.' Then I saw him shove his own blanket, which he 'd rolled up, under the poor fellow's head. So I helped him, and the poor fellow looked up and thanked me. Gentlemen, it was sort of awful to be thanked in that place; it stirred me all up. While I was trying to find out more the guard came with my supper. Radcliffe had been telling some tall stories about me to the warden, I reckon. Well, I was powerful hungry, for they had skipped our dinner, so I did n't look too closely at the salt pork and corn pone, and was fixing to drink my coffee when I observed that the poor fellow who had been licked was staring at me with a terribly ravenous sort of look.

"Instinctively, I suspect, I broke the bread into two pieces, a big piece for me and the smallest piece for him,— because I was so hungry I was mean,— but somehow, when I looked up to pass it and saw his miserably pinched face, I gave him the biggest piece instead, and tore off some of the meat too.

"Chuckey scowled at me in his way, and said, 'He 's plumb starved; hain't had nuthin' sense yestiddy mornin'.' Poor Slowfoot!"

"Was that what they called him?" asked the blacksmith.

"Yes, sir. He had something the matter with his ankle. The bone was hurt, and it hurt him to walk. Many a time Moss beat him for not 'getting about lively enough,' as he called it."

"Probably necrosis," muttered the doctor.

"I asked Chuckey if we got enough to eat. He said yes, usually, but mighty poor stuff — bread, meat, and pease. No variety, of course, and the cooking not half-way decent. The man who leased us did n't care no more for us than for so many pigs. We all were always chilling, but that made no difference; we had to work just the same. I did n't fare as badly as some, thanks to Radcliffe's talking and the money that I got from Owens. The next morning I saw the warden. I 'm not likely to forget how he looked. We were all hustled out at sun-up and set to work laying the logs in the swamp. The man who walked by me was a strange-looking fellow. I make no doubt he was a bit off in his head; anyway we all called him Looney. He was there because he walked into a Little Rock restaurant, got a dinner, and then said he had n't any money. The proprietor had him arrested, and he was sent to the penitentiary. So he got into our camp. They said that he was so banged about and ill-treated that it had run him distracted. One thing about his looks I remember. He had a very large head and kept wagging it about and talking to himself. The guard who had us that morning was Todd Baxter. He was a very clever fellow, too, when he could keep away from liquor. This poor Looney, by and by, lay down on a log and said he would n't work. Todd was coaxing and threatening when Moss came up, pretty full. He rode a good horse, and was, I suppose, what you would call a handsome man. He was fond of dress, and a great ladies' man. Oh, I can tell you *his* clothes were changed often enough. He had a palish face, the eyes were always a little red at the rims, the face clean shaved except a mustache, and he had brown curly hair and always wore some kind of perfumery. Well, he needed it in that place. The instant he saw Looney he was off his horse, swearing. 'I ain't going to work,' said Looney; 'I 'm sick.'

"'I know your kind of sick mighty well,' says Moss. 'Git up, or it will be the worse for you.'

"When Looney would n't get up he and another guard, by the name of Forbes, tied Looney to a gum-tree by strips of pawpaw bark like the niggers make reins out of, you know, and lashed him with ox-whips. I told Moss, as respectfully as I could, that I believed the man was crazy. He knocked me down. Well, gentlemen, some things are too horrible to be described, though they are not too horrible for poor souls to suffer. Moss swore he 'd conquer Looney, if he had to kill him. He did n't conquer him, though you could hear his screeches clear across the slash. But he would n't work. By and by Todd interfered; they took him home and Todd put him in his own bed, and he died there. That night — "

The horse-trader struck the table a sounding blow with his fist. "The bloody tyke!" he cried. "What did they do to him?"

"Nothing," said Captain Baz.

"Don't you reckon he was ha'nted?" said the blacksmith.

"Not he," said Captain Baz; "if he had been that kind of man the poor fellows he killed in Alabama would have haunted him. Yet it is hard saying what such a man feels; it is possible one reason for his sprees was a bad conscience. But to all appearance he went on as wicked and careless as ever. He shoved poor Looney into the river and went about with his whip slashing at us just the same. Gentlemen, I can't give you any idea what an incarnate devil he could be. To this day I sometimes wake up yelling and cursing, dreaming that I am back in that hell. To show you the meanness of the man: there was a poor boy there, and his mother sent him a pair of rubber boots and a letter. Todd told me about it; that 's how I know. She 'd gone picking cotton to earn the money. She knew it was in the bottom-lands, and she sent the boots, begging the warden to let her boy have them. Mind you, too, the poor boy was chilling at the time. Do you reckon Moss gave him the boots? Not a bit of it; he sold them to one of the guards for three dollars. That 's the kind of man he was. Yet since his meanness procured me most of my own privileges, I have reason to thank it. Owens sent me money, and he took it; but he made me a trusty,[1] and out of fifty dollars I got a straw hat and a pair of second-hand horse-blankets, and sometimes an extra bite of something which I could share with Slowfoot. He was schemy, too. He let me go to the river and wash. I had pretty good clothes, and he would send me to the settlement on errands. Usually Todd went with me. Then folks would look at me, decently clothed, clean, and all that, and they would say: 'Must be lies 'bout the convicts being so abused. Look at that trusty!' Which was exactly what Moss aimed to have them think. Oh, he was powerful schemy! But I was schemy too. That's how I got out. There was a new inspector who lived on the yon side of the river and had a big plantation. Most of the inspectors had been so deviled and conjured by the commissioners and by Moss that no matter what yarn he told them they 'd grease its head and swallow it whole. But this gentleman was sharp. He made some trouble about Looney, but he could n't get to find out anything. Well, I stole some brown wrapping paper and I borrowed a pencil from Todd, pretending to need it to show him a trick at cyards."

"I don't guess ye got time tuh l'arn it tuh we all," said the horse-trader insinuatingly; "'t would make the story sorter plainer."

"Oh, the story don't need it," said Captain Baz. "The point was I needed a lead-pencil to explain, and I just naturally lost the lead-pencil — dropped it, or a stick, spang into the mud. Then very cautiously, at odd minutes, I wrote on that paper to the new inspector to come and see how we were treated. The next thing was to get the paper to the inspector. That came by accident. I was sent to town with a guard to get some flour. The guard was in the store and I sat outside holding the horses. No show of running, for he had his gun. While I sat there trying to study out a plan to speak to somebody — anybody — and fairly wild with thinking, two young ladies came riding up. By luck — no, by God's mercy — one of them was the inspector's sister. I knew it because I heard the storekeeper call her name when he spoke to her. It was speak to her, some way, or miss my best chance on earth — one! She had a rather ill horse and he kept prancing about. 'Lady,' said I, though my heart was in my boots, 'your horse has picked up a nail.' And before she could answer I was on the ground projicking round that horse's foot, my back to the guard's back, mind you, all the while. 'There it is. Look here!' said I. Of course it was n't the nail I handed her, but the brown paper rolled into a spike. 'For God's sake, give it to your brother, Miss!' I whispered."

"Did she ketch on?" cried the horse-trader, in high excitement, and the other jurors hitched their chairs closer, almost equally moved.

"She did indeed," said Captain Baz, smiling. "She hid the paper in her hand, calm as calm, and thanked me like she would have thanked any gentleman — me, a convict! I don't reckon you can guess, Doctor, what balm that courtesy of hers was to me, sore all over with the degradations of my odious life. God bless her! God bless her! I kept saying. And then that

[1] The better behaved and more trustworthy convicts are called "trusties," and have certain privileges.

great blundering jack of a guard must see me; and he went for me with his whip for talking to ladies. Maybe it was a fool thing to do, but I could n't bear to be humiliated before those young ladies. Before I knew what I was doing I wrenched the whip out of his hand and flung him backward into the store. 'I 'm a gentleman,' said I, 'and I have done nothing to forfeit the right to help a lady. If you touch me I 'll kill you!'"

"Good for you, Captain!" said the doctor. The blacksmith cried, "That 's the stuff!" slapping his thigh gleefully. And there was a little chorus of plaudits from the circle of listeners. They had half forgotten the cause of their presence in the new excitement.

Captain Baz hardly noticed the words. He continued in that white heat of passion which makes a narrator oblivious of everything but the life he is living and suffering over again. "No, he did n't hit me. I could n't have stood that! The girl was looking at me, so gently, so— I reckon I am forgetting myself." He passed his hand over his face, and spoke in a different tone. "She said, 'Don't hurt him, please!'

"'Oh, I won't hurt him, Miss,' said the guard. 'I was afraid he was sassy. Look alive, 49, git in!' I got in, wishing myself dead. Well."

Captain Baz stopped again. The circle of faces and elbows was contracted a little by an instinctive movement of sympathy. "Think er bein' hit an' not able tuh hit back!" said the blacksmith, in an awed tone. "Myme! Myme!"

The doctor was so interested that he flung away his cigar. "Baz," said he, "was the girl Mrs. Lemew?"

Captain Baz nodded. After a second he resumed his story with a hard composure, evidently forced. "I expect there never was a madder or wretcheder man than I the next week. Never before had I realized the infernal isolation of my position as I did then, cuffed and shamed before a woman. Every instinct of manhood in me seemed to blaze up, like a smudge will if you fling on cotton-seed. So I was in a fit frame for anything. As the days went by and nothing happened,— of course I could n't know the inspector was away,— I got nearly out of my head, I was so desperate. The warden promised me a licking if I ever spoke to any one in the settlement again. I believe he had about made up his mind that I knew too much, and that he 'd better pick a quarrel and kill me. Honestly, I think that very idea was in his mind. But he did n't dare kill me without provocation, knowing that I had friends. Those days he was likely to get his chance, for I was determined to make a break for liberty. The worst difficulty was I wanted to take Slowfoot with me. I had got attached to the boy. He used to talk to me and Chuckey — you get plenty of chances to talk in camps — about his mother and a little baby sister he had. Poor boy! I believe he was as innocent a fellow as ever lived. He was in for stealing horses, but I think the real thief swore it off on him. If he did, God forgive him; he had better have shot the boy in his tracks. Such a life as we lived! We not only had the tyranny of the warden and the killing work, the filth and cruelty, but there was no restraint put on the brutality of the men towards each other: the bullies used to maltreat the weaker ones, take their rations or blankets or log-poles, make them tote more than their share of the log, pound them, and beat them, and worry them every way on earth.

"Chuckey and I, however, did up a few of the big fellows, and finally even they were sorry for the poor boy with his iron grinding into his sore ankle. But we could n't do up the boss, and it looked like he had a special spite against Slowfoot; he was hammering and beating him the whole enduring time. I have seen that great hulking Chuckey *cry*, telling of Slowfoot's tortures. It could n't last always. One morning — gentlemen, excuse me; I thought I was strong enough to tell this straight, but — I — I ain't. Will you give me a drink of water?"

Silently the old juror took the tin cup to the bucket, filled it, and handed it to Captain Baz. Not a man there but felt a thrill of sympathetic emotion over the spasm of recollection which drew Captain Baz's features and roughened his voice when, a moment later, he continued:

"One morning Slowfoot fainted when he tried to get up. Todd would have let him stay behind, but he said Moss was on one of his crazy sprees, and might take a notion to look in; and Slowfoot begged to go with us. Todd said he would have to send to the settlement for nails, and he would risk Moss being mad, and send for the country doctor. It was his business to look after us — though mighty little did we all see of him. So we toted Slowfoot out between us, Chuckey and I, and made a sort of bed of leaves. Brutes as we were, most of us, that patient, grateful fellow had so touched the heart left in us that all the men helped. Slowfoot was point-blank bad, burning up with fever, and half out of his head. Todd gave him some quinine and whisky, and I was wrapping some wet rags round his ankle when the devil sent Moss along. He was just drunk enough to be ugly and utterly reckless. He saw us, and jumped off his horse. Whether he meant to hit me through Slowfoot, I don't know. I have sometimes thought he did. There happened to be an ironwood sapling, we 'd sawed off to make gluts of, lying in the road. Moss picked it up, and ordered Slowfoot to get up and go to work.

"'I cayn't,' said the poor boy.

"Then Moss began to curse him. 'I 'll break you in two! And at every word he was banging Slowfoot over the head with that hard stick. I could n't bear it, and jumped at him. He hit me one cut. There it is on my cheek. The blood blinded me, but I wrenched the stick from him — I hit him across the shoulder. Oh, I marked him for life! but he got out his revolver and fired. I felt I was shot through, but I flung myself on him, and got my hands on his throat. But the guards held me, and I saw Moss catch a branch of thorn tree up, shrieking out oaths and foaming at the mouth, and run up to Slowfoot and strike him. Todd caught his arm.

"'Ye cayn't hurt him,' said Chuckey; then, 'Look at his face!'"

"Dead?" said the doctor in a low tone.

Captain Baz answered solemnly, "Yes, thank God, they never could hurt him any more."

"Wa'al!" exclaimed the horse-trader, "what did they do tuh you all — an' tuh Chuckey?"

"I reckon they did n't want two dead bodies on their hands. They took me back, and the first person they met was Miss Edgerton and an old justice of the peace she had coaxed to accompany her to see the camp — because her brother was n't home yet."

"Then they did n't hush it up that time?" said the doctor.

"No, sir. Chuckey spoke up —"

"Dad gum me, but I like that Chuckey!" cried the old farmer.

"And Todd was so sick of it all he made a clean breast, too. The contract was taken away from the lessee, and the men were hired to some one else. I think they were fairly well treated. The new inspector hired Chuckey and me. Chuckey is with him still. Nobody could ask a better stockman than he is. As for me, as soon as I was legally free, I married Miss Edgerton. You know the rest about me. But men to-day are suffering what I suffered. I won't vote to send a human being to a convict-camp. That 's all."

"Well," said the doctor slowly, "I don't want to risk it either. And yet —"

"Lord, I c'u'd n't sleep all night ef I done it!" cried the old farmer.

The professional juror studied the agitated faces about him. He could see a limitless perspective of disagreement and fees, if he would take a lonely position against Muckwrath; but under his ragged buttons beat a swindling, eccentric, soft old heart. He drew a prodigious sigh. "Gentlemen, I reckon we 're all agreed," said he.

"But fust, Cap'n, 'bout the warden?" said the blacksmith.

Captain Baz rose. "I was coming to that, gentlemen. They got out an indictment against him, but he lit out and I never heard a word about him until I was in town the day of the killing and saw the corpse. Gentlemen, the man that Dock Muckwrath shot was my old warden, Captain Moss."

The court-room was hushed as the twelve men filed into their places and answered to the clerk's call of their names.

"They look terribly solemn," whispered Phillipson's legal friend. "Bet you it 's five years, if not second degree."

Phillipson, convinced of the jurors' solemnity, had leisure to feel sorry for the pallid man in the box and the woman whose eyes never turned from his face.

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed on a verdict?"

"We are, your Honor."

A wave of interest, surprise, excitement, swept half the audience to their feet. The verdict was — not guilty.

Mrs. Muckwrath insisted on shaking hands with each member of the jury, lifting a smiling but by this time unpleasantly sticky baby to kiss the dismayed liberators of her father, assuring each that Dock never would so much as kill a chicken again, and he would join the Children's Band of Hope, there being no adult temperance society within reach. Meanwhile Dock stood by, shifting his weight from one foot to another and grinning sheepishly.

"Say, Mr. Phillipson," shouted the revengeful Jerry Milligan as the attorney strode past the door, "ye don't 'pear to fale so gaily like ye done; but I 'm thinkin' Dock fales a hape better!"

The Northerner, who was with Phillipson, laughed outright. "They do seem pleased," said he. "See, Phillipson, there go the interesting family home together in one of the jurymen's wagon; Muckwrath is kissing the baby. Well, I confess I am glad he has n't got to go to your confounded penitentiary."

But Phillipson was boiling with vexation which spattered over the first juror whom he encountered. He demanded profanely why they all brought in such a fool verdict, plumb against the judge's instruction.

"Waal," answered the storekeeper, — for it was he, — "fact er the matter is, we all got tuh talkin' an' discussin' them convict-camps, an' we 'lowed 't w'u'd n't be right tuh send a neighbor tuh ary sich place."

And this is all that Phillipson or any other man outside the jury knows to this day regarding that verdict. Nor, to this day does Dock Muckwrath know that he was the unconscious and guilty avenger of innocent blood.

Octave Thanet.

The Women of the French Salons

Part II.

LITERARY INFLUENCE OF THE SALONS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE are certain women preëminently distinguished by diversity of gifts, who fail to leave behind them a fame at all commensurate with their promise. It may be from a lack of unity, which results from a series of fragmentary efforts, no one of which is of surpassing excellence; it may be that the impression of power they give is quite beyond any practical manifestation of it; or it may be that talents in themselves remarkable are cast into the shade by some exceptional brilliancy of position. The success of life is measured by the harmony between its ideals and its attainments. It is the symmetry of the temple that gives the final word, not the breadth of its foundations nor the wealth of its material.

It was this lack of harmony and fine proportion which marred the career of a woman who played a very conspicuous part in the social and political life of her time, and who belongs to my subject only through a single phase of a stormy and eventful history. No study of the salons would be complete without that of the Grande Mademoiselle, but it was not as the leader of a coterie that she held her special claim to recognition. By the accident of birth she stood apart, subject to many limitations that modified the character of her salon, but it had certain marked features which emphasized its influence while narrowing its scope. It was only an incident of her life, but through the quality of its *habitués* and their unique diversions, it became the source of an important literature.

The Duchesse de Montpensier has left a very distinct record of herself in letters, romances, memoirs, and portraits, written out of an abounding fullness of nature, but with infinite detail and royal contempt for precision and orthography. A princess by birth, closely related to three kings, and glowing with all the fiery instincts of her race, she curiously blended the courage of an Amazon with the weakness of a passionate and capricious woman. She casts a romantic light upon the trivial wars of the Fronde, which were ended by her prompt decision and masculine force. We see her, at twenty-five, riding victoriously into the city of Orléans at the head of her troops, and, again, opening the gates of Paris to the exhausted army

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of Condé. This adventure gives us the keynote to her haughty and imperious character. She would have posed well for the heroine of a great drama; indeed, she posed all her life in real dramas. When only nineteen she was seated upon a throne at a grand fête in the Palais Royal, with Louis XIV. and the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., at her feet. "My heart, as well as my eyes, regarded the Prince *de haut en bas*," she wrote. "I had the spirit to wed an emperor."

"She had beauty, talent, wealth, virtue, and a royal birth," says Mme. de Motteville. "Her beauty was not without defects, and her intellect was not one which always pleases. Her vivacity deprived all her actions of the gravity necessary to people of her rank, and her mind was too much carried away by her feelings. As she was fair, had beautiful eyes, a pleasing mouth, was of good height, and blonde, she had quite the air of a great beauty." But it was beauty of an imposing sort and without delicacy. The same vivacious writer says that "she spoiled all she went about by the eagerness and impatience of her temper. She was always too hasty and pushed things too far." What she may have lacked in grace and charm she made up by the splendors of rank and position.

About the time of the king's marriage, which shattered one of her most brilliant illusions, she wrote a characteristic letter to Mme. de Motteville, picturing an Arcadia in which men and women should lead a simple pastoral life, tending sheep on pleasant days for amusement, and devoting the rest of the time to visiting, driving, music, and books. This platonic and Christian republic is to be composed of very "amiable and perfect" people, but it is to be quite free from the entanglements of love or "the vulgar institution of marriage." Mme. de Motteville defends the latter on the ground that, as it is difficult to repress love altogether, it might be better to accept that "common error which an old custom has rendered legitimate." This curious correspondence takes its color from the Spanish pastorals, which tinged the romantic literature of the time. It illustrates, too, the peculiar idealism of a woman who could play the rôle of a grand heroine of Corneille or a sentimental shepherdess, as the caprice seized her.

At the close of the Fronde Mademoiselle was compelled to retire to her estates at St. Fargeau for a time, in disgrace, and there she amused herself with literature, beginning the "Memoirs" which were finished thirty years later and writing romances, after the manner of Mlle. de Scudéry, in which she describes her own little court. She gathered about her a small but exclusive coterie, and took refuge from her many chagrins in the charms of conversation, which she regarded as "the greatest pleasure in life, and almost the only one." On her return to the Luxembourg these reunions were continued, with many additions, mainly from the noblesse. Mme. de Sévigné, Mme. de La Fayette, and La Rochefoucauld have thrown a brilliant light upon this salon. We find there, among many others, the witty Mme. de Choisy, the Comtesse de Maure, and her lifelong friend the Marquise de Sablé.

One day in 1657, while still in the country, Mademoiselle proposed to her friends to make pen-portraits of themselves, and set the fashion by writing her own with a detailed description of her physical, mental, and moral qualities. This was followed by carefully drawn pictures of others. They were bound in honor to give the lights and shadows with the same fidelity. As may be imagined, with such material, the result was something piquant and original. That it was popular goes without saying. People are not

likely to weary of seeing themselves reflected in the minds of their acquaintances, with the modicum of subtle flattery that is quite sure to be thrown in under such conditions, nor of giving their version of their own virtues and foibles. Among those whom Mademoiselle portrayed were Louis XIV., Monsieur, and the Great Condé. These sketches were clear, forcible, and full of life. It was here that Mme. de La Fayette made the vivid portrait of her friend Mme. de Sévigné. "It flatters me," said the latter long afterwards, "but those who loved me sixteen years ago may have thought it true."

It was under this stimulating influence that La Rochefoucauld made the well-known pen-portrait of himself. "I will lack neither boldness to speak as freely as I can of my good qualities," he writes, "nor sincerity to avow freely that I have faults." After describing his person, temper, abilities, passions, and tastes, he adds, with curious candor, "I am but little given to pity, and do not wish to be so at all. Though there is nothing I would not do for an afflicted person,—and I sincerely believe one should do all one can to show sympathy for his misfortune, as miserable people are so foolish that this does them the greatest good in the world,—yet I hold that we should be content with expressing sympathy, and carefully avoid having any. It is a passion that is wholly worthless in a well-regulated mind, that only serves to weaken the heart, and should be left to ordinary people, who, as they never do anything from reason, have need of passion to stimulate their actions. I love my friends; and I love them to such an extent that I would not for a moment weigh my interest against theirs. I condescend to them, I patiently endure their bad temper. But I do not make much of their caresses, and I do not feel great uneasiness at their absence."

As a specimen of the close and not always flattering self-analysis so much in fashion, I should like to quote this in full, but its length forbids. The revelation of hidden springs of character is at least unique.

The poet Segrais, who was attached to Mademoiselle's household, collected these graphic pictures for private circulation, but they were so much in demand that they were soon printed for the public under the title of "Divers Portraits." They served the double purpose of furnishing to the world faithful delineations of many more or less distinguished people and of setting a literary fashion. The taste for pen-portraits, which originated in the romances of Mlle. de Scudéry and received a fresh impulse from this novel and personal application, spread rapidly among all classes. It was taken up by men of letters and men of the world, the nobility, and the bourgeoisie. There were portraits of every grade of excellence and every variety of people, until they culminated, some years later, in "Les Caractères" of La Bruyère, who dropped personalities and gave them the form of permanent types. It is a literature peculiarly adapted to the flexibility and fine perception of the French mind, and one in which it has been preëminent, from the analytic but diffuse Mlle. de Scudéry and the clear, vigorous, spirited Cardinal de Retz to the fine, penetrating, and exquisitely finished Sainte-Beuve, the prince of modern critics and literary artists. It was this skill in vivid delineations that gave such point and piquancy to the memoirs of the period, which are little more than a series of brilliant and vigorous sketches of people, outlined upon a

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shifting background of events. In this rapid characterization the French have no rivals. It is the charm of their fiction as well as of their memoirs. Balzac, Victor Hugo, and Daudet are the natural successors of La Bruyère and Saint-Simon.

A tragical bit of romance colored the mature life of the Grande Mademoiselle. This princess of intrepid spirit, versatile gifts, ideal fancies, and platonic theories, who had aimed at an emperor and missed a throne; this amazon, with her *penchant* for glory and contempt for love, fell a victim, at forty-two, to a violent passion for the Count de Lauzun. Her royal cousin, after much persuasion, consented to their union, but before the arrangements could be completed his permission was withdrawn. The rage and despair of Mademoiselle were of no avail. A secret marriage; ten years of loyal devotion to the lover, who was imprisoned at Pignerol; a brief reunion at the cost of half her estates; a swift discovery that her idol was of very common clay; a bitter disenchantment — and her little drama was ended. But she lived until 1693, devoting the sad remnant of her existence to literature and conversation

She lacked the measure, the form, the delicacy of the typical *précieuse*, but her quick, restless intellect and ardent imagination were swift to catch the spirit of the Hôtel de Rambouillet and to apply it in her own way. Many subjects were interdicted in her salon, and many people were excluded, but it gives us curious glimpses into the life of the literary noblesse. Under different conditions one would readily imagine her a second Joan of Arc or a heroine of the Revolution. She says of herself: "I know not what it is to be a heroine; I am of a birth to do nothing that is not grand and elevated. One may call that what one likes. As for myself, I call it to follow my own inclination and to go my own way. I am not born to take that of others." But princess, writer, amazon that she was, it was through the diversion of her idle hours that she has left the most permanent trace upon the world.

THE transition to the more restful character and the convent salon of her friend and literary *confidante*, Mme. de Sablé, is a pleasant one. Perhaps no one better represents the true *précieuse* of the seventeenth century, the happy blending of social *savoir-faire* with an amiable temper and a cultivated intellect. Born in 1599, she was one of the early favorites of the Hôtel de Rambouillet and on terms of lifelong intimacy with its hostess and her gifted daughter. Without the striking talent that leaves definite records of itself, she played an important part in the life of her time through her fine insight and her consummate tact in bringing together the choicest spirits and turning their thoughts into channels that were fresh and unworn. Beautiful, versatile, generous, but fastidious and exacting in her friendships, with a dash of coquetry inevitable when a woman is fascinating and French, she repeated the oft-played rôle of a *mariage de convenance* at sixteen; a few brilliant years of social triumphs marred by domestic neglect and suffering; a period of enforced seclusion after the death of her unworthy husband; a brief return to the world; and an old age of mild and comfortable devotion.

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The Marquise de Sablé [writes Mme. de Motteville] was one of those whose beauty made the most noise when the Queen (Anne of Austria) came into France. But, if she was amiable, she desired still more to appear so. Her self-love rendered her a little too sensible to that which men professed for her. There was still in France some remnant of the politeness which Catherine de Médicis had brought from Italy, and Mme. de Sablé found so much delicacy in the new dramas, as well as in other works in prose and verse, which came from Madrid, that she conceived a high idea of the gallantry which the Spaniards had learned from the Moors. She was persuaded that men can, without wrong, have tender sentiments for women; that the desire of pleasing them led men to the greatest and finest actions, aroused their spirit, and inspired them with liberality and all sorts of virtues; but that, on the other side, women who were the ornaments of the world, and made to be served and adored, ought to permit only respectful attentions. This lady, having sustained her views with much talent and great beauty, had given them authority in her time, and the number and consideration of those who continued to be her friends have caused to subsist in our day what the Spaniards call *finezas*.

Mme. de Motteville adds that she has "much light and sincerity," with "penetration enough to unfold all the secrets of one's heart."

Mlle. de Scudéry introduces her in the "Grand Cyrus" as Parthénie, "a tall and graceful woman with fine eyes, the most beautiful throat in the world, a lovely complexion, blonde hair, and a pleasant mouth, with a charming air, and a fine and eloquent smile which expresses the sweetness or the bitterness of her soul."

She dwells upon her surprising and changeful beauty, upon the charm of her conversation, the variety of her knowledge, the delicacy of her tact, and the generosity of her tender and passionate heart. One may suspect this portrait of being somewhat idealized, but it seems to have been in the main correct, according to more veracious reports.

Of her husband we know very little, excepting that he belonged to the family of Montmorency, passed from violent love to heart-breaking indifference, and died about 1640, leaving her with four children and shattered fortunes. To recruit her failing health, and to hide her chagrin and sorrow at seeing herself supplanted by unworthy rivals, she had lived for some time in the country, where she had leisure to fit herself by reading and reflection for her later life. But she was obliged to sell her estates after the death of her husband, and we find her established in the Place Royale, with her devoted friend the Comtesse de Maure, and continuing the traditions of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Her finished manner, fine taste, exquisite tact, cultivated intellect, and great experience of the world made her an oracle in social matters. To be received in her salon was to be received everywhere. Cardinal Mazarin watched her influence with a jealous eye. "Mme. de Longueville is very intimate with the Marquise de Sablé," he writes in his private note-book. "She is visited constantly by D'Andilly, the Princesse de Guéméné, D'Enghien and his sister, Nemours, and many others. They speak freely of all the world. It is necessary to have some one who will advise us of all that passes there."

But the death of her favorite son and the dispersion of her friends by the Fronde, added to the loss of her fortune and the fading of her beauty, turned the thoughts of the Marquise to spiritual things. A note to an old friend who had neglected her gives us a glimpse of the

state of mind which led her first into a mild form of devotion, serious, but not too ascetic, and, later, into pronounced Jansenism.

I have wished for a long time to talk with you, in order to make some reflections upon yourself; but, as I learn you no longer wish to see me, I must write you all that I have thought upon the misery and nothingness of the world. Confess that there was never a friendship which seemed so well established as ours; it was founded upon esteem, upon mutual attraction and reciprocal confidence. Nevertheless, without anything having passed which would destroy or shake such foundations, you have deserted me even at a time when I was doing everything to retain you. Not a day has passed during your illness in which I have not sent to inquire after you. When you began to recover you said to one of my friends that your first visit would be for me. I have spoken of you with the same sentiments I always had. In spite of all that, you have abandoned me. Is it not a great example of human weakness? I speak thus because I prefer to lay the fault upon all of human kind rather than to accuse you in particular. I want you to understand this and detest the emptiness of that nature which, even in the most perfect men, can do nothing which is not defective. Your course with me is a grand proof of it, for, having no reasons to give to excuse yourself, you have not sought the semblance of one. Although deceit always makes things worse, in my opinion, I do not know but it would have been more supportable. After the things I have begged Mme. de V. to say to you there is nothing more to do; but I could not bury you without speaking to you once more. I do this, and at least tell me that I am right and that I deserve a happier fate.

Time has given a strange humility and forgivingness to the woman who broke with her dearest friend, the unfortunate Duc de Montmorency, because he presumed to lift his eyes to the Queen, saying that she "could not receive pleasantly the regards which she had to share with the greatest princess in the world."

The fashion of the period furnished a peaceful and dignified refuge for women when their beauty waned and the "terrible forties" ended their illusions. To go into brief retreat for penitence and prayer was at all times a graceful thing to do, besides making for safety. It was only a step further to retire altogether from the scenes of pleasure which had begun to pall. The convent offered a haven of repose to the bruised heart, a fresh aim for drooping energies, a needed outlet for devouring emotions, and a comfortable sense of security, not only in this world, but in the next. It was the next world which was beginning to trouble Mme. de Sablé. She had great fear of death, and after many penitential retreats to Port Royal she finally obtained permission to build a suite of apartments within its precincts, to which she retired about 1655 to prepare for that unpleasant event, which she put off as long as possible by the most assiduous care of her health. "If she was not devoted, she had the idea of becoming so," said Mademoiselle. But her devotion was in quite a mundane fashion. Her pleasant rooms were separate and independent, thus enabling her to give herself not only to the care of her health and her soul, but to a select society, to literature, and to conversation. She never practiced the severe asceticism of her friend Mme. de Longueville. With a great deal of abstract piety, the iron girdle and the hair shirt, in any sense, were not included. She did not even forego her delicate and fastidious tastes. Her elegant dinners and her dainty comfitures were as famous as ever. "Will the anger of the Marquise go so far, in your opinion, as to refuse me her

recipe for salad?" writes Mme. de Choisy, at the close of a letter to the Comtesse de Maure, in which she has ridiculed her Jansenist tendencies. "If so, it will be a great inhumanity, for which she will be punished in this world and the other." She had great skill in delicate cooking, and was in the habit of sending cakes, jellies, and other dainties prepared by herself to her intimate friends. La Rochefoucauld says, "If I could hope for two dishes of those preserves, which I did not deserve to eat before, I should be indebted to you all my life." Mme. de Longueville, who is about to visit her, begs her not to give a feast, as she has "scruples about such indulgence."

This spice of worldliness very much tempered the mild austerity of her retreat and lent an added luster to its intellectual attractions. But the Marquise had many conflicts between her luxurious tastes and her desire to be devout. She suffered much, too, from the loss of the sense of smell, and writes thus to Mère Agnès, who had reproved her for murmuring: "You say truly that the privation of this sense can serve me as a penance for the pleasure I have taken in fine odors. I am quite persuaded of it; my reason and my will submit to it; but I confess to you that my imagination is so pained at seeing myself in life carrying about a sort of death in a part of me, that sudden starts awaken me from sleep."

In this brief outline it is unnecessary to dwell upon the dainty and epicurean habits, the extraordinary anxiety about her health, and the capricious humors which were the subject of so much light badinage among her friends. She suffered, with all the world, from the defects of her qualities. Her extreme delicacy and sensibility appear under many forms and verge often upon weakness, but it is an amiable weakness that does not detract greatly from her fascination. She was not cast in a heroic mold, and her faults are those which the world is pleased to call essentially feminine.

The records of her life were preserved by Conrart, also by her friend and physician Valant. They give us a clear picture of her character, with its graces and its foibles, also of her pleasant intercourse and correspondence with many noted men and women. They give us, too, interesting glimpses of her salon, which has a distinctive tone of its own. We find there the celebrated Jansenists Nicole and Arnauld, the eminent lawyer Domat, Esprit, sometimes Pascal, with his sister, Mme. Périer; the Prince and Princesse de Conti, the Great Condé, La Rochefoucauld, the penitent Mme. de Longueville, Mme. de La Fayette, and many others among the cultivated noblesse who are attracted by its tone of *bel esprit* and graceful but by no means severe devotion. The Duc d'Orléans and the lovely but unfortunate Madame were intimate and frequent visitors.

In this little world, in which religion, literature, and fashion are curiously blended, they talk of theology, morals, physics, Cartesianism, friendship, and love. The youth and gaiety of the Hôtel de Rambouillet have given place to more serious thoughts and graver topics. The current which had its source there is divided. At the *Samedis*, in the Marais, they are amusing themselves about the same time with letters and *vers de société*. At the Luxembourg a more exclusive coterie is exercising its mature talent in sketching portraits. These salons touch at many points, but each has a special channel of its own. The reflec-

ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.

ANNE MARIE LOUISE D'ORLÉANS, DUCHESSE DE MONTPENSIER.

CALLED LA GRANDE MADEMOISELLE. (FROM AN OIL PAINTING.)

tive nature of Mme. de Sablé turns to more serious and elevated subjects, and her friends take the same tone. They make scientific experiments, discuss Calvinism, read Socrates and Epictetus, and indulge in moral dissertations upon a great variety of topics. Mme. de Sablé writes an essay upon the "Education of Children," which is very much talked about, also a characteristic paper upon "Friendship." The latter is little more than a series of detached sentences, but it indicates the drift of

ANNE DE ROHAN, PRINCESSE DE GUÉMÉNÉ, DUCHESSE DE MONTBAZON.
(FROM A COPPERPLATE.)

her thought, and might have served as an antidote to the selfish philosophy of La Rochefoucauld.

"Friendship," she writes, "is a kind of virtue which can only be founded upon the esteem of people whom one loves, that is to say, upon qualities of the soul, such as fidelity, generosity, discretion, and upon fine qualities of mind."

After insisting that it must be reciprocal, disinterested, and based upon virtue, she continues: "One ought not to give the name of friendship to natural inclinations, because they do not depend upon our will nor our choice, and, though they render our friendships more agreeable, they should not be the foundation of them. The union which is founded upon the same pleasures and the same occupations does not deserve the name of friendship, because it usually comes from a certain self-love which causes us to love that which is similar to ourselves, however imperfect we may be." She dwells also upon the mutual offices and permanent nature of true friendship, adding that "it cannot be changed by any of the accidents which happen in life unless one discovers in the person whom one loves loss of virtue and loss of friend-

ship; because, being founded upon these things, one can lose the friendship when the foundation is gone. He who loves his friend more than reason and justice will on some other occasion love his own pleasure or profit more than his friend."

In her early days Mme. de Sablé had taken high ground upon the subject of friendship between men and women, and this was a favorite topic of discussion in her salon, where it found one of its most notable illustrations. The well-known friendship of Mme. de La Fayette and La Rochefoucauld, which dated from this period, proved, by fifteen years of pure devotion, the mutual influence of a critical man of intellect and a deep-hearted, thoughtful woman who had passed the age of romance. Its nature was foreshadowed in the tribute La Rochefoucauld paid to women in his portrait of himself. "Where their intellect is cultivated," he writes, "I prefer their society to that of men. One finds there a gentleness one does not meet with among ourselves; and it seems to me, beyond this, that they express themselves with more neatness and give a more agreeable turn to the things they talk about."

Mme. de Sablé was herself, in less exclusive fashion, the intimate friend and adviser of Esprit, Arnauld, and La Rochefoucauld. Their correspondence shows clearly their warm regard, as well as the value they attached to her opinions. "Indeed," wrote Voiture to her many years before, "those who decry you on the side of tenderness must confess that, if you are not the most loving person in the world, you are at least the most obliging. True friendship knows no more sweetness than there is in your words." Her own character, so delicately shaded and so averse to all violent passions, seems to have been peculiarly fitted for this calm and enduring sentiment, which cast a soft radiance as of Indian summer over her closing years.

Esprit wrote an essay upon "Des Amitiés en apparence les plus saintes des Hommes avec des Femmes," which was doubtless suggested by the spicy conversations of this clever coterie. At this time the days of chivalry were not so far distant, and the subtle blending of exalted sentiment with thoughtful companionship, which revived their spirit in a new form, was too marked a feature of its social life to be overlooked. These friendships, half intellectual, half poetic, and quite platonic, were mostly formed in mature life on a basis of mental sympathy. "There is a taste in pure friendship which those who are born mediocre do not reach," said La Bruyère. At a later period Mme. de Lambert spoke of it as "the product of a perfect social culture, and, of all affections, that which has most charm."

It is true that the word, later, came to mean something quite different, and the sacred name was used to veil relations that had lost all the purity and delicacy of their primitive character. No one can defend the Italian manners and the recognized system of *amis intimes* which disgraced many of the salons of the next century. But, while it is greatly to be deplored that the moral sense did not always keep pace with the emancipation of the intellect, it is not to be supposed that the lax morality was in any degree the result of it. The lives of the distinguished women of rank who had no claim to wit or intelligence are a standing proof to the contrary.

It was Mme. de Sablé who set the fashion, at this time, of condensing the thoughts and experiences of life into maxims and epigrams. This

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ENGRAVED BY T. A. BUTLER.

MADELEINE DE SOUVRE, MARQUISE DE SABLÉ.

(FROM AN OIL PAINTING.)

was her specific gift to literature, but her influence was felt through what she inspired others to do, rather than through what she did herself. It was her good fortune to be brought into contact with the genius of a Pascal and a Rochefoucauld, who reared immortal works upon the pastime of an idle hour. One or two of her own maxims will suffice to indicate her style, as well as to show the estimate she placed upon form and measure in the conduct of life.

A bad manner spoils everything, even justice and reason. The *how* constitutes the best part of things, and the air which one gives them gilds, modifies, and softens the most disagreeable.

There is a certain command in the manner of speaking and acting which makes itself felt everywhere, and which gains, in advance, consideration and respect.

We find here the spirit that underlies French manners, in which form counts for so much and sincerity for so little.

There is another which suggests the delicate flavor of sentiment then in vogue.

Wherever it is, love is always the master. It seems truly that it is to the soul of the one who loves, what the soul is to the body it animates.

Among the eminent men who lent so much brilliancy to this salon was the great jurist Domat. He adds his contribution and falls into the moralizing vein.

A little fine weather, a good word, a praise, a caress, draws me from a profound sadness from which I could not draw myself by any effort of meditation. What a machine is my soul, what an abyss of misery and weakness!

Here is one by the Abbé d'Ailly, which foreshadows the thought of the next century.

Too great submission to books, and to the opinions of the ancients as to the eternal truths revealed of God, spoils the head and makes pedants.

The finest and most vigorous spirit among those who frequented the salon of Mme. de Sablé was Pascal, who was seen here, more or less, previous to his final retirement to the gloom and austerity of the cloister.

His delicate platonism and refined spirituality go far towards offsetting the cold cynicism of La Rochefoucauld. Each gives us a different phase of life as reflected in a clear and luminous intelligence. The one led to Port Royal, the other turned an electric light upon the selfish corruption of courts. The "Pensées" of Pascal were published about this time, and many of his unfinished sentences were found among the papers of Valant, also a "Discours sur les Passions de l'Amour," which presents the grave and ascetic recluse in a new light. Cousin, who had free access to these papers, some of which he has published, claims that many of the "Thoughts" were suggested and discussed in this salon. The subjects were those much talked of here, and the sentiments were always ennobling.

But its presiding genius was La Rochefoucauld. He complains that the mode of relaxation is fatiguing, and that the mania for sentences troubles his repose. The subjects were suggested for conversation, and the thoughts were condensed and reduced to writing at leisure. "Here are all the maxims I have," he writes to Mme. de Sablé; "but as one gives nothing for nothing, I demand a *potage aux carottes*, *un ragoût de mouton*," etc.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

ANNE D'AUTRICHE, REINE DE FRANCE.

(FROM AN OIL PAINTING.)

When La Rochefoucauld had composed his sentences [says Cousin], he talked them over before or after dinner, or he sent them at the end of a letter. They were discussed, examined, and observations were made by which he profited. One could lessen their faults, but one could lend them no beauty. There was not a delicate and rare turn, a fine and keen touch, which did not come from him.

CATHERINE DE MÉDICIS, REINE DE FRANCE. (FROM AN OIL PAINTING.)

After availing himself of the general judgment in this way, he took a novel method of forestalling criticism before committing himself to publication. Mme. de Sablé sent a collection of the "Maxims" to her friends, asking for a written opinion. One is tempted to make long extracts from these letters, which give us a clear insight into the spirit of this coterie. The men usually indorse the "Maxims," the women rarely. The Comtesse de Maure, who does not believe in the absolute depravity of human nature, and is inclined to an elevated Christian philosophy quite opposed to Jansenism, writes with so much severity that she begs her friend not to show her letter to the author. Mme. de Hautefort expresses her disapproval of a theory which drives honor and goodness out of the world.

There is one, written by the clever and beautiful Abbess de Rohan, which deserves to be read for its fine and just sentiments. In closing she says:

The maxim upon humility appears to me perfectly beautiful; but I have been so surprised to find it there that I had the greatest difficulty in recog-

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FRANÇOISE BERTAUT, MME. DE MOTTEVILLE.

(FROM AN OIL PAINTING.)

nizing it in the midst of all that precedes and follows it. It is assuredly to make this virtue practiced among your own sex that you have written maxims in which their self-love is so little flattered. I should be very much humiliated on my own part if I did not say to myself, what I have already said to you in this note, that you judge better the hearts of men than those of women, and that, perhaps, you do not know yourself the true motive which makes you esteem them less. If you had always met those whose temperament had been submitted to virtue, and in whom the sense were less strong than reason, you would think better of a certain number who distinguish themselves always from the multitude; and it seems to me that Mme. de La Fayette and myself deserve that you should have a better opinion of the sex in general.

Mme. de La Fayette writes to the Marquise: "All people of good sense are not so persuaded of the general corruption as is M. de La Rochefoucauld. I return to you a thousand thanks for all you have done for this gentleman."

At a later period she said, "La Rochefoucauld stimulated my intellect, but I reformed his heart." It is to be regretted that he had not known her sooner.

At his request Mme. de Sablé wrote a review of the "Maxims," which she submitted to him for approval. It seems to have been a fair presentation of both sides, but he thought it too severe, and she kindly gave him permission to change it to suit himself. He took her at her word, dropped the criticisms, retained the eulogies, and published it in the "Journal des Savants" as he wished it to go to the world. The diplomatic Marquise saved her conscience and kept her friend.

The "Maxims" of La Rochefoucauld, which are familiar to all, have extended into a literature. That he generalized from his own point of view, and applied to universal humanity the motives of a class bent upon favor and precedence, is certainly true. But, whatever we may think of his sentiments, which were those of a man of the world whose observations were largely in the atmosphere of courts, we are compelled to admit his unrivaled finish and perfection of form. The same theories of human nature run through the "Maxims" of Esprit and Saint-Évremond, without the exquisite turn which makes each one a gem in itself. It was the tone of a disappointed courtier, with a vein of sadness *au fond*, and only half disguised by cold philosophy and bitter cynicism. La Bruyère, with a broader outlook upon humanity, had much of the fine analysis that distinguished La Rochefoucauld, with less conciseness and elegance of expression. Vauvenargues and Joubert were his legitimate successors. But how far removed in spirit!

"The body has graces," writes Vauvenargues, "the mind has talents; has the heart only vices? And man capable of reason, shall he be incapable of virtue?"

With a fine and delicate touch, Joubert says: "Virtue is the health of the soul. It gives a flavor to the smallest leaves of life."

These sentiments are in the vein of Pascal, who represents the most spiritual element of the little coterie which has left such a legacy of condensed thought to the world.

The crowning act of the life of Mme. de Sablé was her defense of Port Royal. She united with Mme. de Longueville in protecting the persecuted Jansenists, Nicole and the great Arnauld, but she had neither the courage, the heroism, nor the partisan spirit of her more

ardent companion. With all her devotion she was something of a sybarite and liked repose. She had the tact, during all the troubles which scattered her little circle, to retain her friends, of whatever religious color. It is a singular fact that this refined, exclusive, fastidious woman, in whom the artistic nature was always dominant to the extent of weakness, should have left a request to be buried, without ceremony, in the parish cemetery with the people, remote alike from the tombs of her family and the saints of Port Royal.

With her death, in 1678, the last of the salons directly connected with the Hôtel de Rambouillet was closed. Two years later Mme. de Longueville and La Rochefoucauld were both dead. Mme. de La Fayette lived until late in the century, but she was never the leader of a representative salon. Her health was too delicate, and it is quite probable that her best gifts did not lie in that direction.

We have passed cursorily through a few of the great social and intellectual centers in which the fashionable, artistic, literary, and scientific Paris of the seventeenth century found its meeting-ground. In such a school its versatile, flexible, feminine minds were trained. It was a practical training, in which thought was not divorced from life. Women entered intelligently and sympathetically into the aims and pursuits of men who did not think it necessary to reserve their best topics for an after-dinner chat among themselves. There was interest and diversity, as well as stimulus, in the two modes of thinking and being. Men became more courteous and refined, women more comprehensive and clear. But conversation is the spontaneous overflow of full minds, and this light play of the intellect is only possible on a high level, when the current thought has become a part of the daily life, so that a word suggests infinite perspectives to the swift intelligence. It is not what we know, but the flavor of what we know, that adds "sweetness and light" to social intercourse. Hence these French women had special motives for mastering the subjects in which men of affairs were most interested. It was this keen understanding, added to the habit of utilizing what they thought and read, their ready facility in grasping the salient points presented to them, and a natural gift of graceful expression, that gave them their unquestioned supremacy in the salon. But it was impossible that intellects so plastic should not expand in such an atmosphere. The results are clear. From Mme. de Rambouillet to Mme. de La Fayette and Mme. de Sévigné; from these to Mme. de Staël and George Sand, there is a logical sequence. The Saxon temperament, with a vein of La Bruyère, gives us George Eliot.

It is needless to discuss here the much vexed question of sex in literature, but we may assume that, whether through nature or a long process of evolution, the minds of women as a class have a different coloring from the minds of men as a class. Perhaps the best evidence of this lies in the literature of the last two centuries, in which they have been an important factor, not only through what they have done themselves, but through their reflex influence. The books written by women have rapidly multiplied. In many of them, doubtless, the excess of feeling is unbalanced by mental or artistic training; but even in these

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crude productions, which are by no means confined to one sex, it may be remarked that women deal more with pure affections and men with the coarser passions. A feminine Zola of any grade of ability has not yet appeared.

It is not, however, in literature of pure sentiment that the influence of women has been most felt. It is true that, as a rule, they look at the world from a more emotional standpoint than men, but both have written of love, and for one Sappho there have been many Anacreons. Mlle. de Scudéry and Mme. de La Fayette did not monopolize the sentiment of their time, but they refined and exalted it. The tender and exquisite coloring of Mme. de Staël and George Sand had a worthy counterpart in that of Chateaubriand or Lamartine.

But it is in the moral purity, the touch of human sympathy, the divine quality of compassion for suffering, the swift insight into the soul pressed down by

> The heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world,

that we trace the minds of women attuned to finer spiritual issues. This broad humanity has vitalized modern literature. It is the penetrating spirit of our century, which has been aptly called the Woman's Century. We do not find it in the great literatures of the past. The Greek poets give us types of tragic passions, of heroic virtues, of motherly and wifely devotion, but woman is not recognized as a profound spiritual force. Aphrodite, the ideal of beauty, is the type of sensual love. Athena, the goddess of wisdom, is cold, crafty, and cruel. The Greek heroine is portrayed with all the delicacy and clearness of the Hellenic instinct, but she is the victim of an inexorable fate, a stern Nemesis, an Antigone patiently hopeless, an Iphigenia calmly awaiting a sacrifice. It is a masculine literature, perfect in form and plastic beauty, but with no trace of woman's deeper spiritual life. This literature, so vigorous, so statuesque, so calm, and withal so cold, shines across the centuries side by side with the feminine Christian ideal—twin lights which have met in the world of to-day. It may be that from the blending of the two, the crowning of a man's vigor with a woman's finer insight, will spring the perfected flower of human thought.

Robert Browning in his poem "By the Fireside" has said a fitting word:

> Oh, I must feel your brain prompt mine,
> Your heart anticipate my heart.
> You must be just before, in fine,
> See and make me see, for your part,
> New depths of the Divine!

Amelia Gere Mason.

MÈRE MARCHETTE.

I.

IT was half-past eleven of a hot July day in Paris. The sunlight lay over the whole city and shone nowhere more strongly than upon the great hospital of the Salpêtrière. The hush of noon brooded over all the place. Nobody was stirring unless forced to activity by some pressing duty. In the long white wards the patients were asleep or lying quiet in exhaustion under the burning fervor of the summer heat.

Down one of the corridors, where it seemed refreshingly cool after the warmth of the outer air from which he had come, a young man was passing. His step, though rapid, had the noiseless quality which bespeaks familiarity with the sick-room and the hospital. His figure was compact and nervous, his glance clear and keen. Dr. Jean Lommel was one of the house physicians of the Salpêtrière, although that he was not now making his regular rounds was evident, from the fact that entering a certain ward he passed quickly to a bed near the middle of it without stopping at any of the others.

On the bed lay an old woman. Her face was one which showed great strength of character. It was of a marked peasant type, and for all its innumerable wrinkles, its sunken temples, the coarse texture of its skin, and the shrunken lips, which showed the lack of teeth behind them, it was full of a nobility and kindliness which no ravages of time or disease could wholly hide. The hair that straggled in thin locks from beneath the white cap was hardly less snowy than the lawn which covered it; and when the patient opened her sunken eyes, as the doctor stopped beside the bed, they were bright and shining with a luster which was not all either fever or anxiety. Her glance was one of intense and pitiful inquiry. The young man touched her white hair with the tips of his long, fine fingers in a pitying caress before he took hold of the withered wrist, shrunken and marked with blue veins, that lay outside the coverlid.

"In an hour, Mère Marchette," he said, answering her look — "in an hour he will be here; keep up a good heart. You do not suffer?"

The old woman feebly shook her head. The ghost of a smile, faint but full of happiness, shone on her face. She did not speak, but she thanked him with a look before she closed her eyes and lay motionless as before he had come.

The young man looked at her a moment, an expression of pity in his brown eyes; then with a sigh he turned away and moved softly down the ward again. By the door he encountered one of the nurses, who had risen and come forward to speak with him.

"Will she live, M. Lommel?"

"Yes," the doctor answered. "She has given all her energies for days to keeping alive till her grandson gets here. It is very singular," he went on, in a voice of low distinctness that could have been acquired only in sick-rooms, "how her instinct has taught her to save her strength. She neither moves nor speaks; she simply lives."

"She has been that way," the nurse returned, "ever since we told her that Pierre was coming. Will he be here by twelve?"

"Not till half-past twelve," Dr. Lommel replied. "I will return before then."

And he went out into the hot sunshine.

II.

EVERYBODY connected with the ward of the Salpêtrière wherein she was had a kindly feeling for poor old Mère Marchette. The doctors and the nurses could not have been more kind or more tender had she been of their own blood. She was one of those who always win affection. She was so patient, so simple, so kindly. She was a peasant woman from Normandy, who had in her old age drifted to Paris with her grandson Pierre, a lad of sixteen years. All the rest of the family were dead. Pierre's father had been a soldier, and it was with the hope of securing a pension for the son that Mère Marchette had left her home and the life in Normandy she loved, to throw herself into Paris as into the sea. The dead soldier, however, had been mustered out before the malarial fever, contracted in the swamps of the Landes, had developed itself, and the pension could not be obtained. The disappointment was a bitter one, made worse by the fact that Mère Marchette had been told by one and another that the claim would have been granted had the case been properly managed. The poor old creature could not escape a feeling of self-blame in thinking that it was her want of keenness which had deprived Pierre of his pension. Her grandson for her represented the world, and to him she devoted all

her energies. She toiled for him, and watched and suffered with that unselfish egotism possible only to the old and lonely.

Fortunately Pierre was a good lad, who returned his grandmother's love with a devotion hardly less complete than her own. They lived together in two attic rooms, where they passed the evenings sitting in the dark and talking of their Normandy home. They recalled the past and built endless air castles of the time when they should be able to return. They had grand plans of repurchasing the old cot where both of them had been born, and which had been lost by the foreclosure of a mortgage after the long illness of Pierre's father had ended. They were never tired of talking of what they would do then, and of devising little ways in which the worn-out old farm might be made more profitable. They remained as truly children of the soil as if they had been still in Normandy instead of in their attic in the midst of Paris.

In the daytime Mère Marchette went out to do work as charwoman, while Pierre had been fortunate enough to obtain a place as assistant in a little grocery in Rue M. le Prince. It was in connection with this that Pierre gave his grandmother the only real grief he ever caused her while they were together. Suddenly the boy began to stay away in the evening, and when Mère Marchette sought to know the reason he put her questions aside. One evening as she was making her way home she saw her grandson chatting with a girl at the door of a milliner's dingy shop. The heart of poor old Mère Marchette sunk within her. The castles in the air, from whose glittering towers had shone delusive lights to strengthen and encourage her, fell in ruins before her eyes. In a moment the burden of her age, her poverty, her weariness, seemed increased tenfold. Feebly she climbed the long stairs and sat down to wait, heart-broken. She had all the peasant's instinctive distrust of Paris: she had not been able to live in the Latin Quarter without comprehending something of the evil about her, although, happily for her, the worst features of Parisian life would have been so unintelligible that she might have seen them unmoved. She thought no evil now of Pierre, but she was seized with a terrible fear lest he might fall a victim to one of the sirens of the Latin Quarter, who, to Mère Marchette's thinking, destroyed soul and body alike.

Mère Marchette did not tell Pierre of the discovery she had made. She was only more gentle with him, while in secret she prayed more fervently. For some days longer the lad's mysterious absences continued, the sad hours of the evening stretching like long deserts of agony, over which the soul of Mère Marchette walked painfully with bleeding feet. And then one night Pierre came home with eyes aglow, and all was explained. He put into his grandmother's hand a little pile of francs, a sum pitiful enough in itself but large to them, and told how a milliner in the street beyond had employed him in moving boxes and clearing out the attics of her house, which were to be remodeled into lodgings. This had been his secret, and in his thought of the joyful surprise he was to give his grandmother he had forgotten the pain she might endure by misunderstanding his absence.

It was such trifles as this that were the great events in the life of Mère Marchette and Pierre. There was a tenderness, an unselfishness, an idyllic devotion in their love which no amount of wealth, or culture, or rank could have heightened, but in the lad's veins was the blood of a soldier that stirred hot with the currents of a vigorous youth. Of the army he had dreamed from his cradle, and strong as was his love for Mère Marchette the force of destiny was stronger. It was the old tragedy of youth and age, of the absorption of maternal love and the restless impulses of the boy's heart. Pierre justified his desire to himself with the excuse that he could earn more money in the ranks; but his grandmother knew, only too well, the force of the instinct he had inherited. She had seen the same struggle in the life of his father.

When Pierre was eighteen he shouldered his musket and marched away, leaving poor old Mère Marchette as much a stranger in Paris as when she had come to it two years before to weep and pray alone. It would hardly be within the power of words to paint the anguish which lay between Pierre's departure and that hot July noon when Mère Marchette lay dying at the Salpêtrière. Always in Paris she had been like a wild thing, caged and bewildered, confused by the life that swirled about her in the great city, even when she had been sustained by the presence of Pierre. When he was gone the gentle old soul began to die of homesickness and heartbreak. For two years she fought death stolidly but persistently, refusing to acknowledge to herself that she was breaking down under the stress of loneliness and sorrow. She came of a race that died hard, and although she was past eighty she looked forward hopefully to the time when Pierre should leave the army and come back to live with her again.

But the struggle for existence in Paris was hard, even when the joy of working for Pierre sustained her; when he was gone it became intolerable. At the end of two years even the strength and courage of the sturdy Norman peasant woman were exhausted; and then a

dreadful disease, which had before shown itself in her family, seemed to take advantage of her weakness to spring upon her. She had been a charwoman in the family of Jean Lommel's mother, and so it came about that through the influence of the young doctor she had been admitted to the Salpêtrière when she was already dying from cancer in the stomach.

There was no patient in the ward who was not of better birth than Mère Marchette. She was of all most deficient in education, in knowledge of the world, in the graces of life; and yet of them all it was only the poor old peasant woman who awakened in the minds of the attendants a glow of genuine affection. There are some people who are born to be loved, and when these rare beings remain worthy of it, neither age, nor poverty, nor sickness can destroy their power of awaking affection. The hired nurses touched their lips to her forehead in kisses given furtively, as if they were surprised and prepared to be ashamed of the emotion which called from them this unwonted display. The doctors spoke to her in tones unprofessionally soft, while Dr. Lommel, who had charge of the ward, treated her with an affectionate courtesy scarcely less warm than that he would have shown to his own grandmother. They all knew that Mère Marchette must die, and from counting the time in weeks they had dropped to days and then to hours. Indeed it seemed only the old woman's will which kept her alive now until Pierre should come. She had borne all her sufferings without a murmur, but she had not been able wholly to repress the cry of her heart. The young soldier's regiment was in Algiers, and there had been difficulties about his furlough. Had it been any other death-bed in the hospital to which he had been summoned these difficulties would hardly have been surmounted; but in behalf of Mère Marchette the physicians had worked so zealously that all obstacles were removed and Pierre's leave of absence granted. From the moment she had been told that her grandson was on his way she had been perfectly quiet, and, as the doctor said, had devoted her whole being to keeping alive until Pierre should come.

And on this hot July noon the train which was bringing Pierre was drawing nearer to Paris, and Mère Marchette lay so still that she seemed scarcely to breathe; so still that one might fancy she would not even think, lest in so doing she exhaust some precious grain of strength and so should die without the blessing of that last embrace.

III.

WHOEVER keeps himself informed of the course of modern scientific investigations is likely to be aware that during the last decade especial attention has been given at the Salpêtrière to that strange physical or psychical force known as hypnotism. M. Charcot, chief of the school of the Salpêtrière, has particularly distinguished himself by his researches. Attacked at first by his professional brethren, it has been his good fortune to live to see the scientific value of hypnotism acknowledged and to be triumphantly readmitted to the Academy of Sciences, which had at first stigmatized his investigations as mere charlatanism. Charles Féré, an assistant physician at the Salpêtrière, with Richer, Bourneville, and nearly a dozen other distinguished men, have pursued their investigations with great zeal and thoroughness and have produced a valuable literature devoted to this intricate subject.

It will be easily understood that all the physicians at the Salpêtrière, and especially the younger men, could not fail to be deeply interested in this new and fascinating branch of science. The facts upon which had been founded the theories of mesmerism, animal magnetism, and other shadowy systems were reduced to order and scientifically tested. M. Charcot and his associates worked with much care and thoroughness, and, without being able to solve the mystery of the force with which they dealt, they proved its value as a therapeutic agent. In the cure of nervous diseases, and in dealing with hysterical patients, they obtained remarkable and satisfactory results. They were even able to alleviate suffering by simply assuring the patient, while in a hypnotic sleep, that he would be free from pain on waking. To the outside observer no feature of this strange power is more remarkable than the influence the hypnotist may exert over his subject after the trance is broken. A hypnotized person may be told to perform any act on awaking, and, when seemingly restored to his normal condition, bears the impress of that command so strongly that he is urged to obey it by an irresistible impulse. It is quite as easy, moreover, to foist upon the patients the most extraordinary delusions. The subject is told that upon awaking a bottle will seem to be a lamp, a blank card a picture, or any other deception which comes into the mind of the hypnotist; and so perfect is the working of this mysterious and terrible law that the delusion is accomplished to its minutest details.

Dr. Lommel, like all his young confrères, had become intensely interested in all these researches, so like a scientific realization of the fairy tales of the Orient. He had even tried some experiments on his own account; and when the sufferings of Mère Marchette became pitifully intense he had ventured to attempt the substitution of hypnotism for opiates in

relieving her distress. The old woman had not easily yielded to this influence. Susceptibility to hypnotism is more apt to be found in hysterical or nervously sensitive subjects than in such sturdy characters. By degrees, however, Dr. Lommel established control over her. In the end, to throw her into a hypnotic sleep, he had only to hold his forefinger an inch or two from her forehead, so that her eyes in looking at it turned upward and inward a little. He did not experiment with Mère Marchette; he felt too tenderly towards the old woman to make her the subject of scientific investigation outside of the direct line of treatment. He simply said, "When you awaken you will be free from pain, Mère Marchette"; then he would breathe lightly on her forehead and the sick woman would awaken, to lie as peaceful and painless as if no terrible disease was gnawing like a tiger at her vitals.

The case had attracted a good deal of attention at the Salpêtrière, and although Mère Marchette was utterly ignorant of it, her sickbed was a point of interest towards which were turned the thoughts of physicians over half of Europe. The unlearned peasant, to whom the simplest terms of science would have been unintelligible, was furnishing data for future scientific treatises; and people of whose very existence she was unaware read the daily bulletins of her condition with closest eagerness.

IV.

It was a few minutes after twelve o'clock when Dr. Lommel reëntered the ward. Mère Marchette lay apparently sleeping, but as he approached her bedside the old eyes opened with a piercing and eager question. The young man shook his head, smiling tenderly.

"Not quite yet, Mère Marchette," he said; "there are still some minutes to wait."

He sat down beside the bed and laid his fingers on her wrist. The pulse was so faint that he could scarcely feel it, but it was steady. For some minutes he remained quiet, with his eyes fixed on the poor old face before him. There came into his mind the thought of what this woman's life had been: her childhood and youth in the hut of a Norman peasant; of what her own home might have been when she became a wife and mother; of the desolation which had come upon her in the death of all her family, save only Pierre; of the strange fate that had brought her to Paris; of the terrible wrench which her old heart must have felt when her grandson was taken from her; and of the pathetic patience with which she had borne privation, loneliness, and suffering. He knew only the outlines of her history, since Mère Marchette had spoken little of herself. What her feelings might have been he could only imagine: the old woman could not have told her mental experiences; she had never even analyzed them. Unless he had been a peasant and a mother himself Lommel could not have divined Mère Marchette's emotions; he could only reflect what he should have felt in her place. He said to himself at last that, after all, the circumstances which made Mère Marchette's lot so pathetic must also have deadened her sensibilities and so have softened her suffering.

He sighed and looked at his watch. His assistant had gone to the railway station to meet Pierre, and the time he had fixed for their return was already past by five minutes. He felt again of his patient's pulse, with a terrible dread lest after all the young soldier should arrive too late. The artery throbbed more feebly, but still steadily; and at his touch the sick woman opened her eyes with the old questioning look.

"Patience, Mère Marchette," he said, nodding encouragingly; "all goes well."

She did not speak, but she gave him a look so eloquent with gratitude that words were not needed. Then she lay quiet again and the silent watch went on. Five minutes passed, ten, fifteen; the young doctor became extremely uneasy. At last in the distance he heard a clock strike one. At the sound Mère Marchette opened her eyes with a quick, startled glance.

"Pierre!" she cried, in a voice of intense love and terror.

"Victor has gone to the station to meet him; patience yet a little."

The old woman regarded him with a look of terrible pathos.

"God could not let me die without seeing Pierre," she murmured.

At that moment, through the still afternoon, was heard the sound of a carriage. Mère Marchette's eyes shone with a wild and fevered expression.

"You must be calm," Lommel said. "I will bring him to you."

He administered the little stimulant she could take and passed quickly out into the corridor.

V.

Dr. Lommel closed the door of the ward behind him and started down the corridor, but at the first step he stopped suddenly with a terrible sinking of the heart. Victor was coming towards him, but alone, and with a white face.

"Victor," Jean cried, in a voice intense but low, "what has happened? Where is Pierre?"

"There has been an accident," Victor returned. "A bridge broke under his train."

"But, you do not know," began Lommel.

"Yes," the other interrupted; "M. de Brue, who was on the train and escaped with a broken arm, was in the same compartment with Pierre. He rode through on the engine that came in for help. Pierre had told him I was to meet him, and so when M. de Brue saw me he stopped to say that the soldier was struck on the chest and killed instantly."

Dr. Lommel stood regarding his companion with terror and compassion in his look.

"O *mon Dieu!*" he said; "poor Mère Marchette."

"It will kill her," Victor responded.

"That is nothing," was the doctor's reply. "It is not death, but the agony she will suffer."

At that moment the nurse came out of the ward and hurried down the corridor to join them.

"M. le Docteur," she said, "I beg your pardon, but the excitement of Mère Marchette is so great that I venture to suggest that her grandson hurry."

She glanced around as she spoke, and saw that he was not there. An exclamation rose to her lips; the doctor checked her by a glance.

"Go back to Mère Marchette," said he, "and say that I am cautioning Pierre — stay, I will go myself. Wait here, Victor."

He went back into the ward and passed down between the cots, from which eyes that the indifference of illness scarcely left human watched him with faint curiosity. Mère Marchette was sitting up in bed, trembling with eagerness and excitement. All the reserve which she had maintained for weeks had been swept aside. The moment for which she had kept herself alive had come at last, and there was no longer any need to save her energy. Her eyes shone, a feverish glow was on her cheek, even her withered lips had taken on for the moment a wan and ghostly red. It seemed to the doctor, as he looked at her, as if all the vitality which remained in her feeble frame was being expended in a last quick fire.

"Ah!" he said, "I have been warning Pierre to be calm, when it is you to whom I should speak. Come, it will take only a moment, but I must give you treatment before I can let you see him."

As he spoke he put his forefinger up to her forehead with the gesture he always used in hypnotizing her. Mère Marchette struggled a moment as if she could not yield to anything which delayed her reunion with Pierre; then she sank into a hypnotic sleep. The doctor leaned forward and spoke with an emphasis which he had never before used with his patient.

"When you awake," he said, "you will see Pierre; the person I shall bring to you is your grandson. Remember," he repeated, "it is Pierre who will come in with me."

He breathed on her eyelids in the usual method of awaking her.

"Now," he said, "I will bring him, Mère Marchette."

He went back to where Victor and the nurse were awaiting him.

"Victor," he said quickly, "you know the experiment M. Charcot tried yesterday when he made a hypnotized patient believe one person was another; I have told Mère Marchette that you are Pierre. You must take his place; come quickly."

The young man drew back.

"I cannot," he protested.

"You must," Lommel returned almost fiercely. "Come."

VI.

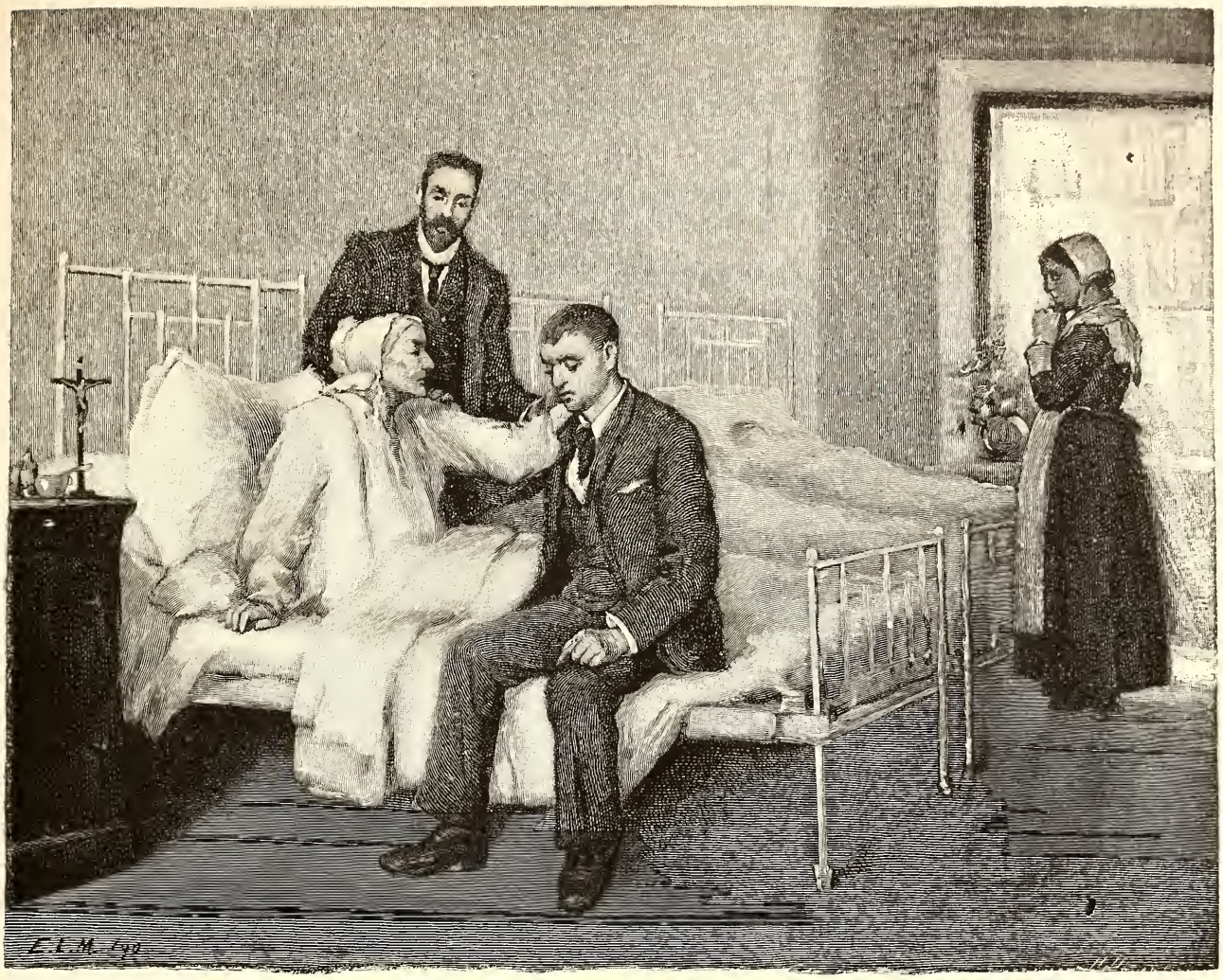
It was with terrible inward misgiving that Jean and Victor entered the ward; but as soon as the eyes of Mère Marchette fell upon the latter they knew that the experiment was a success. Such a look of yearning love illumined the withered old features, such an unspeakable joy shone in the sunken eyes, such quivering eagerness was expressed by the outstretched hands, that the young men found their way to the bedside blinded by tears. An inarticulate cry, that was half moan and half sob, burst from the lips of Mère Marchette as Victor fell on his knees by the bedside. Carried out of himself by genuine feeling, the young man had no need to simulate the emotions necessary for the part he was playing. Seizing the wrinkled hand which lay before him on the bed he covered it with tears and kisses; then, with a cry of piercing sweetness, Mère Marchette flung herself forward into his arms.

"O Pierre, Pierre!" she sobbed. "O the good God, the good God!"

She clasped her arms about his neck, she strained him to her breast, the feebleness of her dying embrace transformed to strength by the divine fervor of maternal love. She mingled her kisses with a soft and hardly articulate babble of endearing words; the terms which she had used over his cradle she mingled with the pet names of his childhood and the loving speech which belonged to maturer years. She held him away from her that she might look at him, and her eyes were holden so that she saw in his face the changes that her fancy had pictured in thinking of the real Pierre.

"Ah," she said, "how brown thou hast grown; and thou art such a man now! Ah, thou rogue," she went on laughing softly, "I knew thou hadst grown — and not a word of it in thy letters. But I knew."

She put her thin fingers under his chin and with a sudden gravity lifted his face.



"SHE HELD HIM AWAY FROM HER THAT SHE MIGHT LOOK AT HIM."

"Look in my eyes," she said; "why dost thou turn away? Hast thou not been a good boy; hast thou not loved the good God?"

Poor Victor, overwhelmed with the dreadful consciousness of deceit, found it almost impossible, in face of this touching and pious affection, to meet the old woman's glance. He struggled to force himself to look into her eyes unwaveringly. Dr. Lommel laid his hand upon his companion's shoulder.

"Yes, Mère Marchette," said he, "Pierre is a good lad; that I will answer for."

The old woman raised her eyes towards heaven, and her lips moved. She was evidently praying. She had received extreme unction just before noon, but this moment in which she commended her grandson to God was to her no less solemn than that of her own last communion. Then she put out her hand to Dr. Lommel with her smile of wonderful sweetness and an air of noble simplicity.

"You have been so good to old Mère Marchette," were her words; "the good God will reward you."

He looked at the old dying peasant woman and tried to speak, but his sobs choked him. He bent and kissed her hand and laid it back gently in that of Victor. Her little strength was evidently failing fast. With a last effort she made a movement to drag herself nearer to Victor. He understood her wish and supported her in his arms.

"Promise me," she murmured, her voice wasted almost to a whisper, "that thou wilt be good."

"I promise," he answered.

And the words were no less sincere because she mistook the speaker. A smile of heavenly rapture came over her face; she tried to speak and failed. But Victor understood her wish and kissed her. As their lips parted she sighed quiveringly.

"She is dead," said Dr. Lommel.

VII.

Victor laid the body gently back upon the bed and rose to his feet. He seized his friend by the shoulders; the tears were streaming down his cheeks.

"O *mon Dieu*, Jean!" he cried, "to deceive such trust. I feel as if I had been violating a sacrament."

"I know," the other answered; "but ah, how happy she was!"

Arlo Bates.

A MODERN COLORIST.

ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER.

IF they were self-examining and thoroughly candid, many artists would acknowledge that pictures give them little pleasure. They have to make their bread out of pictures—talk pictures, see pictures, live pictures; but they do not love them. In most laymen and in a vast number of artists the color sense is not strongly developed. They may see color truly enough, but color does not impress them greatly; they are never ravished with sweet hues. Everything conspires to keep an artist from color. There is an absence of the color sense, in its passionate phase, from most patrons, most fellow-artists, and many old masters who are held up as standards. There is the old tradition in France against color and in favor of form. There is the popular fallacy that the larger part of art is painstaking labor, and the kindred fallacy that colorists do little work.

A young artist who dares to trust his genius for color has a hard time. Artistic pedagogues wring their hands over him. Any mechanical stippler without an ounce of brains or half a heart battery may turn up his nose at him. All the old-fashioned art critics, nourished on the blunders and fitful flashes of truth in Ruskin, expostulate in chorus. They know so well the path genius ought to take that when they see somebody who has not come by that path, with the same wisdom they know that he is not a genius. Walk by the light we recognize, they cry, or you are not of us!

This is all very well for the time being, but it cannot last forever. Such critics are often fond of denying any originality or other worth to American art, and by unreasonable pessimism do much to discourage native art and artists, thereby keeping matters as unfortunate as possible. But perhaps American art, like American mechanics, literature, politics, has a mission of its own. Perhaps it may teach the great lesson in the fine arts which the United States is teaching in many other fields—individuality, freedom, rejection of the authority of any one school.

When the great past schools are under discussion, has it not crossed the mind of most readers to wonder why it was, that among the followers of some great master his ideas, so fertile before, became all of a sudden sterile, so that hardly half a century need elapse and there are no more painters at all? Not even talents show themselves! How comes it that the fire divine exhausts itself so quickly? Because the disciples of a great master take the husk for the grain; they harden into the ruts of scholarship. True, it is the school that helps produce the flourishing epoch; but it is also the school that destroys it. Like a plant it contains the germ of another, but must perish and lie long in the fallow before a new sprout arises. Now it is more than probable that never again will there be schools after the old system. In the United States everything opposes the upspringing of such schools; and while they linger on after a fashion in Europe, Europe becomes each decade more like America, and will doubtless follow her in this as in many other things. Doubtless the Hudson River school, if it was a school, is the last remains of a past habit of mind in the domain of the fine arts.

In place of schools we have phenomena much more inconvenient for neat criticism. It is no longer possible to bunch artists together as we used. In America we try to fit the painters into Düsseldorfers, the Munich men, or those of the Hague or Paris, according as they chose one or another of those cities in which to pass their apprenticeship. But even in these the old uniformity is on the wane, and apprentices often pass from the ateliers of one to those of the other town. Still, something by way of classification can be done with artists who show a trace of foreign schooling. But each year adds to the number of humble and by no means popular workmen who owe very little to Europe directly and whose work shows no trace of foreign masters. How can they be classified? They are extremely irritating to the critic. There are his round holes fairly punched in his board and duly and decently labeled. Here is a square peg that will not in. A parlous plight! But obviously the only escape from the difficulty is not to throw away the square peg, saying that pegs have no right to be square, but to examine the board and answer the mute question, why should there not be square holes as well as round?

The parable fits to a young painter who slowly and with endurance of insulting pity, of

ridicule and of inappreciation, has worked his way to a small but very enthusiastic practice. In the Academy exhibitions your eyes, if they are sensitive to beauty in color, may suddenly fall with surprised delight on a small square canvas or panel, unsigned, modest,— a landscape, a marine, a moonlight with cattle,— the color of which makes most of the surrounding pictures cheap and tiresome. With some difficulty you find that this "queer" little picture is by Albert Ryder. Who is he? you ask.

"Oh," answers a certain kind of painter, "he 's a mannerist who does n't know how to draw." "An impressionist!" cries another, glad to use a word that his hearers understand but vaguely. "I could make pictures like that," says another sort of artist, "a dozen a day." "He has some idea of color," speaks up a critic, "but such slovenliness of execution will never do!"

With all this adverse comment it is remarkable that art students may often be found imagining that Albert Ryder's pictures are peculiarly delightful to them, wondrous stimulating, and also that painters who have twice his reputation, "strong painters," "realists," as the able critics call them, are fond of owning one of his little pieces, and sometimes will show that they cherish it with a peculiar playful affection. They come to laugh and stay to pray. In themselves are not these facts regarding any artist enough to warrant the belief that to study his work a little deeper will be not entirely a waste of time?

Any workman has a right to demand that he be first of all judged on his strongest point. Otherwise there is no meaning in criticism, no purpose served in noting the differences between man and man. Now on Mr. Ryder's strong side, color, it is with the greatest difficulty that the painter can be found who should be placed beside him. The late George Fuller had elements of a colorist; so, in a narrow range, had the late S. R. Gifford. A richer, heavier color sense than either is found in Rothermel of Philadelphia, who by his very name carries "on his sleeve" one of the strongest pigments of the palette. The late William M. Hunt had a fine sense of color, and sometimes C. W. Stetson of Providence is a natural colorist. George Inness and Homer D. Martin show themselves strongly responsive to color impressions. Mr. John La Farge is a brilliant and magnificent colorist. Turning to England, there was Turner, undoubtedly a great colorist; we find occasionally in the sea-pieces of Mr. John Brett a touch of talent for color like that of the late William M. Hunt. Orchardson has color; Erskine Nicoll, color of a certain sort. In Belgium and Holland there are delicate colorists like Mauve and Maris, and masters of tone like Israels. In France Jules Dupré was the last colorist of the first rank. And yet Albert Ryder is most certainly a finer, more thoughtful, more poetic, wider-ranged colorist than the veteran Dupré. Cazin, whom it is now the fashion to hold a great colorist, is not to be mentioned beside him. In his

PAINTED BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER. ENGRAVED BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY. OWNED BY MRS. JANET H. DE KAY.

MOONRISE; OR, PLODDING HOMEWARD.

flower pieces Diaz comes nearer. Still nearer, but more monotonous than Ryder, stands Monticelli. Henner has a repetition of one strongly felt picture by an Italian old master; Millet had a limited sense of color; Corot was also great between narrow bounds; Rousseau had a robuster and wider range. But all these masters fail to impress one with the luxury of enjoyment in color which will be observed in any assemblage of Albert Ryder's works. His pictures glow with an inner radiance, like some minerals, or like the ocean under certain states of cloud, mist, wind. Some have the depth, richness, and luster of enamels of the great period. He is particularly moved by the lapis lazuli of a clear night sky and loves to introduce it with or without a moon. The yellow phase of the moon when she is near the horizon, and also occasionally when she is on the zenith,—in Indian summer, or when fine smoke or dust is distributed through the air,—finds him always responsive. The mystery and poetic charms of twilight and deeper night touch him as they do poets; Ryder attempts to reproduce their actuality in colors. A man should be judged partly by the magnitude of his attempt. Ryder has to be considered by standards very different from those for prudent souls who avoid the dangers of untrodden paths and find a steady income by adhering to formulæ of subject and technique which the world of amateurs and picture buyers has agreed to accept as truthful transcripts of nature.

Mr. Ryder is now forty-three years of age; that is to say, with his slowly evolving temperament approaching the period of greatest achievement. He is still considered promising —baleful adjective, which gives one to understand that in the arts there is such a thing as arrival at absolute success, chilling the struggler for fame and wealth with the idea that he must die before people will take the trouble to find out whether or not the promise has been fulfilled! His first schooling was at the Academy. His master was Edgar Marshall of New York, the etcher-engraver and painter. If on the side of form he has not reached his master, on the side of color he soon surpassed him.

Mr. Ryder is a native of Cape Cod, of mixed ancestry, English, Scottish, and Irish, and his name is one often seen in that part of Massachusetts. Pretty much always, as indeed at the present time, some members of his family have followed the sea. His boyhood was passed at Weymouth; his father was for several years boarding officer of the port of New Bedford, but his formative years fell in the period when his family moved to New York. Without having suffered hardship the artist has undergone the usual amount of incredulity which befalls, or until lately befell, the youth who tries to open up a new career in which rewards are very rarely immediate and very commonly absent. So uneventful outwardly has been his life that a month's stay in London years ago and a hurried trip through England, Italy, Spain, and Holland in the summer of 1883 are the only facts to record. What is most curious in this connection is the little liking he showed for travel, the strong dislike for hurry, the comparative weakness of the impression made on him by the old galleries, and his almost complete rejection of modern art in Europe. To his companions, Messrs. Warner the sculptor and Cottier the art dealer and connoisseur, this natural chauvinism was entertaining. Nine persons out of ten will call it weakness. Perhaps the tenth, if he ponders on what it can mean, will come to the conclusion that an artist completely saturated with his own conceptions of things, his own ways of looking at nature and evolving a picture, would be likely to be somewhat obtuse, and, what is more, would be all the healthier in consequence. What was it that neutralized the native vigor of William Page? The overwhelming impression of Titian. What destroyed many a "promising" young Netherlander who settled in Italy during the great Flemish and Dutch epoch? The influence of masters of a nation alien to his own in religion, sentiments, manners, morals. He who is not thrown off his balance by European types in art is a healthier, sturdier artist than the American to whom the work of some Bavarian or Parisian master is aim and ideal.

It would indeed be difficult to find a more thoroughly native workman than Ryder. The traits on which most European artists plume themselves—smart drawing and smart grouping—are found in Ryder at a minimum. Those of which the vast majority seem to have not a suspicion, viz.: color and harmony, poetic perception of nature, sensuousness pure-minded to a surprising degree, are seen in him as in no other living painter. In some respects he suggests Millet—not by the way he paints or the subjects he chooses, but along more intricate channels of resemblance: by his humble boldness, if one may be forgiven the seeming paradox; by his imagination, seriousness, and childlike temperament. Yet his popularity is so small that the editors of "Artists of the Nineteenth Century and their Works," published at Boston in 1879, have ignored his existence.

Like most artists who move on higher planes of thought and emotion, Ryder has little financial fame. Art dealers for the most part shrug their shoulders over his pictures. The regular buyers at the sales would much sooner

PAINTED BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER. ENGRAVED BY ELDRIDGE KINGSLEY. OWNED BY THOMAS B. CLARKE.

THE TEMPLE OF THE MIND.

"handle," as they express it, the worst daub by a modern Italian, staring and in horrible taste, than touch one of Mr. Ryder's little jewels. It should be said, however, that such a thing as a picture by him at an auction has rarely occurred since he became an exhibitor. Small pictures, generally gifts made during his student life, have been shown in bric-à-brac shops, but not long. Curiously enough, the very persons who laugh a little at his work will not part with a specimen if they gain possession of it. What can this mean, except that, willy nilly, they value it? Though they may not fully understand it, ten to one it has a quiet intensity, an emotion in its color alone, which forces an owner at first to respect and then to love it. The picture may not be a great dramatic group, nor an historical fact, nor a remarkable view, nor even an actual landscape, and yet it holds one with some hardly explicable charm. As near to it as anything would be a strain of lovely music which refuses analysis, or a string of simple-seeming words which forms by some enchantment a great little poem.

When one searches for the origin of these complex emotions, one comes inevitably upon the personality of the artist. And there we meet the specter that stands in the path of all criticism of art worth the name — thoroughly honest and serious criticism, without fear or favor, than which none other can ever hope to live beyond the day it is penned. It is the personality of the artist interwoven with his work which makes him sensitive to criticism to a degree that many persons consider childish. Such persons have never been artists or they would scoff less. None but an artist can understand the almost unbearable sense of injustice felt when the work of many weeks is judged adversely. A queer list might be drawn up to tabulate the different kinds of artists while under the fire of the critics. None, we may safely conclude, are quite indifferent. Some are burlesque in their wrath; others, angry with a passing irritation. Some take it sullenly, others coolly, others with deep and nearly always successful prudence. Lucky is the writer who has more good than bad to report. Mr. Ryder's personality, then, is tremendously involved in his work.

Take an artist who devotes himself to one field — to marines, to cats or dogs, to country and city children, to the family life of respectable people. He needs to put only a small proportion of his personality into a picture; the chief burden lies on the objects depicted. Are these well painted, like the reality, pleasantly grouped, reasonably and interestingly occupied? But with Mr. Ryder's works how different! For the most part they are creations of his own fancy. They have wings; they hardly touch earth at all. For Mr. Ryder is that rarest and at present most scorned artist, an idealist; not in the same sense as the painter of an "ideal head," but in a much higher and more difficult way. Before his pictures we find ourselves suddenly invited to enter fairyland. His color is an enchantress. We follow her lead and presently discover a new country, like earth and of it, but not earth exactly, in which the fancy can travel uncontrolled. In the truest sense of the word Mr. Ryder is a poet in paint.

He is also a poet in words, and although his verses are far more lawless and unacademical than his paintings, they have the same charm of the original, the unconventional, the lovely, the naïf. Perhaps the verses called "The Wind" will not be out of place here, if only to throw light on his works in that sister art which he has made his profession. Need it be said that they were composed for reciting to his friends, not for printing? In fact many of his best lyrics seem never to have been committed to paper.

THE WIND.

The wind, the wind, the wind,
The breath of balmy, balmy evening,
That am I, that am I!
My unseen wanderings
Who can pursue, who comprehend?
Soft as a panther treads
When moving on its prey,
I fly o'er beds of roses sweet
And violets pale,
Till, disturbed within their slumbers,
They bend from my gay caress —
Only to lift their heads again
And send the aroma of sweet perfumes
To call me yet once more
Ere that I pass away.

I am the wind, the wind, the wind,
As fickle as lightning, swift as light.
I seize on the giants of the forest
And shake them to their roots!
I make them tremble to their sap!

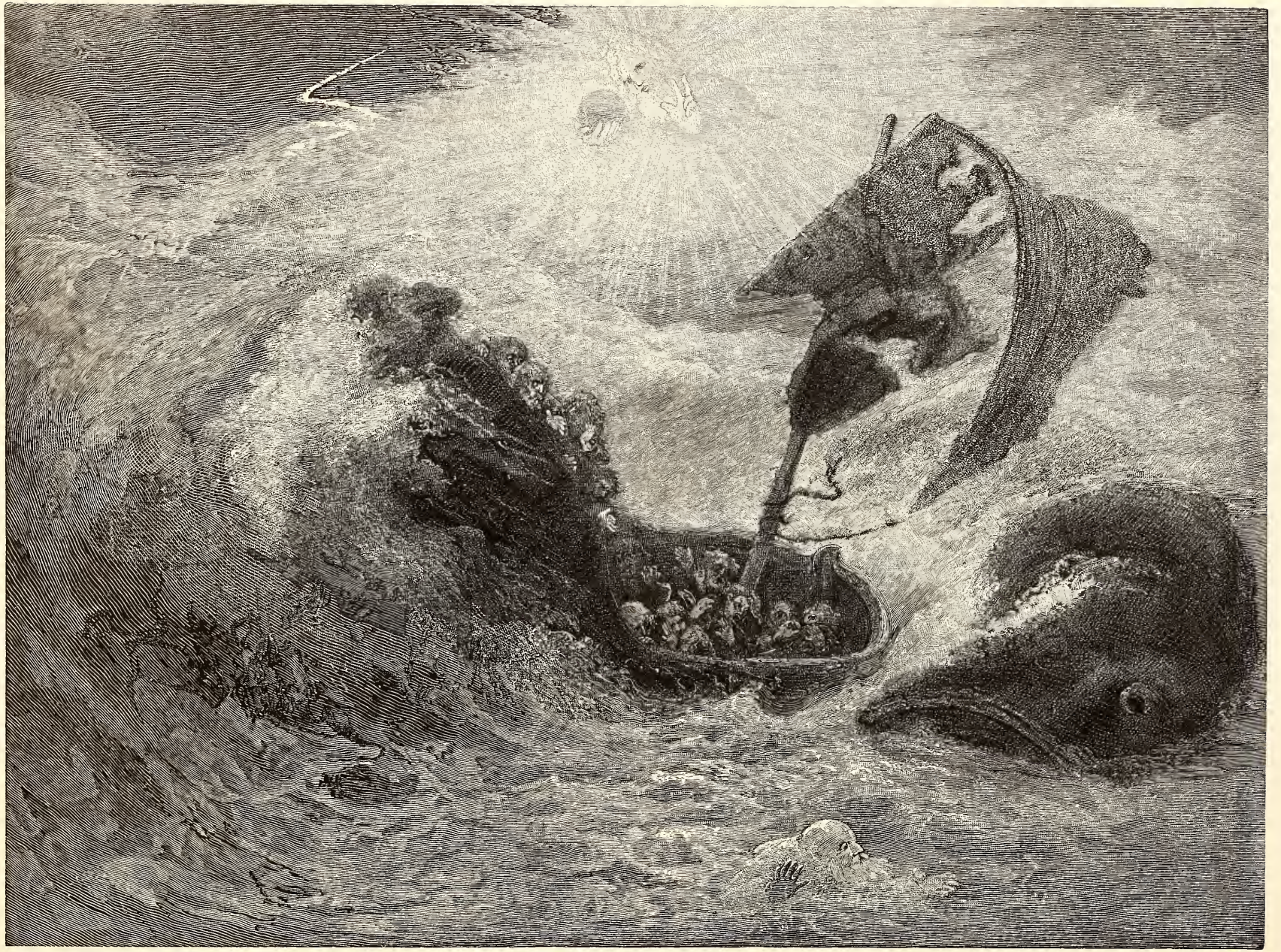
I am the wind, the wind, the wind!
I 'll away, I 'll away to where maidens
Are sighing for fond lovers,
And softly coo and woo and whisper in their ears,
With sigh answering sighs,
Making their hearts to throb,
Their bosoms rise
Till I seem hardly from without —
Almost within the voice
Of their soul's illusion!
What lover would not give his all for this:
To kiss that rosy cheek,
Those dewy lids, that luscious mouth;
So wantonly to lift those woven tresses,
And breathe upon those rounded bosoms?

PAINTED BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER. ENGRAVED BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY. OWNED BY JAMES B. INGLIS.

LANDSCAPE, LATE AFTERNOON.

But I 'm the wind, the wind, the wind!
I 'll away, I 'll away to gloomy pools profound,
Stirring the silence of their reflective depths
With rippling laughter
At my wanton freaks —
For I 'm the wind, the wind, the wind,
And my fantastic wanderings
Who can pursue, who comprehend?

Some years ago, when Mr. Ryder had but lately graduated from the schools of the Academy, he was passing through the street with a little panel in his hand. Suddenly a man stopped him. He was clad in a long Oriental gown, slippers on his feet, a fez on the back of his head. Apologizing in very fair English, he asked the young artist if the picture he had in his hand was not Persian. Very much surprised, Mr. Ryder handed it to him. The Persian examined it with great interest and explained that the color and drawing — it showed a horse and rider — was extraordinarily like those in pictures among his own countrymen. Ryder has indeed the sense for color which the subjects of the Shah used to have when they manufactured the priceless rugs and carpets of bygone reigns. And in oils at that time his drawing was as naïf as Persian. The Orient attracted him from the first. I remember a desert scene with a walled town on the horizon and in the middle distance a small Arab rider with lance. It belonged to the late Mrs. Middlemore of London. Another, much richer, is an oblong panel showing horses tethered near a long white wall in which is the arch to a garden. One sees the domes of a mosque over the wall. After the hackneyed pictures of the Orient this charming mosaic of colors had a most original effect. Still earlier in making is a landscape from nature, a view on the lowlands near High Bridge. A simple slope of woodland runs from the left downward to the center; the Harlem flats are in the foreground; above is one of the subtlest, quietest of cloudy skies. About the same period he painted a moonlight with sheep lying scattered about the foreground and a shepherd's hut in the right distance. It is one of three paintings owned by Mr. R. T. Hamilton Bruce of Edinburgh. A spirited "Chase" owned by the Rev. Mr. Conkling was in its first state remarkable for the green tones which extended to the deer and hounds passing in profile, and suggested medieval glass or Persian tile decoration. A slender stream is beyond the stag, and to the right and beyond the stream is a huntsman in full gallop. The water is finely indicated where the brook turns. The tones of this picture were changed in the direction of greater realism about 1879. A milkmaid standing rather stiffly owing to the pail of milk on her head, and looking out of the picture, is a very attractive little upright. One of two cows in the background turns her head after the maid in the way that Corot liked to draw cows. Another picture, that is a



PAINTED BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER. ENGRAVED BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY. OWNED BY R. H. HALSTED.

JONAH.

mere exercise in color, shows a forest interior with a man in antique costume carrying a boy on his shoulder, followed by a small woman. The robe of the man and the bodice of the woman are boldly colored, and the whole, while full of neglects in drawing, is most suggestive. "The Wandering Cow," owned by Daniel Cottier, is one of his little triumphs. The moon is half veiled by thin clouds, yet shimmers on a pool before which a cow stands in an attitude of alarm. People who have watched the movements of cattle at night will recognize the truthfulness of the drawing in this cow. The sky and night landscape are admirable. A yellow sunny landscape hangs in his studio. The foreground contains a raw-boned white horse, a cart, and a laborer in blue overalls. The golden distance of plain, the rolling hills, and the slightly clouded sky are robust and broad. To Mr. I. T. Williams belongs "The Two Lovers," the *motif* taken from Tennyson's "Sleeping Beauty"; to Mrs. Bickley of Philadelphia a charming marine — a brig coming on with sails set, a moon above clouds, and bright clouds above moon. There appeared some years ago at the Society of American Artists "The Lovers' Boat," which was bought by the Rev. Mr. Conkling.

Among the earlier works is a little woman's figure on a panel, standing with a harp at her feet and the sides of a tent-door about her. Originally this picture had a background with a man sailing an enchanted bark. The figure is called "Melancholy," and for it, as for many of his pictures, the artist composed verses which are lost. "The Phantom Ship" is a small marine owned by Mrs. W. T. Moore of Paris, a strange conception and a fantastic, little in keeping with the material work in favor nowadays in France. With all sails set the spectral galleon glides mysteriously between a headland and a low shore with trees out to the calm ocean, over which hangs a bank of clouds with the moon just emerging. At one time he engaged to paint panels for frames to mirrors and for the doors to cabinets. Of the former sort he has painted three — one now in Albany; another in New York owned by Mr. Thomas Williams; and a third for Mrs. Janet H. de Kay, with suggestive figures, portraits, and landscapes on small panels relating to Drake's "Culprit Fay." A three-leaved screen for Mrs. W. C. Banning gave him a chance to paint nude babies, two of much grace and originality on one of the compartments. A very impressive night scene with rising moon is the "Macbeth on Horseback meeting Three Witches" owned in Boston. The singularly bold, simple outline of hills, between which an orange full moon is just about to quit the horizon, is as notable as the deep beauty of the sky and the mystery of the dark heath, all the darker because the light floods a winding path which seems to proceed in snaky loops from the moon itself. Through the night a little horseman is seen. The horse has shied from the path and the objects that have scared him are not bushes,— they look almost like three bushes at first,— but three figures in an impish dance, each with a torch above its head. Like many of Mr. Ryder's low-keyed pictures, this requires on first acquaintance a powerful morning light; otherwise the story is lost and only the landscape is impressive for its severe grandeur. Another night effect with a country house, old-fashioned and with lights glowing in its casements, is a tender moonlight owned by Miss Howes of Boston. A pool with horseman watering his horse belongs to the collection of Mr. Erwin Davis, for whom he has painted some of his most spirited, breezy marines. For Mr. Daniel Cottier he has made a vivid marine called "The Waste of Waters is their Field," a bark with small lug sail and three fishermen, which is flying merrily over long, living billows. These compare very favorably with the marines of Dupré, and show a more highly developed sense of color.

As may be inferred from what has gone before, Ryder won his way chiefly as a landscapist up to a recent time. Ideal treatment of landscape is seen occasionally in Elihu Vedder, and oftener in John La Farge. George Inness, McEntee, Wyant, Swain Gifford, and others introduce veins of sentiment. It has remained for Ryder to produce imaginative landscapes of the first rank. He is legitimately enough an outcome of the American landscape school, with but few and obscure forerunning hints to warrant his appearance. A common-school education which he somewhat neglected, a pupilage at the Academy, a few lessons at the Art Students' League, some practical hard work in an artist's studio in a strictly subordinate position, some experience as a buyer and seller of pictures, in which he showed wonderful ability to pick out fine ones and little to sell them again, comprise his preparations for a painter's life. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that he was content with landscape or with pictures in which landscape is the main thing. As a painter of horses he has gone far. Perhaps he never achieves the smartness of drawing needed for a racer, but his cart-horses are often extremely true. One drab interior of a stable with an old heavy fetlocked horse hangs in his studio; a large white horse before which a hostler in a red shirt is bending to wash its hoofs is another such. Mr. Ryder has worked hard studying city horses from the life, but he is every year

painting more and more the human figure. His tendency is towards voluminous draperies. "Florizel and Perdita," from "Winter's Tale," is an order from the sketch given by Mr. R. B. Angus of Montreal. Perdita leans towards her lover in a most naïf and pleasing movement. Her lamb is in her arms and his left arm is behind her, while his right hand supports her right elbow. He too shows in the lines of head, neck, and legs the same lover-like tendency towards his mistress. Sentiment so pronounced and yet so dignified is the rarest of all things nowadays. Those who feel it are ashamed to reproduce it. The coloring of this picture, which marks a great advance in drawing and composition, is up to the very best Mr. Ryder can do — that means beyond what all but one or two of his contemporaries produce. "Plodding Homeward," a twilight with rising moon and a man in a cart, low greenish in tones, exquisitely engraved on wood by Elbridge Kingsley, and "The Curfew Hour," an ideal twilight warmly brown in tones, showing farm-buildings such as one sees in French Canada, grazing cattle, and a high moon, are pictures of extraordinary depth of sentiment, quietness, and internal charm. They have an effect on the nerves like slow organ music.

Mr. Ryder's first admirers were artists, a sprinkling of amateurs, and one or two art-critics. Artists either admire or denounce him vehemently; many are glad to exchange pictures with him in order to have in their studios a specimen of his fascinating work. In the rough comradery of the atelier the bits of color have to suffer much ridicule, but they are cherished and very seldom parted with. For the most part his patrons are men and women of limited incomes, in some cases of very straitened means, busy people, intellectually active and endowed with sympathies broad and refined. He is a painter with the highest, most chivalrous, but for the most part silent, admiration for women, and it is among women he always finds some of his warmest admirers. He has the humility of genius, but also the fine impatient scorn that goes with genius; yet he is enough of the world to show the latter rarely. One of the founders of the Society of American Artists, he has had the quiet tact never to offend the authorities of the Academy of Design during the years of tension between the older and younger organizations. Perhaps his pictures are accepted at the Academy partly because he is a graduate of its schools; or it may be that the narrow and timid do not value his work sufficiently to fear it, recognizing its present state of unpopularity. It is one of the best signs in Mr. Ryder that he appears little disquieted by the narrowness of the circle to which he now appeals. There is little attempt to repeat continuously the note, no striving to hit a paying line of pictures. He declined a dealer's offer to pay liberally for ten pictures, to be completed in three years, though ready money was sorely needed. On the contrary, he is always reaching out towards more difficult problems, before, some of his admirers are timid enough to think, he has well secured his position on lower levels. Fearing failure, they doubt his powers and often discourage him. Some years ago he had brought almost to a finish, when it was ruined while being transferred to another canvas, a very remarkable picture. It represented an age when Christianity had vanished from most communities but still lingered among the shepherds. The scene is a wood, with a crucifix by the side of the way. A stalwart shepherd leads a white mule, on which is seated a lady in rich dress, holding her child. She is looking curiously at the cross, and he, with upturned face, is telling her the story of the Passion and Crucifixion. The color was as remarkable as the idea, which plainly aims at the present confusion in Christendom. "The Poet on Pegasus entering the Realm of the Muses" is a masterpiece of boldness and simplicity. Pegasus and his rider have come from the ocean to a narrow pass between rocks. The winged horse is dropping from the air and his hoofs are not yet on terra firma. To the left stands a graceful girl in light drapery and holding out a hand in welcome. In the foreground to the left sits with inclined head an older and graver nymph, holding an open book; to the right and in front a third with pensively bent head, holding a harp. The draperies of the two seated nymphs are abundant and subtle in color. The distant glimmer of ocean and sky behind the poet is exquisite.

This picture is an instance of the way in which Ryder fills his canvas. He rarely leaves wide spaces, and in some exhibits a very singular power of composing an ideal scene. It is also an example of subtle color.

"The Flying Dutchman" belonging to Mr. James S. Inglis is a splendid marine which Turner would have been glad to own. Vanderdecken's ship mingles with cloud and foam in the left distance, while a goblin sun looks down the trough of a great sea, where the foreground shows a bark with three sailors. Its sail is torn and it seems about to bury itself forever. An old man recognizes the spectral ship and points it out to his doomed comrades. Something like this is the "Jonah" owned by Mr. R. H. Halsted and shown at the New York Athletic Club. The drama is going on in the trough of a colossal sea. On the right is the great fish created for the purpose of swallowing the prophet. The latter waves his gaunt

arms before the monster's mouth, while the middle distance contains a heavy galley crowded with gesticulating sailors and horror-struck passengers. The sky is as impressive as the ocean. Against the sun's globe is God, as an ancient man with long flowing beard and hair. He holds the world symbol in one hand and with the other makes a gesture towards the fish. Less tremendous are the two pictures Mr. Ryder painted for Mr. Thomas B. Clarke. One is a "Christ appearing to Mary at the Sepulcher." The other is "The Temple of the Mind," a piece of pure symbolism, as beautiful in thought as the finest work of the kind during the Middle Ages, and lovely in color as nothing else. It is a picture steeped in faery, and may be taken as one of the greatest achievements American painting has yet shown. With this picture, the "Mary at the Sepulcher," the "Springtide" owned by Mr. James W. Ellsworth, the "Jonah," and "Flying Dutchman," the painter has established for himself a rank that nothing can now shake. He treats the religious, the symbolical, and the purely ideal with a vigor and a subtlety unsurpassed. His art is not merely exquisite tone, not merely marvelous color. It has great range in subject and is original in every direction.

"In the morning, ashen-hued, came nymphs dancing through the wood," is the legend for a very blonde picture, a lyric of dawn, containing three whirling nude nymphs in the middle distance and center, with a seated nymph of mature charms in the left foreground by a stream. In fairyland Mr. Ryder is peculiarly at home. The three dancing dryads have lovely proportions; they skip in a joyous round, and their yellow hair mingles delightfully with the eastern horizon. The trees about are springlike, not over-leafy, and the whole picture is in keeping with the joyous, cool freshness of dawn in April. An ideal landscape showing on the left, walking, an old bearded man, with a peasant woman and basket, and to right and rear a boy on muleback, is owned by the painter William Gedney Bunce. It has rich yellow tones and an exquisite distance, showing small hills, a pond, and a temple.

Whatever limitations of but and if shall be taken with them, the pictures accomplished by Albert Ryder prove that he has passed the threshold of an enviable career. People who insist on ranking artists by the prices they get may place him low, though even on that scale his position is by no means of the lowest. A critical examination of his technique shows a slow but steady progression on the side where he was weak. He holds his wonderful gift for color, and is able to give more and more attention to elaboration of form without prejudice to that rarer quality in which he is almost alone. Critics who assail him for lack of drawing readily obtain a hearing, but they are ignorant that his strong side is the most precious quality a painter can have. They honestly fail to see that there is more than one path in art. Because they themselves and the artists they admire reach color by way of form, they think it folly to suppose that another mind can reach form by way of color. Reflection on the arts in savage nations and on the probable genesis of the plastic arts ought to make them less dogmatic. It might be readily argued that the colorist who works first for color, then for form, is only following the course of history in the development of painting among races who used brushes rather than pencils as the ordinary tools. Doubtless form and color have equal claims to having begun what we now call painting; but even so it only proves that the dogmatism of artists and critics is unphilosophical and wrong. When we see Homer D. Martin produce a rich-colored, soft, poetical landscape from a hard and unsympathetic sketch, we applaud. No less must we confess the master when we see Albert Ryder equal him by a reversal of his processes. Genius must be its own final judge. What is ruin for nine men is the salvation of the tenth. To shackle all minds by the tradition of the past is a habit which may have excuse in Europe; but in America it means a failure to look with our own eyes and think with our own brains; it means dependence; it means that artists, critics, and amateurs allow themselves to live out of sympathy with the political and social fabrics in which they dwell.

Henry Eckford.

"WHAT 'S THE NEWS?"

ONE day last year there reached the editorial office of the Philadelphia "Times" three letters, written by Mr. Charles A. Dana, Mr. E. L. Godkin, and Mr. Henry W. Grady, respectively. Replying to one query, all three suggested another: "What is news?" Not finding in the books any definition of news, as the newspaper-maker and newspaper-reader understand the word, I asked a number of journalists to define the commodity in which they deal, and out of the correspondence which followed was evolved this definition: "*News is an unpublished event of present interest.*"

It is an event, rather than a fact or circumstance, because it contains the element of happening. It is unpublished, in the sense that it is unknown to the readers of the newspaper whose editor contemplates its publication. It is of present interest — present, because it changes existing conditions or impressions; and of interest, because it affects either the heart or the pocket-book of humanity.

An event which fulfills these three conditions is news, irrespective of time or locality. Both Livingstone and Unyanyembe died in Africa. The world did not hear of the explorer's death until months after it occurred. Time did not affect the character of the news. The world never heard of the death of the negro. Locality did not affect the character of the news. That which did affect the news-character of both events was their relative value.

Editing a newspaper is the process of weighing news. No newspaper ever prints all the news, although many advertise to do so. Events which are printed are those which the editor believes to be of the greatest interest to the greatest number accustomed to read his journal; and the lengths and positions allotted to the items, as they appear in the journal, illustrate the editor's notion of the public's estimate of their varying values as news.

While the editor edits the newspaper, the public edits the editor; hence it follows that the public, so greatly given to grimaces over the perusal of its follies, possesses full power to season its news to its own taste.

What is the total annual cost to the wholesale purchasers of news — namely, the publishers — of the entire news-product of the United States? An answer to this question would be of interest, but it has never been answered. For several years I have been gathering information upon which to base an estimate. Publishers have uniformly extended me every courtesy; nevertheless I find it an exceedingly difficult quantity to arrive at, and for my figures I do not claim absolute accuracy. Publishers in this country annually expend something near the following sums for news:

For press despatches	$1,820,000
" special "	2,250,000
" local news	12,500,000
	$16,570,000

The business of the Associated Press, a mutual concern which pays nothing for its news, and which serves its patrons at approximate cost, amounts to $1,250,000 per annum; and that of the United Press, a stock corporation, is $450,000 per annum. The former aims to provide news about all important events, in which work $120,000 in telegraph tolls is expended; while the latter endeavors, above all else, to provide accounts of events occurring in the vicinity of the respective papers served.

The estimate for special despatches includes telegraph tolls and pay of the correspondents who furnish the news. This service is conducted by the publishers in the large centers of population, who find the reports furnished by the press associations either not full enough, or not to the political taste of their readers. Here are the average monthly bills for special despatches of fourteen leading journals:

Atlanta "Constitution"	$1,100
Boston "Herald"	5,500
Chicago "Herald"	6,500
" "Tribune"	4,500
Cincinnati "Commercial-Gazette"	5,800
" "Enquirer"	4,750
Kansas City "Journal"	1,050
Minneapolis "Tribune"	3,000
New York "World"	9,514
Philadelphia "Press"	3,600
San Francisco "Call"	3,500
" "Examiner"	8,000
St. Louis "Globe-Democrat"	11,660
St. Louis "Republic"	3,300

The foregoing are the extreme in this department of expenditure. Many excellent journals find it possible to limit their bills to from $400 to $1000 per month.

The cost of the "local" news far exceeds that of both the other departments; not because the local services of individual papers cost more in every instance, but because so many journals maintain local bureaus, yet pay nothing for press or other despatches. The bills for local news of the leading New York dailies are the largest of any in the country,

and for two reasons — a larger territory to cover, and a greater demand from outside for the local news of New York. Their weekly bills range from $1500 to $3400.

When news is delivered upon the news-editor's desk it has then to be edited; and editors' services command in Boston, from $30 to $60 per week; in New York, from $40 to $100; in Philadelphia, from $30 to $70; in Cincinnati, from $25 to $50; in Chicago, from $40 to $80; in St. Louis, from $20 to $45; and in San Francisco, from $40 to $65. There are 35,000 persons in the United States engaged in editorial work upon daily and weekly newspapers. This is the report of the labor organizations; but more than half this number more properly belong in the list of news-gatherers rather than of editors, a class whose services command only from $10 to $35 per week.

White-paper bills cut a big figure in the outlay of the newspaper publisher. Here are the annual paper bills of eighteen leading journals:

Atlanta "Constitution"	$63,000
Baltimore "American"	103,000
Boston "Herald"	315,000
Boston "Globe"	326,000
Chicago "Herald"	265,000
Chicago "News"	324,000
Chicago "Tribune"	195,000
Cincinnati "Enquirer"	252,000
Kansas City "Journal"	53,000
Louisville "Courier-Journal"	135,000
Minneapolis "Tribune"	60,000
New York "World"	667,500
Philadelphia "Press"	245,000
Philadelphia "Times"	165,000
San Francisco "Call"	120,000
San Francisco "Examiner"	155,000
St. Louis "Globe-Democrat"	205,000
St. Louis "Republic"	125,000

It is to be remembered that circulation is not the only factor which determines the amount of the publishers' white-paper bills. Both the size of the sheet issued and the quality of the paper used are material considerations.

Following are weekly composition bills of several of the great dailies:

Baltimore "American"	$2,000
Boston "Globe"	4,100
Chicago "Herald"	2,106
Chicago "News"	1,500
Chicago "Tribune"	2,500
Cincinnati "Enquirer"	3,200
New York "Herald"	3,780
New York "Times"	3,000
New York "World"	6,000
Philadelphia "Ledger"	2,150
San Francisco "Call"	1,650
St. Louis "Globe-Democrat"	2,700
St. Louis "Republic"	2,000

The New York "Sun" pays $140 per week to proof-readers; the New York "Times" and New York "Tribune," $245 each; and the New York "Herald" and New York "World," $315 each. A new "dress" of type for the New York "Times" or New York "Tribune" costs $12,000; for the New York "Herald," $15,000, including mailing type; and for the New York "World," $13,890, excluding mailing type. As a rule, new type is purchased annually.

Immediately the newspaper leaves the office of publication there are items of expense that are seldom considered. They are the pay and the profit of the person who leaves the paper at your door. The fact that you regularly receive and pay for the paper is worth to him, in the form of good-will, $2 if you live in Atlanta, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, Louisville, or St. Paul; $3 if in Pittsburg, San Francisco, or St. Louis; and $5 if in New York, Philadelphia, or Washington.

Even your circumstances are taken into the account — wealth, age, disposition — as affecting your likelihood to continue a subscriber. Newspaper-delivery routes are staple properties, varying in value according to the number and — oddly, but logically — the social standing of the patrons served.

A route-owner who regularly receives from a subscriber twelve cents per week for the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" holds the name of that subscriber, when he sells his route, at a stiff $4 to $5 — the highest, if its list be taken as a whole, of any journal in America. Carriers deliver 60,000 copies daily of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger." Note the large capital here represented. The man who buys the news of the day for a penny contributes his mite towards the support of an American journalism whose product, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer estimates, foots up $100,000,000 per annum.

Newspaper routes are worth from $200 to $2000 in Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Milwaukee, and New Orleans; from $400 to $3000 in Cleveland, Minneapolis, and Pittsburg; and from $1000 to $5000 in Chicago, Cincinnati, Denver, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Washington.

Newspapers have two sources of income, advertisements and sales of copies. The former is greater than the latter, but not in a proportion so overwhelming as is generally supposed. Most dailies in our largest cities realize an income in about the proportion of two-thirds from advertising to one-third from subscriptions and sales. The value of great newspaper plants is difficult to arrive at. A rule is, to value the good-will, a quantity which does not include building, outfit, or machinery, at the sum of the profits during the preceding five years. But this rule is followed only in legal appraisements; I know of no publisher who ever sold at such a price.

The proportion of daily-newspaper circulations to city populations is rapidly increasing.

This is because newspapers are cheaper and earlier delivered than formerly. Leaving out Brooklyn, six American cities have populations of over 300,000. Now if we admit the claims of the publishers, it is found that, in proportion to population, the copies of newspapers printed and sold in them stand thus:

	Morning.	*Evening.*	*Total.*
Boston	53.54	62.87	116.41
New York	64.28	31.17	95.45
Chicago	41.25	22.60	63.85
Philadelphia	36.89	16.33	53.22
St. Louis	23.75	14.08	37.83
Baltimore	25.08	5.41	30.49

A material element in the foregoing figures is tributary territory, an important consideration in what publishers term the "field." With the three tributary cities of Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Newark, New York, the metropolis and financial center of the country, has a very decided advantage. Yet it is easily distanced in the matter of proportionate newspaper circulation by Boston, and rather closely pressed by Chicago.

In the six cities having populations above 200,000 the proportions stand:

	Morning.	*Evening.*	*Total.*
San Francisco	64.28	28.60	92.88
Pittsburg	53.23	33.50	86.73
Cincinnati	43.17	36.71	79.88
Cleveland	21.29	24.22	45.51
Buffalo	6.44	23.46	29.90
New Orleans	19.44	8.16	27.60

San Francisco's proportion is high, because of the metropolitan character of the city towards the Pacific Coast, and because of the large ratio of adult males. Pittsburg and Cincinnati are high, because of their vast tributary territory, for two finer newspaper fields than these do not exist in the world. But Cleveland drops to almost one-half the ratio of Cincinnati. Why? Because Lake Erie cuts off one-half her tributary territory.

If the location of Cleveland be disadvantageous as a field for newspaper enterprise, that of Buffalo is far worse. The proportionate circulation of her newspapers tells the story. Little assistance to newspapers is gained from the lake traffic, while the lake itself cuts off a large part of the field. The boundary of Canada is a dead-line to newspaper circulation, the Dominion reading public preferring Toronto or Hamilton papers, on account of political and national affiliation. Lake Ontario is disagreeably near on the north, but not more so than Rochester, with her journals to flood Buffalo's field on the east. The only outlet is the territory on the south, but even there the Pennsylvania line is soon reached, beyond which readers prefer home newspapers.

Eight cities have populations above 100,000. Their proportionate newspaper circulations stand:

	Morning.	*Evening.*	*Total.*
Kansas City	29.28	34.28	63.56
Detroit	21.14	33.14	54.28
Rochester	22.91	21.30	44.21
Providence	7.28	36.44	43.72
Louisville	22.35	18.33	40.68
Washington	9.52	25.77	35.29
St. Paul	22.00	10.00	32.00
Minneapolis	9.14	16.00	25.14

Disadvantageous newspaper fields are Galveston and Key West, where water wastes are on every side; Milwaukee, where Lake Michigan cuts off one-half the field, and Chicago papers well-nigh ruin the remainder; Washington, where almost everybody has interests other than local; and Wilmington, where three uncomfortably near State boundaries are scarcely less deadly in their effect than the deluge of Philadelphia penny newspapers. Galveston and Milwaukee gain, however, from the loyalty of large States.

The city of Erie is, perhaps, more unfortunately located for newspaper enterprise than any other in the Union. Lake Erie wipes out its field on one side, and a range of hills and indifferent railroad communications almost wipe it out on the other side. The boundaries of Ohio on the west and New York on the east are dead-lines to circulation in those directions; and, as if the situation were not sufficiently desperate, the city itself is the apex of a triangle of railways which bring in Cleveland, Pittsburg, and Buffalo newspapers before the ink of the struggling Erie journals is dry. It is not strange, therefore, that the ratio of circulation to population in the city of Erie is the lowest of any in the United States: morning, 6.42; evening, 8.85; total, 15.27.

Never before was newspaper competition so fierce as now. Vast investments are at stake and the best brains are commanded at salaries which, already high, are steadily growing higher. Yet here is the opinion of Mr. George W. Childs:

> In my twenty-five years' experience I have never seen a daily newspaper injured by competition. If a paper degenerates, as many have done within my recollection, the cause is always to be found inside, not outside, its own office. I have seen one publisher take another publisher's business, never, though, because of the superior ability of the former, but always because of the marked incompetence of the latter. Daily papers sometimes die of dry-rot, sometimes reach the sheriff's hands through political blunders, internal quarrels, or jealous ambitions; but a paper that is successful, wide awake, and honest can never be injured by competition, however fierce.

Eugene M. Camp.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.[1]

THE KEANS IN AUSTRALIA.

AN English audience is as loyal to an old favorite as the nation is to its queen. The visit, therefore, of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean to the colonies was hailed with delight by the public.

Old Londoners who remembered young Charles Kean and Ellen Tree in the springtime of their lives were charmed to think that they would not only renew their acquaintance with these celebrated artists, but could take their children to see the favorite actors who had delighted their fathers and mothers in days gone by. The Keans on their opening night were welcomed with great warmth; the audience rose from their seats and cheered them as they came upon the stage; old ladies and gentlemen waved their handkerchiefs and stood up to applaud their former favorites as though they would have said, "Welcome, welcome to our new home. Age has dimmed our eyes and wrinkled our brows, but, thank Heaven, it has not weakened our affection."

The engagement was a financial success, for every one was anxious to see the Keans; but time had told upon them, and there was a feeling of disappointment in the audience that with all their kindness they could not shake off or conceal — the veterans had tarried too long. Mr. Kean felt this, and regretted that he had come so far only to shatter his reputation.

About a week after their appearance I was walking through St. Kilda Park, when I came suddenly upon an old gentleman alone and sitting upon a bench; he seemed to be looking out upon the bay with a sad and thoughtful expression. I had not seen Charles Kean upon the stage since I was a boy: he was then young, vigorous, and in the zenith of his fame, full of hope and ambition, and just married to that gifted actress Ellen Tree; and here he sat an old man, in a far-off land, and from the melancholy look upon his face was perhaps thinking that the closing scene of his career was near at hand. I had been regarding him for some time, when at last he looked up and caught my eye; he stared at me with no very pleased expression: my apparent rudeness had evidently offended him, so I at once told him who I was, and he seemed glad to see me. "Sit down," said he. "I was just going to write you to call on me; you ought to have done so before: I am the last comer; and, between you and me, I am sorry that I came." I told him that I had intended to call, but had heard that he was suffering from dyspepsia, so I thought I would delay paying my respects to Mrs. Kean and himself until he had quite recovered.

"Well," said he, "as I said, I was going to write you; and, curiously enough, I believe I was thinking of you while you stood in front of me. By the way, what was I doing while you were looking at me? — anything foolish; making faces or any nonsense of that kind, eh?"

"Oh, no!" said I, laughing at his anxiety. "You were quite correct, I assure you."

"Well," said he, "you know an actor when alone is very apt, if he is thinking of his part, to frown and stare in a very unmeaning way. I remember once in London I had ordered lunch at Verey's in Regent street, and while I was waiting for it, began, in an abstracted kind of way, going over one of the scenes of 'Louis XI.' to myself. Suddenly I saw two young fellows talking to one of the waiters and pointing at me; then they passed out, apparently laughing at something I had done. I was quite indignant, and called the waiter to ask what they said. Well, sir, it all came out: I had been frowning and staring, first one way and then another, going over my parts, and those fellows thought I was mad"; and here he burst out in an immoderate fit of laughter. "Well, come," said he; "I have had a good laugh, at all events, and, as it is the first for a week, I have enjoyed it. Now, then, I wish to consult you on a matter of some importance; and as it is in reference to our approaching visit to America, I am quite sure that you can, and will, give me all the information I require. I heard that you were in front several times during the last week: now tell me candidly,— don't be afraid of giving offense,— what do you think of our engagement here?"

"Well, in the first place your reception was one of the warmest I ever remember to have seen," I said.

"Yes, yes," said he; "the reception was cordial. But after that there was a coldness, a lack of enthusiasm; and this feeling has characterized the audience during the entire week: now don't you think so?"

This question was rather a poser. I felt that every word he had spoken was true, but I knew

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he was ill and needed encouragement more than facts; so I put a bold front on the matter, and told him that I thought he was oversensitive, and only fancied that the audience was cold, and that the crowded houses ought to convince him of this.

"That is what my wife says," said he; "but she is so full of hope and cheerfulness that nothing daunts her. Well, now then, to the point. We go from here to California, and then to New York, Philadelphia, and so on. What play would you advise us to open in — 'The Gamester'?"

"By no means," I replied.

"Why not? Don't you think it a good play?" said he.

"It was a good play fifty years ago," I replied, "but not now. It is old-fashioned and beyond endurance, and details the misery of a married couple in a most mournful way. Just think of sitting through five acts of woe unrelieved by one touch of humor. The theme is a gloomy one; and, believe me, when you lay it upon the shelf it will gather dust and mildew. I would suggest that you open in 'Louis XI.' Without Mrs. Kean your name will be sufficient to attract on the opening night; then bring out your wife as *Queen Catherine*, yourself playing *Wolsey;* follow this with *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth:* in fact, I should not, if I were in your place, extend the *répertoire* beyond these plays; if you confine yourself to this prescription, your success is assured. 'The Wife's Secret' and 'The Gamester' are all well enough here: your audience is largely made up of friends who remembered you both with pleasure — the plays, too, memories; but you have been so long away from America that the present generation of playgoers will be new acquaintances, who have no former remembrance of you, and will only look at the entertainment for just what it is, and not for what it was."

"Humph!" said Kean; "that is rather a delicate way of hinting that Mrs. Kean and I should act parts better suited to our age." And here he eyed me with a sly, peering look.

"Well," I replied, "you have asked me to be candid, and that is just what I mean."

"And I believe that you are quite right," said he; "but my wife will have it that we are as young and beautiful as ever. I believe that she would act *Juliet* now if I were fool enough to play *Romeo* with her." And here he had another good laugh.

Although Charles Kean was irritable at times, he was delightful company, and told a good story with great glee. Some of his anecdotes of the London stage were most amusing. While we were chatting, a party of some three or four blacks came in sight. I hailed them, thinking that Kean might like to see the throwing of the boomerang.

A tall, gaunt fellow, with scarcely a pound of flesh on his ungainly bones, and evidently the leader of the party, astonished us with his dexterity. He walked three or four paces forward with a swinging kind of gait, and, casting his eye behind, pointed to where he intended to make the weapon strike; now whirling it straight forward it shot into the air, and, making a sudden turn, came back and struck the spot he had indicated.

"Ah," said Kean, "they may well call Australia the antipodes; when the natives want to hit a mark in the west, they hurl the weapon towards the east."

The black came up for his exhibition money, and stood in front of us with his limp hand extended and an idiotic grin on his face; and surely he was a sight to look at — as lean as a skeleton, and as black and shining as a piece of polished ebony. His attenuated form was crowned with an ugly head, covered with a bushy shock of unkempt hair, and his face was blank and expressionless. What a contrast he made to the intellectual and thoughtful face of the tragedian! Here was a Shaksperean scholar, who had been educated at Eton, standing side by side with this uncouth savage, so low down in the scale of humanity that he was barely conscious of his own existence; and yet the actor was rewarding the black for the performance of a dexterous feat that would have puzzled the old Eton boy to accomplish if he had tried it until doomsday.

Nothing would do now but that I should join him at luncheon, so we walked to the hotel, where I was presented to Mrs. Kean, who was in a high state of anxiety at the prolonged absence of her husband. There was no affectation in her solicitude; one could see at a glance that she was a noble companion for her liege lord, and full of care and affection for him. He at once turned the conversation on the disappointment he felt on the result of their first week's engagement; his wife laughed at the idea, and I joined in with her. After we had settled this matter, he detailed to her our late conversation in part, out of pure mischief, I believe, beginning somewhat in the following strain: "My dear, Mr. Jefferson thinks that it is high time for two such old fools as you and I to give up playing young parts and go into characters whose antiquity will be more suited to our dilapidated appearance." I felt like throwing a loaf of bread at his head for daring to place me in such a false position, and endeavored to explain to Mrs. Kean how he had forced the whole affair upon me, while he was laughing immoderately and enjoying my discomfort. However, she took the matter so

ENGRAVED BY E. CLEMENT.

MR. CHARLES KEAN AS "KING LEAR."

good-naturedly that I felt satisfied that she understood me in relation to his fabrication as well as she did her husband's exaggerations. As soon as my mortification was over I began to enjoy the joke. Kean was in high spirits, though now and then, in the midst of his hilarity, a sad and despairing expression would force itself into his face. He went out on the balcony to enjoy his cigar, leaving Mrs. Kean and me alone. During his absence her cheerful manner altered, and it was plain to me that she had taken in the situation of their engagement more clearly then he had, for she said to me, with tears in her eyes, "Thank you for keeping up his spirits; he needs it."

Ten years after this, I met Mrs. Kean at a garden party in London; she was then a widow. This estimable lady has since that time passed away. Peace and happiness be with her! As an actress, she was for years the delight of the public; and as a wife, a comfort and an honor to her husband.

A CHINESE THEATER.

During my visit to Australia I acted at Daylesford, and after the performance, by the invitation of a friend, I visited a Chinese theater. We rode through the woods for three miles to a camp or gold-diggings worked by the Chinese. There was a large population of them here — about two thousand. It was past twelve o'clock when we reached the theater, where the actors were hard at it, and had been from sundown. The theater was under a tent, looking like a small modern circus cut in two. The seats were arranged in a half-circle, the stage coming out well among the audience. The Chinese manager had been apprised of our visit, so he had reserved seats in the center of the tent, which was quite full of Chinamen. The orchestra was at the back, and the music — if the hideous sounds they made can be dignified by that name — was played at intervals during the whole performance. I recognized the play by its action to be our old friend, "The Young Scamp." In French it is called "Le Gamin de Paris"; in Chinese, "The Mother's Pet"; and I suppose every nation in the world has a free translation of this universal piece of humanity. What on earth the music has to do with a Chinese play, I could never discover. The band will remain perfectly quiet for five or ten minutes, and then, apparently without the slightest provocation, burst forth upon the audience, splitting their ears with the most dreadful din — the scraping of catgut, the tooting of pipes, tinkling of triangles, and banging of gongs, altogether making a most discordant clatter. Now dead silence; then a long speech by some actor, punctuated by little taps on a small sheepskin drum, the catgut man now and then scraping a parenthesis. The musicians sit bolt upright, staring in front of them, without any movement or expression, looking like a lot of badly made wax figures in a museum. Then, when all is quiet and you least expect it, they will bob their heads up and down, banging and tooting and scraping everything they can lay their hands upon. The interpreter tried to explain to me that this was done sometimes to attract the attention of the audience, but to me it would seem to have the contrary effect.

The dialogue began to get monotonous, and I asked permission of the manager that I might go behind the scenes and see some of my Chinese brother actors. This, after some red tape, was allowed me. Instead of the actors getting themselves ready to go home, as I naturally supposed at this time of night, or rather morning, they would do, the entire company was preparing for another play — enrobing themselves in richly embroidered costumes, and covering their faces with all the colors of the rainbow, which they got out of little round pots filled with oil paint. As the manager was given to understand that I was in my way a "star" from America, he insisted that I must only be introduced to his "star"; so I was ushered into a small tent set apart for that celebrity.

This person seemed to have got through with his portion of the entertainment before I came. Of course we could only talk through our interpreter, who seemed to have the faculty of explaining everything the wrong way. I understood, however, that it would give the great actor much pleasure if I would have a little gin and smoke a pipe of opium with him. Upon my declining these delicacies, he faintly smiled on me in a pitying and sympathizing way, as much as to say, "Ah, these barbaric Americans; they have no idea of comfort or refinement." He was himself already well under the influence of the fatal drug, and, whatever the end might produce, was certainly now on good terms with himself and all the world. I could not help thinking what a curious incident this was — to be here at the antipodes, sitting in the dressing-room of a Chinese tragedian. I looked at his fat and inexpressive face, and wondered if he had even heard of Shakspere. He sat there in front of me nodding his head as if he were answering my question and saying: "Oh, yes, young man. Shakspere? Oh, yes, very often; but he 's quite a mistake, I assure you."

My friend now entered the tent and admonished me that it was near daylight and time to go home. As I went out, I turned back for a last look at my Oriental companion, who had by this time entirely succumbed to the influ-

ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

MRS. CHARLES KEAN AS "HERMIONE."

ence of the narcotic. He was stretched out in a chair, his smooth yellow face widened out with an imbecile smile of idiotic bliss, and his two conventional Chinese eyes elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees. The fresh air revived me; so we mounted our horses and rode away, just as the day was dawning, while the gong and the tooting and the scraping were going on in the distance.

In April, 1864, I took a steamer from Melbourne to New Zealand. This was a rough and treacherous voyage. The great island has an iron-bound coast, and the ragged rocks were horrible to look at as we approached the harbor of Dunedin.

On my arrival I found the theater in which I was to act doing a great business with some novel attraction that had just hit the public taste. Clarence Holt, the manager, requested me, in consequence of the sudden and unexpected success that had attended his new enterprise, to delay my opening for two weeks. As time was no great object to me, I consented, deciding to spend the interim at a Maori village on the coast called Wikawite, where there was good fishing and shooting; and, as I had been quite ill for the month previous to leaving Melbourne, I felt that the rest and sea-bathing would strengthen me, and perhaps assist to fill out my attenuated form; so I took up my abode for a week at a little hotel at this place, surrounded by the native Maoris. Of course these people were in a semi-civilized state, though they had formerly been cannibals, and when out fishing with them I could not help smiling at Sydney Smith's description of a New Zealand lunch, "with cold missionary on the sideboard," and his solemn farewell to the minister who was leaving England for the purpose of christianizing the Maoris. "Good-by, my reverend friend," said he; "and, if they eat you, I hope you 'll disagree with them." I felt quite safe among them, however, for, as I was very thin, I presented anything but a tempting morsel to these voracious warriors. The Maoris are said to be the finest race of savages in the world. They are giants in size and strength, and their symmetrical bodies are tattooed in grotesque figures and patterns, sometimes from head to foot.

I saw a party of them act in a play that had been written to show off their sports and ceremonies, and in one of the scenes where they were tracking an enemy the grace and earnestness with which they moved were surprising.

My engagement in New Zealand was quite successful, the old comedies, strange to say, being preferred. I now returned to act in Sydney, from which place I had been absent nearly three years. On my arrival Father O'Grady called on me, and, to my surprise, introduced me to his wife. He was still faithful to his Church, but had given up his orders and had married. I did not blame myself for making him an apostate; for it was evident, from the beauty of the lady, that not my advice, but her black eyes, had been too much for the "good St. Anthony."

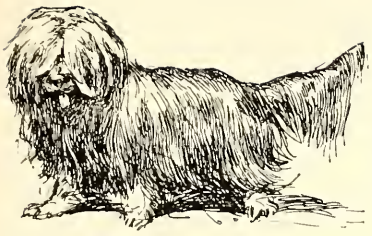
From Sydney I returned to Melbourne, to play my farewell engagement in the colonies and bid adieu to the many friends I had made. And as I look back upon the four years I passed in Australia I can only recall a dear remembrance of the kindness that was shown to me by the refined and hospitable people of that country. For a long time after I left there I contemplated paying it another visit, but year after year rolled on, and now I fear it is too late. To wander through the streets that I so well remember and find them altered would be nothing; we are too used to these changes in our own country to be affected by the wonderful growth of cities and the sudden shifting of localities; but I should feel lonely indeed to miss the faces that were so familiar, and to think over the olden time when I was young and full of hope — surrounded by loving companions who had gathered around me when I was a stranger among them. It is nearly a quarter of a century since I left that distant land and those dear friends, but I have never forgotten them, and I am told that there are many who still remember me. And now farewell, Australia! I have no feeling but loving gratitude for you, and should these pages meet the eye of some old friend, let us feel that we have come once more together upon this earth and shaken hands.

Joseph Jefferson.

(To be continued.)

THE ANGLOMANIACS.

I.



"WE shall send the dogs and servants at once to Washington Square," said Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, settling another little cushion in the curve beneath her shoulder-blades, as she leaned back in her steamer-chair on the deck of the *Etruria*, homeward bound. "My husband will of course meet us at the dock, and take all the bother of customs off our hands. It is possible we may sleep at home for a night, but I am more than half decided to take Lily directly to Tupelo. It will be in the middle of the week, you know, and there 's no place so good to rest in as Tupelo in the middle of the week. So soothing! Such an atmosphere. So un-American, in short."

"Ah, yes! there is nothing like Tupelo," murmured Mrs. Clay, whose manner conveyed a confidential tinge to her simplest utterance. In her heart she was saying: "Why, the woman is delicious! Who would suppose she had never been there, and that she knows I know it? It is all right. I am safe in taking her up this way. For a beginner she 's immense."

"Mr. Curtis has bought land there recently, and is waiting for me to decide on the plans to build our cottage. One needs something to do away with the first impression of those nasty New York streets on landing," pursued the elder dame. "Actually, the whole thing seems more dingy and deplorable to me every time I come back. Such a dreadful rattle in one's ears, the sidewalks so filthy and obstructed, the lower classes so presuming, and the sun glaring so you can't help seeing everything. Lily, if you 'll believe me, likes it. She says it makes her blood jump. Why, when Lord Frederick told her his cab had gone into a rut and smashed a hat for him before he had driven a block away from the Cunard dock, last year, and that he 'd half a mind to write a letter to the papers in complaint, Lily made fun of him so that he almost found it out. Such a tiresome child! One might think she had been educated in the States, instead of having every advantage Europe can afford."

They were two days out from Queenstown. It was a fine October morning, that brought up the invalids in force. The ship might have been a great floating hospital. All sorts and conditions of men and women were equalized by costumes and attitudes suggesting alternately a mummy and an Indian papoose. The deck steward, with fruits and drinks, was the hero of the hour. Conversation among those of the sufferers who knew each other had sunk to the lowest ebb. To keep up, to keep respectable, in most of them, precluded all mental as well as physical effort. "Please go away," breathed a bride to her beloved one. "I was just feeling better when you said 'Poor darling!' and now I 'm ill again." "There is no use in your being witty," another young woman remarked to the man who was endeavoring to make her forget her woes. "If I laugh, I 'm gone."

Those provoking people whom the consciousness of the screw did not affect were variously disposed. Some were walking as if without intention to stop short of the other continent. Others formed into confidential if lethargic groups, holding novels, lap-dogs, parasols, turning their backs upon the ailing, each woman secretly wondering if shipboard was as unbecoming to her as to her comrade. With the two ladies we have to do with, matters had already progressed far beyond the usual unfolding of trivial plans and personalities common to voyagers at sea. Mrs. Floyd-Curtis (note, please, the fashionable hyphen now in such common use: it had been acquired and packed up with her latest batch of London stationery; "Mrs. Eliphalet F. Curtis" the good lady had gone forth from Sandy Hook in May) was a fine specimen of the American woman in her forties. Her features were small and regular, her complexion was like a china doll's; her dark hair, worn in scallops on her brow, was even at this hour elaborately dressed; a veil of dotted lace covered the tip of her nose, and she was buttoned up in a tight-fitting Redfern suit of tweeds. The rug over her knees, half concealing an abject scrap of a thing she called an Algerian poodle, was of softest otter. The little cushions tucked in around her spine were of silk-covered eider-down. They — the deck-chair, the rug, and the apology for a dog — had been brought out and put in place for my lady by an obsequious menial, who immediately after retired from service and was prone during the rest of the voyage. This one act, however, performed with such radiant effect before the eyes of the other passengers, fully justified his engagement as a first-class traveling footman.

"WHY, LILY, WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN?"

One could see in looking at Mrs. Floyd-Curtis that her figure was considered by her to be her strong point. She was of the well-developed, small-waisted type familiar in the cashier's seat of a French restaurant. The sole interruption to her self-complacency in this matter was the inevitable tendency of flesh compressed around the waist-line to escape below it. No device of her men-milliners could entirely conquer this defect. Mrs. Curtis hardly ever forgot to be conscious of it. It chastened her moments of otherwise perfect satisfaction with temporal affairs. Little Mrs. Clay, on the other hand, was as indifferent as Sara Bernhardt is to considerations of close-fitting drapery. Her frocks wrinkled around her slim body like the long Swedish gloves upon her arms. They rose in peaks upon her shoulders, and were girdled by loosely clinging zones around her waist, the scant skirts escaping into curling waves around her high-heeled feet. Spiteful women compared her to a billiard cue, but Mrs. Clay was better than pretty — she was picturesque. Each pose was a study for a Mendelssohn or Roseti photograph, and to both of these artists she had been a mine of suggestiveness. Everybody knows Mrs. Clay's photographs — the little childlike creature with the large wistful eyes and tiny mouth, sitting curled up in a *moyen-âge* arm-chair, or holding to a curtain with one arm above her head, or shading her cheek with a huge feather fan. There is a steady call for them in the shops where such things may be bought.

Mrs. Clay's title to sympathy for an Iliad of matrimonial woes, while conceded by New York society at large, was but vaguely understood. She was a New York girl, well placed, coming of a family of merchants who, by grace of a generation or two of wealth and culture, took rank among later aspirants as if born to the purple. Ten years or so ago she had married Bertie Clay, a handsome young Englishman, son of a poverty-stricken lord, and had carried

him in dowry a not inconsiderable sum of ready money. Cash was all that Bertie ever needed to make him good and happy, and for a time the Clays were seen and heard of on the top wave of London's "smart" society. Then rumors came to Barbara's old friends of domestic infelicity, of duns, of money borrowed from every American who could pay for a foothold on the social ladder where Barbara had already climbed.

Presently Mrs. Clay returned to New York without her husband. "Dear Bertie is on a yacht," she would say pleasantly when asked about Mr. Clay. To judge from his persistence in this pastime during many years thereafter, the Honorable Bertie must have led a very Vanderdecken kind of life.

And then Barbara's father, who had always lived well, and had given good dinners, died, leaving his stricken dove of an only child a mere pittance of an income. Speculations had wiped out his bank account, and the world said Mrs. Clay would starve. But instead of starving, Barbara took a little nest of a flat in the Guelph apartment house in Fifth Avenue. It was six flights up, but there was a lift, and a boy in buttons to show visitors the way. Besides, Barbara was hardly ever at home, except to the few men and women she elected to receive. She was always running off on little jaunts to Newport, Lenox, Bar Harbor, England, Trouville, Homburg. She had been a Little Sister of the Rich. People asked her on yachts a good deal, and she was a connoisseur in country houses. She was at no expense for gloves or flowers, and what could such a little woman eat? The "Honorable Mrs. Clay" was the glory of the society newspapers, and it was known that visiting dukes and countesses resorted, on arrival in America, to the sixth story of the Hotel Guelph. Naturally, New Yorkers asked no inconvenient questions.

Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, who had often heard of the famous Mrs. Clay, had met her for the first time at an impromptu breakfast party, assembled in Lily's honor, at Homburg, by an exalted personage. The Personage had seen Lily, and thought her — as indeed she was — the prettiest and most dazzlingly fresh creature of the year. He brought about the presentation of the girl and her mamma, and with much courtesy bade them to breakfast. Lily, as is natural in a girl unjaded by gaieties, jumped at the breakfast, and appeared there in a pink frock and hat, looking like a rose of June. With this her success began and ended, for the willful maiden, to her mother's woe, at once gave unmistakable token of preferring the society of a handsome young guardsman to that of the giver of the feast. Worse still, upon remonstrance, had not the terrible girl flatly told her mother that she did not like talking to the Personage because he was too old, and that equally she *did* like talking to that beautiful young man? These things are written in the chronicle of Homburg summer gossip. Upon Barbara Clay, who was a former chum of his, had devolved the task of consoling the Personage. Then, for the first time, she perceived the attractions of the Miss Lily Curtis, who had thus fallen, as it were, from a chariot of fire to the common sidewalk. The little incident of Lily's contumacy at the breakfast, however, was cabled to America by a correspondent of the New York press, and in the end, perhaps, better served the purpose of advertisement of a coming beauty than otherwise. Various paragraphs about the young lady had, in the month following, been diligently circulated by the society writers for the best known newspapers. The age, complexion, hair, height, of Miss Floyd-Curtis was now definitely known at every club, corner grocery, and wine-room in the metropolis. A description of the gowns made for her by Worth and Felix had even found its way before the public. One enterprising journal gave a Sunday column to the illustrated catalogue of the boots and shoes and stockings to be worn by the fair maiden in walking, riding, and dancing along the rose-strewn path awaiting her. This charming article was thoughtfully laid, by one of his clerks, before poor Eliphalet F. Curtis, and had almost succeeded in making the honest father break a blood-vessel in fruitless wrath.

If any one had foretold to Mrs. Floyd-Curtis that her return voyage to America was to be gilded and glorified by the intimacy of Mrs. Bertie Clay, she would not have believed it. But after Homburg the ladies had met in Paris. Mrs. Clay was gentleness and thoughtfulness itself to both mother and daughter. Her vote decided every toilet made for either, she was seen continually in their carriages, she introduced them to more fine people than they had ever dreamed of. How perfectly delightful, therefore, that she should have decided to take passage on their steamer. For Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, be it known, although she possessed every external evidence of being a genuine American great lady, knew in her heart that her place was not yet made. True, she had done much in a short space, but there were still women who put up their glasses at the opera and inquired who might she be. There were a score of houses never open to her when their awnings for a party were run out. There was even a Mordecai in her very gate, Mrs. Peter van Shuter, whose town dwelling adjoined that of the Curtis's, a consummate flower of fashion, who had not yet brought

"TAKE MY ARM, THEN. I 'LL STEADY YOU."

herself to believe in the existence of the Floyd-Curtis family.

Six years before the present voyage of the *Etruria*, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, with their two children, were living in a quiet cross-street in New York, content with the modest comforts accruing to them from the thriving business in dry-goods occupying the head of the family during his working hours. Curtis, like a thousand and one respectable citizens of his kind, came up town on a street car regularly at the same hour every evening, let himself into his own door by his latch-key, and after slight preliminary ablutions sat down to his dinner-table in morning clothes, too tired to do more than carve the joint or the pie, and well pleased to let his lively wife carry the burden of conversation. When the children were in bed the couple would sit beneath the Argand gas-burner in their narrow, home-bedecked drawing-room, he reading the newspaper until he fell off in a doze, she doing crewel-work, or trimming a hat for Lily. Their wildest idea of dissipation was a church sociable or a couple of tickets to opera or theater. Mrs. Curtis, an energetic, ambitious woman, took high stand in the charitable world, where she shone in presiding over ladies' meetings and in regulating missionary boards. On Sunday it was their custom to proceed decently to church, followed by the children, and after service to sit down to an early dinner, in order that the cook might have her afternoon as well as evening out. On the same day, at half-past six P. M., they would be served with a dish of escalloped oysters, flanked by some slices

from the midday roast, under no superintendence of domestic save that of the alternative, then engaged in kitchen duties varied by running to answer the front bell. After supper, Mrs. Curtis herself clearing the table, and depositing the dishes on the dumb-waiter with a quick and skillful hand, the family would unite around the melodeon to sing Moody and Sankey hymns. Curtis verily preferred these strident ditties, as piped by his two young ones, to anything heard at the operas or concerts whither his wife occasionally led him lamb-like to the slaughter.

Thus, content and cheerful, twelve years of married life had found and passed them by. Then the astonishing news came that the speculative old father, who in his narrow way had doled out gifts to Mrs. Curtis from behind the desk of his grocery in a Western town, had died, leaving her a fortune such as even in New York might entitle them to congratulatory comment. Eliphalet was fairly dazed when he tried to realize the income that would now be theirs to control. To his imperfectly developed civilization there seemed to be no way to spend it. Luxuries did not appeal to him; of amusements, he craved none. The world of books, of art, was sealed forever from his sight. In this crisis, as usual, the American wife rose grandly to the emergency.

"Do?" said Mrs. Curtis, briskly. "Well, the first thing is to rent this house and go to Europe."

From that trip abroad Eliphalet returned bored and almost cross. His "store," his clerks, his thick-skinned junior partner, seemed to him worth all he had seen across the water. The day he put on again his office coat of worn alpaca the merchant vowed a vow:

"Amelia 's made all the fool she 's going to out of me," he said to himself. "Let them do what they please with old man Johnson's money; I 've come back where I belong, and I guess I 've come to stay."

And so, in spite of the nagging of his wife, he doggedly kept on. What Mrs. Curtis at that epoch called "a society lady" on the board of one of her infant hospitals had taken them up and landed them beyond their former level. They had purchased a fine house, furnished in admirable taste by a family who had no longer means to support it. The great embarrassment was new servants; even Mrs. Curtis was awed into passing humility by a head man who had lived with the Van Shuters. One of Eliphalet's most overt acts of resistance to social evolution was his way of eluding the attendance of a man to hold his coat and another to open his front door. To avoid this superfluity of tribute he would gladly have gone down a fire-escape. Day after day he slunk out of his lordly portal with the plate-glass swinging doors, not to regain an erect attitude till he found himself rushing with the rest of the mob to board an elevated train. The leveling effect of contact with the brotherhood of humanity in the business quarters of New York is, at most times, able to counteract even the depressing influence of being served in whispers by the ex-butler of a Mrs. Peter van Shuter.

Early in the upward movement it had become clear that foreign travel was yearly indispensable. Mrs. Curtis loved her husband after her fashion, but she loved her children better, and for their sakes every effort must be made. She had the wit to see it was not her father's grocery or her husband's dry-goods that stood like lions in her path. Some of the most conspicuous of the people whose lead she longed to follow had sprung from the same beginnings. But it was the second generation among them who were lording it so gallantly, who were intermarrying with the great names of older civilizations, who were creating for their families the high place Americans begin to crave when they begin to think. Upon her girl and boy this ambitious woman saw she must pin her fondest hopes. Hamilton, a stolid and commonplace youth of sixteen, she had succeeded in placing at school at Eton. Lily, now nineteen, with her red hair, hazel eyes, and cream-and-strawberry complexion, her figure erect and graceful as if the only pressure it had known had been the bark of a wood nymph's prison, was clearly as much the pride and stay of the Floyd-Curtis house as Nelson was of England at Trafalgar.

Naturally, then, the companionship of Mrs. Clay, who with graceful variations harped upon the one string, was both soothing and stimulating to the anxious mother on the eve of such a trial as Lily's coming out. "I am not flattering — I never flatter," rippled Mrs. Clay. "It is not I alone who think so. Why, the Princess Puzzuoli says that with her looks and your fortune Lily can marry anywhere in Europe — *anywhere*."

Mrs. Floyd-Curtis shut her eyes. A vista opened before her mental vision that was a whirl of rose color. "Not on the Continent, dear Mrs. Clay," she said, modestly. "England, perhaps. At any rate, that is what *I* should wish."

"England, of course," said Mrs. Clay. She could not hide an inflection of contempt.

"All the English people we 've met have been so very kind. I confess I had feared that Lily's impetuous ways — her — her — "

"'Flamboyant Yankeeism,' Mr. Gore-Thompson called it," suggested Mrs. Clay.

"We are from the Southwest originally,"

rather stiffly answered Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, who took Yankeeism to cover the reproach of a New England birthplace. "My daughter's spirits are certainly high. I had almost feared it would go against her in such circles as we have moved in."

"You don't know the English! Mrs. Tracy Brooks, who set out last spring to conquer London, flatly failed because she would insist upon carrying out her ideal of a Fifth Avenue *grande dame*. She had to go home, having acquired an English accent and an English courtesy — nothing else! She 's been sulking ever since. Won't show at Newport, or anywhere. Lady Bell, now, proved her good sense. She played the banjo and danced nigger breakdowns for her husband's noble relatives, and her success is howling. It 's quite time our women should find out that we can't outshine theirs on their own ground. It 's all rubbish to say we can, in the face of those big, still, magnificent creatures, with jewels we can't begin to match. They don't care about us; they think we are no better than our own cooks and chambermaids; and the only way for us to leave any impression on their ranks is to make a circus of ourselves, with Barnum and Bailey inscribed upon our banners."

Mrs. Floyd-Curtis sighed. Vague notions of Lily in fleshings being shot from a cannon into the air passed through her puzzled brain — and were dismissed as impracticable.

"When you consider that the only American periodical they read much in the Athenæum Club — I mean Lord Salisbury and the Bishops — is 'Slings and Arrows,' said Mrs. Clay."

"Is it possible?" said Mrs. Floyd-Curtis. She was conscious of a copy of that much discussed journal in her dressing-bag, bought in London the day she came away, and hidden from Lily's sight. She really felt now that she might take it out.

"Well, we have nothing to complain of in the way they 've treated *us*," she went on. "I, for one, adore England — but my husband! The work I had even to carry my point about putting my dear boy to school there! Mr. Curtis was all for having Hamilton go to St. Paul's, and afterwards to Yale. If we could have got him in at Groton, now: I admire the tone at Groton; the boys' mothers are all in the same set. But I 've settled him at Eton; and though he does n't like it much as yet, he 'll be certain in time to see what advantages he has. Mr. Curtis pretends it will unfit him for living in America — when he 's in the same form with Mrs. Peter van Shuter's son!"

"The one they call 'The Great American Terror'?" said gentle Barbara. "Harry van Shuter is, without exception, the most badly spoiled cub it has been my privilege to meet. And among the children of our ambulating Americans one has certainly a range of choice in *enfants gâtés*.'"

Mrs. Floyd-Curtis was shocked. It seemed to her just a little vulgar to call Mrs. Peter's son a cub.

"Ah, well! Boys, you know," she said, apologetically. "No one can say I have n't always told my children when they did wrong. Often and over again Mr. Curtis has said, 'Do, Amelia, let up on that poor child.' But I considered that when the father is so much away in business the children ought to be the mother's care. Whether they were sick or well, I 've never spared myself. Traveling about, and having so much notice taken of them, does upset children a little; there 's no doubt of it. I shall never forget one trying winter I spent at Cannes. Both of my young ones seemed possessed. That was the winter Lily had the measles."

A veiled but rather dangerous look came into the violet orbs of Mrs. Clay. In her secret soul she was tired to death of Mr. Curtis, of Hamilton's schooling, and of Lily's measles. It was only a shade better than when Mrs. Curtis chanted her cooks, butlers, first men, second men, third men, assembled from various nations to equip her household.

These were weary moments for Barbara. The cruelest cut of fate was to deprive her of the power to repay social martyrdom by insolence. Oh, for an income to enable her to be uncivil when she would! "I only ask to be a rich duchess for one short hour," she would say to her intimates. "In that time I would crush all the people who have bored and patronized me, and then die happy."

"I think I understand," she now said, with admirable patience. "There are always difficulties in achieving high results. But you have managed everything so well. If only New York were not so — what shall I say? — hard to count upon. With a débutante the start is everything."

"The newspapers," suggested Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, dropping her eyes modestly.

"Yes, they have done their share. Strange how they know so much," Barbara said, guilelessly. "But I 've seen many a newspaper belle who 's gone up like a rocket come down like the stick before the end of her first year. The trouble is to find out what New Yorkers really expect and ask. There 's always room there, certainly. They crave constant novelties. When people come back to town, and the opera and Delmonico balls begin, the thirst for fresh gossip and sensation in the way of a new girl is something extraordinary. As I said, what exactly they require in her would be hard to

decide: not old family; that is respected vaguely among us, and is handled like a piece of brittle porcelain — *i. e.*, left upon the shelf. We have them, but they do not take the lead. Money is essential; but just look at the amount of money in New York, and then count the list of people one cares to receive or to visit. Originality and wit are dangerous to own. The young men, especially, won't encourage them. As to literary tastes, they are impossible. Did you ever hear that Mrs. Peter van Shuter wrote a little book once, before she was married? The Van Shuters hushed it up, and the affair has been forgotten. Accomplishments — I mean the usual thing — don't count for much. All the foreigners we have now speak English, and prefer to do so. A girl in the swim has n't time to paint or to draw, and there is no music listened to from amateurs. Beauty, after all, and a certain individuality in dress, would seem to be the chief requisites for success."

"I always say, cling to Worth, and he will never play you false," interjected the listener, devoutly.

"A good *chef* is a powerful backer," mused Mrs. Clay. "And yet, at best, the thing 's a lottery. Do you remember how Agassiz used to construct an entire big fish out of a single scale? I 've seen a reputation for belleship built up on a bouquet of the same kind of flowers carried by a plain little girl to every successive ball; and was n't Kitty Kershaw's nose tided triumphantly over her first season because her mother started some dinner-dances?"

Eagerly as Mrs. Floyd-Curtis was drinking in this accumulated wisdom, vitally interested though she was in Miss Kitty Kershaw's nose, she was not quite willing to appear to make a direct application of her Mentor's generalities. So she took refuge in the tiny white mop with eyes and claws that nestled beneath her rug.

"Bijou! Toutou! Mignon! Chéri!" she cried, with punctuating kisses. "*Embrasse-moi donc.*"

It was a triumph of mind over matter when Mrs. Floyd-Curtis acquired the art of carrying and caressing dogs in public. At the period of her exodus from her first married home in Twenty-sixth street, East, she had been known to speak of these appendages of fashion as "nasty little wretches that would make a Christian's flesh creep." It was the same kind of moral victory as that attained by her consenting to smoke after-dinner cigarettes. This diversion, introduced by a Russian lady of rank in Washington, had swept like a prairie fire over certain circles of American society. It was a sight for gods and men to behold the strenuous efforts of respectable home-bred matrons, like our Mrs. Curtis, to assume the enjoying nonchalance of demeanor befitting this Oriental exercise. The poor woman had to struggle with physical pangs, as well as those unwelcome suggestions that would intrude upon her inner consciousness of the impression this exercise would make on the ladies of the church sociable could they behold their former sister in good works.

"There is one serious danger to the success of our plans," resumed Mrs. Clay. "And that is a fear we have always with us. Lily must by no means be allowed to fall in love."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the mother. "Why, I don't believe she ever thought of such a thing. I don't believe it 's in her."

"So much the better. This being established, I see no room for you to be afraid. Setting out with the aim that Lily is to make a grand match, and keeping it steadily before you, there 's no such word as fail."

"You are an angel!" cried Mrs. Curtis. "With you to help me, I feel as if I could bear anything. But you 've no idea what I 've had to contend with in Mr. Curtis."

"We shall manage that," said the oracle, comfortably. The obstacle of a mere commonplace American husband did not seem to her insurmountable.

"You dear, dear thing!" went on Mrs. Curtis, now roused to real gratitude. "How, oh, how, can I ever repay you?"

This, being a practical soul, Mrs. Clay was not yet prepared to answer. She contented herself with a rapid and masterly review of schemes for the coming campaign. She had, before long, brought the Curtises home from a successful spring in London, had given them a month at Newport, and was in treaty for a cottage at Lenox a year hence.

"But I tried Lenox two years ago," said Mrs. Curtis, clouding over. "Took the Branwell place, paid six thousand dollars rent, and staid only two months. I don't think the air of Lenox exactly suited my — ah — bronchitis."

"Lenox air does not suit everybody, I believe," Barbara answered, with a faint, inscrutable smile. (Of course she had heard all about the celebrated failure of the Floyd-Curtises to carry Lenox by assault.) "It may agree better with your — ah — bronchitis another year. My dear Mrs. Floyd-Curtis," she added, sitting up in her chair, attracted by a movement in the group of reclining passengers on the starboard deck, "what in the world can that daughter of yours be doing?"

"What — where?" cried the mother, who found it hard to move as quickly as of yore.

"She is apparently engaged in the effort to take violent possession of a steamer-chair to which some one else lays claim. It is, in fact, what may be called a very pretty scrimmage."

"A scrimmage? Where is Thompson? Lily! I will go to her," wailed the near-sighted mother, struggling to emerge from her encumbering rug.

"It is over, and Lily is victor of the glen," remarked Mrs. Clay. "And, as I live, the dispossessed is no other than the Countess of Melrose."

"The Countess of Melrose?"

"Yes. Did n't you know she is on board? She is on her way, with her maid, to visit America. There they go, those two dowdy women. Lady Melrose is the dowdier of the two."

"Lily will be the death of me!" exclaimed Mrs. Curtis, growing redder than was becoming. "O Mr.— ah — Jencks! If you will be so very kind. Just say to my daughter, over there, that I will thank her to come to me *at once*."

"And who is Mr. Jencks?" asked Mrs. Clay, with a note of animation in her voice.

"Somebody, we — ah — Lily has picked up — an Englishman. Why, Lily, what does all this mean?"

"Nothing, mamma dear, but that I 've twisted the tail of the British lion and made him roar." And Lily, dimpling and debonair, stood at the bar of justice.

II.

"WHAT did you do to Lady Melrose?" demanded Lily's mother, armed with the utmost dignity at her command, and sitting up so straight that all the little cushions slipped away from her backbone and rushed like an avalanche to the *Etruria's* deck.

"To tell you the truth," said Lily, with delightful nonchalance, "it was what the old thing did to me. I 'd picked out a lovely warm spot, and put a chair in it with my rug, and had gone below to get Miss Bridget."

"Miss Bridget?"

"Yes, the Grays' nursery governess. She 's so awfully sick and cross, I had n't the heart to leave her to herself, so I just tipped a steward, and he was stumbling upstairs, holding on to the old lady, who was behaving rather like a porcupine to him" — A suppressed giggle was heard at this. It came from the strange young man, who had reluctantly lingered near the group, ordered by Lily to stay by her and back her up.

"Go on!" snorted Mrs. Floyd-Curtis.

"Then I saw those two women swooping down upon my chair, and I swooped too, and said they could n't have it. She said she would, and that she was the Countess of Melrose."

"What more?" said her mother, with a hollow groan.

"There was n't much more," answered Lily, unabashed. "I suppose she expected me to courtesy and back off; but when she saw I did n't yield the point, she seized my chair and shook it, and said a few nasty things to me about my impudence. So, to end the matter, I sat down in it myself and looked her in the face as Hail Columbia as you please."

"Lily!" sighed her afflicted parent.

"That scattered her. The maid behaved rather better than the mistress, but not so very much. And there 's Miss Bridget in the chair. She says she 's feeling better, praise the saints."

It was impossible to resist the girl's audacious drollery. "Poor old Lady Melrose!" said Mrs. Clay, laughing outright. As to the young man looking on, he began to laugh too, but a glance at the majestic scorn in the face of Lily's mother froze him to good behavior.

"And where, may I ask, was Thompson? Her orders are not to lose you from her sight."

"In her berth, praying to be thrown overboard, mamma; and big stupid James is just as bad. Your maid, Léonie, is holding on by her eyelids, but she 'll soon be down. You 'll have to let me wait on you, dear, and do your hair, and all."

She leaned over, with an impetuous movement, and kissed her mother on the cheek. One observer thought a caress like that might melt the Sphinx — so ripe, so rare, the lips that dropped it.

And now, lest this story should begin to have the effect of those marches of Amazons on the stage of comic opera, after which the appearance of a male peasant or two is a genuine relief to the spectator, we will take up the tale of Mr. Jencks — the young man Lily had "picked up." Only the wrathful preoccupation of Mrs. Floyd-Curtis over the affair with Lady Melrose (what a prize would have been an acquiescent countess to arrive with in New York, to nail at her mast-head, so to speak, and flaunt before reporters and society at large) could have made that lady speak so slightingly of an authentic introduction. Mr. Jencks had been presented to the mother and daughter at Liverpool by a well-known American gentleman who had come to see him off. He was certified by this enthusiastic friend to be a fellow of Oxbridge, a pet disciple of Buxton, and a leading light in the younger world of science, as well as "the best all-around Englishman I know." Mr. Jencks was going out to America to take a professorship that had been offered him in a rising "fresh-water" university. He was a tall, broad-chested man of twenty-eight, very blond, with deep-set blue eyes, and yellow hair already growing thin around the temples and upon the crown. His clothes were well cut, and he wore them

with sufficient ease to show that he did not despise the conventionalities of life. His manner was reserved, not shy; and patience and sturdy determination were written in the lines around his mouth. The real reason of Mrs. Floyd-Curtis's coolness towards this rather prepossessing young man was that, early in their acquaintance, he had had occasion to speak of himself as belonging to the middle class of English society. Mrs. Floyd-Curtis wondered at his want of pride in making this damaging admission, and in her heart determined to drop him as soon as the voyage was over. Not so Miss Lily. At first he had provoked her by a sort of off-hand indifference to her charms. He showed her no gallantries, let her wait upon herself, and had plainly no idea of the immediate yielding of homage to maiden sovereignty with which the American girl, despite her disadvantages of foreign travel, was entirely familiar in the young men of her own nationality. When at sunset they had leaned together over the rail, the devoted, if seasick, Thompson hovering somewhere in the rear, and the wide horizon had lighted up with tenderest radiance a sea of summer calm, it did not occur to Mr. Ernest Jencks that the occasion called for modification of his usual matter-of-fact demeanor. When Lily, with the demurest face in the world, asked him a question about zoölogy, Jencks launched into a dissertation that puzzled at first, then ended by fairly charming her awakening intelligence.

"I did n't think you could make me understand a bit of it," she answered, when he had ceased.

"Considering I am going to make my bread and butter by an appeal to concrete ignorance?" he observed.

"Thank you," interrupted Lily. "That 's very gracefully put. I suppose it 's because you are an all-around Englishman, is n't it? I don't know, on the whole, but what I prefer a one-sided Yankee."

"I suppose I 'm not very mannerly," Jencks said, the blood coming into his face a little. "To tell you the truth, I am no great hand at conversation with young ladies."

"No, really?" cried the unsparing Lily. "Is this one of those 'germs of truth hidden under a mountain of tradition' you told me of?"

"I mean I have hardly had time to cultivate drawing-room graces," he went on sturdily. "My sisters are about the only girls I know well, and they have never been in society. The life you lead is as much like theirs as an exotic orchid resembles a bit of mountain heather."

"If you had seen me at lunch to-day you would n't have said I am an air-plant," laughed Lily. "Another time I shall ask you to tell me more about those bits of heather. Now I am going below, to see if poor mamma needs anything. They say we are to have a taste of rough weather, and I begin to feel an icy nip in the air."

"I 'm prepared for anything after my voyage last January, when I came over to prospect about settling in America. That was a gale! Our ship pitched into it headlong directly after we left Queenstown. Thermometer below eighteen; the masts and rigging looking like blown glass with icicles; and hail, snow, and electricity all in the same day."

"It was a western welcome, the kind we reserve for English professors of biology," the girl said as she quitted him.

The weather had changed suddenly from good to bad, and thereafter the North Atlantic disgraced itself by pranks of the most exasperating nature. The great pitching hotel, with its myriad slaves of the lamp ready to do the bidding of the modern Aladdin and his wife, became a minor purgatory. The well people resented the intolerable nuisance of the sick, and the sick cherished an enduring grievance against the insulting ones who kept their balance. The tenderest ties of humanity were strained almost to bursting. Husbands, models on land, who in this exigency of ailing wives and nurses found themselves obliged to wash, dress, and entertain their offspring, were tempted to renounce in a lump the joys of matrimony. Wives, elsewhere as coquettish as they were fond, made scarecrows of themselves and relapsed into mere complaining bundles of old clothes. People who affected any pretense at dressing as in ordinary days did so in a series of mad plunges, going headlong into their garments as an acrobat goes through a paper hoop. Moodiness, selfishness, savageness, all those ugly traits of human nature in fair weather tucked out of sight, were brought from their places of concealment and wrapped around their victims like a pall.

In this crisis, to the survivors who did not drink, or smoke, or gamble twelve hours out of the twenty-four, the only bearable place of resort was, of course, the deck. Sometimes, when rain was drizzling on an angry rolling sea, Lily Curtis, cased all in waterproofs that clung like the plumage of a duck, ventured out, to the admiration of beholders. Her bright face, with the color coming into it in flashes like northern lights, was next best to a ray of sunshine, people said. And her spirits were unending. The more glum and hateful other passengers became, the more fun and frolic took possession of her soul. Jencks, who was oftener her partner than any one else, thought

she was like Undine, and expected to see her dissolve and recede under one of the big foam fountains in their wake. She amused him, she roused him, the more so when experience settled his first doubt as to whether such exuberance of spirits could be natural in a person able to form her own opinion, and both worldly-wise and clear-headed to a remarkable degree. Thanks to the detestable weather, there never was, and never would be in either of their lives, such an opportunity for two young people to enter into sudden intimacy. Certainly poor Mrs. Floyd-Curtis must have been abandoned to her misery, or she would have guarded against these alarming long talks, where the only chaperons were a sailor or so, distinctly unimpressed by the fact that one of the waterproof specters was a member of the British middle class. What most astonished the grave young professor was when he found himself babbling like a school-girl about his own affairs.

"Tell me about your home, your people," Lily had said, when, heaped up with rugs in a comparatively sheltered nook, they defied a whistling northwester.

"We are the most unimportant family in the Kingdom," he answered, "if you consider that I am the eldest hope; that there are thirteen children; that my people could just scrape together funds enough to take me through the university; and that all the rest have had to scramble along on what was left."

"Goodness!" exclaimed, or rather shrieked, Lily, above the commotion of the elements. (The pitch of their conversation was like that at a New York "tea.") "And ten of them are boys?"

"Yes. One of my sisters," responded the sonorous tones of Jencks, "is a teacher in a girls' college."

"A teacher? And you are one, too? It never occurred to me that I could sit down in cold blood, on the *Etruria*, and talk with a teacher. I 've always thought of them, you know, as persons one is glad to get away from, like the dentist when you have done with him."

"It will, fortunately, not be long before you have the opportunity," said Jencks huffily, as he rose up from his chair.

"Sit down, please. If you don't keep your feet on my chair I shall be over in the lee-scuppers, or whatever the things are. I can't help thinking what an amiable family yours must be if they are at all like you. Fancy thirteen of you, all together, firing up like that! Now tell me about the other girls. I 'm sorry I compared you with the dentist."

Jencks drew a long breath, and recovered himself.

"My second sister is at home, helping my mother, who, by the way, is a wonderful little woman for fifty-odd, and looks younger than her eldest girl. The third, Carrie, threatens to study medicine. Our home is a rambling old place, on the outskirts of a country town, where my father has spent his life as a hard-working doctor. All of the boys have fads, and are dreadfully self-willed. Some of us are to be found in the four quarters of the globe. Aleck, the youngest, who is fourteen, and Carrie, both expect to come out to me in America when I can make a place for them."

"In Illyria, Michigan?" Lily asked. "Ever since you told me you were going to settle there I have been trying to bring my geographical knowledge to bear on it, but with no success. I give Illyria up. It 's too far west. I can't imagine it."

"Of course you give it up. Such a dull little town, with a newly started university as its central point, has no right to expect recognition at your hands. Only, if a flood or a blizzard should happen to sweep me out of time, please read about it in the newspaper, and say, 'Dear me! I remember him perfectly. He was a passenger with us in the *Etruria*.'"

"Nonsense! Tell me more about your home."

"There is absolutely nothing that would interest you. All the excitement of my life has come from accomplished work. When other men of my contemporaries have been enjoying themselves in a thousand ways I 've been plodding. My people, as I told you, are workers too, and probably always will be."

"You have never had *any* pleasures?" she said, with sudden gentleness.

"Bless you, yes! All that was good for me. A walking tour, now and again, in England or Wales or Switzerland, and a trip to Paris and Edinburgh, where I was sent on special missions. I suppose you can't understand pleasure that does not spring from the expenditure of unlimited dollars."

"That is very rude, and far from correct. Long ago, when I was a little girl, we were quite poor, and our home was a very plain one. I believe before my mother was married hers was even plainer. My father goes down town to his work every day now, just as he did before my mother inherited her fortune. I suppose it 's in the blood, but I 'll have to tell the truth: none of those idle men who dress themselves three times a day like women, and try to kill time, interest me in the least. I have the most plebeian taste for workers."

"Wait till you become a great lady on your own account and you 'll have work enough to suit you. Do you think, having eyes, I see not for what they destine you? And that, but for the accident of all your guardians being

seasick, you 'd no more be allowed to give so much of your society to a penniless brain-worker than you would to that sailor yonder with the rope?"

What was this note of feeling in his tone? Lily stole a glance at him, and felt a little scared.

"Well, I like the box-seat of a four-in-hand," she said; "and a big steam yacht is an earthly paradise. Perhaps I was n't quite sincere when I said I never fancied any of the idlers. There is one exception."

"Ah, there is one exception?" grumbled Mr. Jencks in his yellow mustache.

"Yes. This is the hour for tender confidences. I enjoy roaring out my secrets. It was the young guardsman I met at the Prince's breakfast. He was as handsome as a picture, and so gay and good-natured."

"Good-natured, I dare say, with all the women flattering him."

"That they did flatter him. We all did. We hung upon his words. He looked as if when we had done admiring him he would go back into a glass case. He told me about his other clothes, and gave me the gardenia from his buttonhole. Unfortunately, mamma took me away from Homburg the next day. Since then I can only dream of him."

"I say, what a quiz you are!" said Mr. Jencks.

That afternoon she made him talk again of his household. Witched from him by her eyes of hazel were the simple annals of his life. His hopes, his ambitions, all but his successes, were unrolled as if upon a scroll. It did not occur to him to tell her about the monograph that had set all London talking.

"I don't know why it pleases me so much to hear these things," she said, naïvely. "Probably because it is so different from anything I have met. To have you describe the country town, and your father in the gig, and the boys, and Carrie, is like one of those lovely stories by Mrs. Ewing or 'Miss Toosey.'"

"At least I 've told you all there is. I give you three days from the moment of landing in New York to forget it. Oh, I sha'n't growl about it if you do. I know what to expect. Certainly you may judge what a humdrum lot we are, and how utterly beyond the range of a fashionable young lady like yourself, and repent, at your leisure, of an even passing interest in the house of Jencks."

A passing interest? Was it so? For the first time in Lily's maiden life she felt it difficult to raise her eyes to meet those of a man. A queer, incomprehensible, but not unpleasant thrill ran through her veins. And then, to her dismay, these phenomena of nature were completed by the rising of a blush. Every young woman knows what a vile, unwelcome, overmastering thing a blush is when it "gives away" a feeling. The professor saw, wondered, and to the shame of his eight-and-twenty years, of his Oxbridge fellowship, of his life vowed to science, Mr. Ernest Jencks blushed too.

Lily was the first to pull herself together.

"I forgot to tell you what I heard last night in the room next to mine," she began, in her old mischievous way. "They are a couple returning from their bridal tour. She said: 'Darling, I can't rest at all. I believe there are crumbs of biscuits in my berth.' He said: 'Try to sleep, darling. It must be imagination. I am quite comfortable here.' Presently she moaned: 'Oh! I wish I had never left my mother. I am so perfectly sure there are crumbs.' Then there was a deep groan from the upper berth. 'Hang it all, Maud! if you get me down from here there 's no telling when I 'll get to sleep again.' Maud burst into sobs, and I got up and banged my door. There was a sudden awful hush."

Smoking a pipe to himself, as he strode up and down the deck at nightfall, Jencks was a prey to the most distracting reflections. If I were to write several pages in elaborating them for the benefit of my readers, it would be only to arrive at an inevitable and lame conclusion — the poor young man had fallen head over ears in love. His acceptance of this fact as definite had the disastrous result of infuriating him. Softer suggestions, imaginings sweeter than honey of Hymettus, were swept away in a torrent of self-contempt. This laughing witch with the bronze-red hair, the red-and-white complexion, the look of vigorous health, the outspoken fearlessness of character, whom at first he had looked on merely in the light of a pleasing variety upon the tedium of the voyage — how had she come to grapple his heart with cables stronger than those that beneath the Atlantic surge link two continents together? Beside these bonds all others were as threads of cotton; and, as far as he could see, would always be so. That was the rub! Jencks knew his own tenacity of purpose. He had never given up the thing he set his mind to do. He was a man in his maturity, no infant crying for the moon. This was the first passion of his life. And the object of it was an American heiress, hawked by the newspapers as one of the best prizes in the matrimonial market, and surrounded by a body-guard of ambitious friends bent upon lifting her into high place in the world's society!

Jencks was dripping with wet, tired with tramping, when he turned in to go below. In passing the smoking-room he was hailed by an acquaintance, a good-natured clubman of New York, who besought him to join in a

night-cap of "hot Scotch." To this allurement he could but yield, and, lighting another pipe of tobacco, sat down in not particularly jovial spirits.

"A devilish dull voyage, this," remarked Mr. Banting, known to his friends as Tommy. He was rather stout, but active on his feet, and was renowned as a conductor of cotillons. "I don't know that I ever made a duller crossing. The only woman on board who could help to pass away the time is Mrs. Bertie Clay, and she 's taken this trip to have tonsilitis in, confound it! By the way, I see you 've hit it off with the Floyd-Curtis girl. I never could myself, but I 've kept in with the mother. They say they 've engaged the Vanderwinker's *chef*."

Jencks kept his mouth as close shut as a clam, but Tommy liked to do the talking.

"Though she 's not my sort," went on Mr. Banting, "I 'm bound to say I think the girl will win. There are several fellows, married and single, ready to 'fasten on,' and send her stock up in the market. Of course, though, the old woman will want to marry her to a title. It 's getting worse than ever in our country. That list the 'Tribune' published the other day, of American women entitled to a place in the nobility of Europe, has turned the heads of half our feminines. If the true story of some of those matches had been printed, in sympathetic ink, you know,— dodge of the nihilists,— between the lines, I don't think it would have made the mothers grin. Take Mrs. Bertie Clay, for one. Why, that little woman has been through scenes— Clay 's off somewhere with the wife of a fellow-officer. He dare n't show his face in England since he was kicked out of his club for cheating. Look at the Princess Puzzuoli,— Anita Lovering that was,— a sweet, pretty girl as ever I saw when she came out ten years ago. I saw her in Paris this summer, looking like a hag— the wrinkles and so on filled with paint and powder. She 's perfectly lifeless, and no wonder. When the prince had spent the money she brought him he borrowed hers, and tried to drain her father, and at last beat her and locked her in her bedroom closet. Of course they do not live together now. Her father keeps her apartment in Paris on condition that she refuses to receive the prince, and the prince has an allowance to keep away. Poor girl!— she says she will never come home again; and I don't blame her."

Mr. Banting took a sip of hot Scotch to hide his feelings. It was well known he had been once a suitor for Miss Lovering's hand.

"Those are but two of a dozen I could name. And yet the title hunt goes on with undiminished zeal. Every little sprig of nobility they send over to us from the other side is made much of in New York, and then passed along through the other cities. Blame it, those fellows walk on flowers! The big fish take what liberties they please, and the little ones swim after. Now is n't it an infernal shame, you know?"

"I don't know. I 'm not by way of bothering about such matters," Jencks answered, coldly.

"Eh? I understand. Science and that sort of thing is your lay-out. My dear fellow, you may congratulate yourself. You are preserved from the snares of the mammas. A commoner is absolutely safe. If you 'll excuse it, American girls don't want 'em. Our girls have got uncommonly long heads. They see that they 're much better off married in their own country unless marriage means the top of the heap in yours. The stories that come to us of the few girls who have got husbands not in the first-chop society in England are pretty doleful. To be at the tail-end never suited a young woman with the habits and expectations of a New York belle. Boston, perhaps, would n't mind it, particularly if there were literature or science thrown in. I 'm not sure about Philadelphia and Baltimore. Sometime, when I have leisure, I mean to go to Philadelphia, and then I can find out. But I 'm certain, absolutely so, about New Yorkers."

Launched in his favorite subject, Tommy was good to prattle till forcibly withdrawn from it. Jencks puffed grimly away at his pipe.

"You see I 'm paying you the compliment to consider you out of the running," resumed Mr. Banting. "It 's plain to see you 've got a soul above such trivialities. Barker told me what a deuce of a swell you are in lectures about that — er — ology of yours, you know. But for us everyday Americans, who believe in our women, and let ourselves be badgered and bullied by them till we can't rest, this matter 's getting to be no joke. What man wants to work his head off to lay up money, and then see a fool and profligate walk away with it and his daughter in the bargain, so that his grandchildren may have handles to their names and learn to despise America?"

"Since you ask me," remarked Mr. Jencks, "I 'm free to say I have heard of several who have not only submitted to, but courted, the imposition."

"Hum!" answered Tommy Banting. "There 's no denying a stone wall when you come a cropper over it. But look at this, will you?" He took out of his pocket-book a cutting from the advertising column of a German newspaper. "Here 's a precious bit of California enterprise, and I'm told it 's started in New York."

Listlessly the other took the slip into his hand and read what, in translation, follows:

Gentlemen of position, noblemen, cavaliers, and officers of high standing (military or civil), who wish to marry very rich American ladies, may put themselves in communication with the undersigned. Ladies with property to $20,000,000 are on our list. The greatest secrecy guaranteed. Photographs and detailed reports will be furnished. Address The International Bureau of Private Transactions, San Francisco, California, America.

"What do you think of that?" fumed Banting.

"Such beastly rot!" Jencks answered. "It 's a trap for the needy, don't you see? I 'm like the boy whose compassion was aroused for the little lion in the corner of the den who did n't seem likely to get his share of martyr. My sympathies are all for the princes, counts, and barons who may have put their advance fees into letters to The International Bureau of Private Transactions. No doubt the whole thing 's a newspaper canard."

"Plenty of people will believe in it. It will add one more to the list of stories that cheapen American girls in European eyes. It 'll bring a bigger rush than ever of those titled sharks into American waters. And we 'll continue to throw overboard to them our daintiest bait, of course. That delectable business shows no sign of dying out among us. We give our money, take their titles, and touch our caps as your railway porters do when you tip 'em half-a-crown."

"Good God, man!" Jencks said, bringing his fist upon the table in a transport of impatience. "Whose fault is it, if in a country like yours, capable of any attainment of moral grandeur as an example among nations, your men and women should bring up their children by no higher standard than is shown by your own admission? There 's some excuse for the petty worshipers of caste with us. To get it out of them, they 'd have to be boiled down and skimmed and run into a new mold. But you, you Americans, who are born socially to the freedom of the wild horse of the Pampas; who, by the force of your own individuality, can set the mark you desire to leave upon your community; who are not bound and swaddled and smothered by hereditary awe for class and title — why are n't you satisfied? It seems to me, from what I can pick up, yours in New York is the most pretentious, the most artificial, society in all your broad land. By George! I wonder what that old Malay, Carlyle, would have done if he 'd been turned loose to run amuck through your ranks — the men who make, by election, fops and spendthrifts of their sons; who submit their daughters and their ducats to such rascals as we 've seen carry off your women; the mothers breaking the bonds of inherited Puritanism, and striving to be second-rate imitations of the fast lot abroad! It makes my blood boil to hear such ways called 'English'; I 'd like to sound a trumpet and proclaim a protest in the name of a thousand homes of England."

"Great Scott!" remarked Mr. Banting, to whom this tirade gave welcome entertainment. "Seems to me, though, that we agree about the main point. But I say, old fellow, New York is not America, and there 's a queer thing you have to be behind the curtain to find out. If we like to try on your aristocracy's old clothes, it 's no sign they always fit. Some of the people I know, that make the best showing in public of their borrowed plumage, relapse, when they 're alone, into the old homespun ways of loving each other and their kids, giving to charities, and so on. I think they get a little tired of aping."

"So does the clown when he washes his face and sits down to beer and cheese," Jencks answered. "Ah, well! you Americans are nothing if not experimental. You 're all trying to condense a century of progress into your lifetime. I beg your pardon if I 've been a nuisance, and I 'll say good-night."

Not exactly exhilarated by this interview, he sought rest in his berth, with but indifferent success. The increased pitching of the ship showed they were in the teeth of a gale. On all sides arose lamentations from those whose millions could not purchase them a moment's surcease from motion. If Neptune, who, as the ancients thought, has power by striking his trident on the sea to make an island rise from it, would only exert himself to establish a stopping-place in mid-Atlantic, there would be fewer new arrivals made on either continent.

When the man who shared Jencks's cabin began to groan aloud, that sympathetic personage determined, after the manner of his sex, to leave the sufferer to his fate. Standing again on deck, he drank in the salt with a berserker's delight. He felt as if he would have liked now to be a Viking sailing his own craft, holding hard the tiller, and chasing the witch-whale through these great rolling mountains and under this blue-black sky. It was no longer a simple west wind that blew their good vessel back, but a furious blast, coming from every quarter by turns. Spray drenched the decks, and the noise of wind and waves was deafening. Through all, the faithful screw kept up its weary grinding, and the great ship, with her living freight, held her unerring course.

During the twenty-four hours that followed there was little rest for any soul on board. On

the morning of the second day Jencks saw a familiar figure come out of a cabin-door and stand swaying to survey the waste of angry waters.

"Don't order me in, please!" she cried, palpably radiant at sight of him. "It 's only to get a breath of air into my lungs."

"Take my arm, then. I 'll steady you," he replied, with an answering signal of delight.

It was foolish, it was imprudent — but so young people are constructed. Lily had made up her mind to put Jencks out of it. Jencks, like Lars Porsena of Clusium, by the nine gods he swore, not to let this American girl make a fool of him. The relief of seeing a big, strong, well person of the protecting sex, clad in a storm-defying ulster and cap, hold out his arm to her, was by Lily not to be resisted. With an enchanting smile, she laid her arm in his. The wind hustled around them, and for solitude they might as well have been on the Peak of Teneriffe. Speech in that warfare of elements was impossible. She was so near that the lovely peach-bloom of her cheek almost grazed the unsympathetic frieze of the collar of his ulster. And there the two stood, with beating hearts, till a wave bigger than all the rest came pounding upon the deck and drenched them both. Added to this injury, a tarpaulined being, with a hoarse and resentful voice, allowed them to overhear some pointed remarks about the presence of ladies on deck at such a time. Jencks laughed rather inanely as he tipped the tarpaulined gentleman, for what service he did not clearly know. Lily had vanished, blushing vividly.

In that one brief, unexpected moment had been worked the old-new miracle. Without a word passing between them, each knew what the other's heart would hide. Whatever of disappointment, dolor, listlessness of middle age, survival of young beliefs, time might hold in store, they had tasted the supreme delight.

(To be continued.)

HOMER AND THE BIBLE.

(Saul, the Pharisee, is on his way to Damascus. He falls into company with a cultivated young Roman, also thither bound. It is now the close of the first day's ride out of Jerusalem.)

SUPPER soon ended, Saul and Sergius,
Ere sleep they seek, a hill, not far, ascend,
The highest neighboring seen, less thence to view
The landscape round them in the deepening dark
Glooming, or even the heavens above their heads
Brightening each moment in the deepening dark,
Than youth's unused excess of strength to ease
With exercise, and to achieve the highest.
But there the splendors of the firmament,
Enlarged so lustrous through that Syrian sky,
Hailed such a storm of vertical starlight
Downward upon their sense as through their sense
Inward into their soul beat, and a while
Mute made them, hushed with wonder and with awe —
Awe to the Hebrew, to the Roman joy.

Then said the Roman: "This is like that place
Of glorious Homer where he hangs the sky
Innumerably bright with moon and stars
Over the Trojan host and their camp-fires:
'Holding high thoughts, they on the bridge of war
Sat all night long, and many blazed their fires.
As when in heaven stars round the glittering moon
Shine forth exceeding beautiful, and when
Breathlessly tranquil is the upper air,
And in their places all the stars are seen,
And glad at heart the watching shepherd is;
So many, 'twixt the ships and Xanthus' streams,
Shone fires by Trojans kindled fronting Troy.'"

"The spirit of Greece, with Greek simplicity,
A nobleness all of Homer, there I feel,"
Concession checking with reserve, said Saul.
"Our Hebrew, to us Hebrews, rises higher;
Homer, unconscious of sublimity,
Down all its dreadful height above our sphere
Brings the august encampment of the skies —
To count the number of the Trojan fires!

"Our poet David otherwise beholds
The brilliance of the nightly firmament,
Seeing it mirror of the majesty
Of Him who spread it arching over earth,
And who yet stoops his awful thought to think
Kindly of us as Father to our race;
Nay, kingdom gives us, glory, honor, power,
And all things subjugates beneath our feet.

Let me some echoes from that harp awake
To which, with solemn touches, this his theme,
Our psalmist David chanted long ago:
'Jehovah, our dread Sovereign, how thy name
Is excellent in glory through the earth!
Upon the heavens thy glory hast thou set;
The heart of babe and suckling reads it there,
And, raised to rapture, utters forth thy praise,
That mute may be the adversary mouth
Which would the ever-living God gainsay.
When I survey thy heavens, thy handi-work,
The moon, the stars, thou didst of old ordain,
Man, what is he, that thou for him shouldst care?
The son of man, that thou shouldst visit him?
For thou hast made him hardly lower than God,
And dost with glory him and honor crown.
Dominion over all thy works to wield
Thou madest him, and underneath his feet
Put'st all things, sheep and oxen, roaming beast,
And winging fowl, and swimming fish, and all
That passes through the pathways of the seas.
Jehovah, our dread Sovereign, how thy name
Is excellent in glory through the earth!'"

Recited in slow, solemn monotone,
As with an inward voice muffled by awe,
Those new and strange barbaric-sounding notes
Of Hebrew music shut in measured words
Smote on some deeper chord in Sergius' ear
That, trembling, tranced him silent for a while.
Then he said, rousing: "What a somber strain!
From the light-hearted Greek how different!"

"Somber thou callest it, and solemn I,
Who find in such solemnity a joy;
But different, yea, from the light-thoughted Greek!"
Less as in converse than soliloquy,
Deep-musing, so to Sergius Saul replied:
"Our bard Isaiah modulates the strain
Into another mood less pastoral.
He pours divine contempt on idol gods,
On idol gods and on their worshipers;
And then majestically hymns His praise
Who made yon host of heaven and leads them out:
'To whom then will ye liken God,' he cries,
'Or what similitude to him compare?
The skilled artificer an image forms,
And this the goldsmith overlays with gold
And tricks it smartly out with silver chains:
Or haply one too poor for cost like this
Chooseth him out a tree judged sound and good,
And seeks a cunning workman who shall thence
Grave him an image that may shift to stand.
But nay, ye foolish, have ye then not known?
Not heard have ye? You hath it not been told
From the remote beginning of the world?
From the foundations of the ancient earth
Have ye indeed so missed to understand?
He sits upon the circle of the earth
And they that dwell therein are grass-hoppers;
He as a curtain doth the heavens outspread
And makes a blue pavilion of the sky.
"To whom then will ye liken me?" saith God;
"Whom shall I equal?" saith the Holy One.
Lift up your eyes on high, the heavens behold,
Who hath these things created? who their host
By number bringeth out, and all by names
Calls? By the greatness of his might, for that
So strong in power is he, not one star fails.'"

The deep tones ceased; and once more silence fell
Between those two amid the silent night.

William Cleaver Wilkinson.

COMPARATIVE TAXATION.

HE consideration of the problem of comparative taxation has been rendered more difficult by the fact that many persons have been led to believe that a tax upon foreign imports is not paid by the country which imposes it, but that it may be in part or wholly put off on the foreign producers of the taxed articles, and therefore paid by the country in which these products are made, and not by the importers.

Were this conception founded on fact each country would attempt to put off the burden of its taxes upon some other, either in part or wholly, and in this way the whole assumed benefit of the plan would be lost. The only way by which we can put a part of our taxes upon the people of other lands is by increasing our exports, to which local and national taxes have already been charged as a part of the cost.

The comparative burden of taxation needs to be considered, because unless the utmost care and discrimination are used in the choice of the subjects of taxation, whether of domestic or of foreign origin, so as not to obstruct domestic industry, so as not to limit the home market, and so as not to hinder the utmost possible demand for the products of home industry, great injury may be done, even though the amount of the tax may be very moderate.

It is possible that taxation may always remain to some extent an experimental science, and that its methods can be directed only by a few precepts of a very general kind. It may be that a system that would yield the largest revenue to the people of a manufacturing State might be very obstructive to a community almost wholly devoted to agriculture. It is possible that ultimately a local option may be given to minor political divisions, such as is now exercised or such as is now granted by States to some extent. For instance, in Massachusetts a local option is given to towns and cities either to tax the sale of liquor by granting licenses or to refuse the licenses. Cities might be empowered to elect one or more methods for raising the revenue for municipal expenditures. The municipal taxes of Philadelphia are almost wholly levied on real estate, including buildings and improvements, personal property, with very trifling exception, being subjected only to a succession tax. In Boston, on the other hand, the effort has been made with more success than anywhere else to tax bonds, stocks, and other intangible property; yet even in Boston this method is a failure, evasion and non-assessment existing in a measure which no one can compute. In Massachusetts there is no succession tax on personal property. There would be no insuperable difficulty in the State of Massachusetts giving Boston the right to choose whether it would or would not continue to assess personal property. The general principle which has been presented by Mr. Enoch Emsley of Memphis, Tenn., could then be adopted, if it were expedient, in Boston or in any other city, viz., "not to tax anything which can be brought into a city, and not to tax anything which can be taken out of a city."

Even if there is as yet no absolute science of taxation, a great deal of thoroughly scientific analysis is possible in respect to *comparative taxation*. One may measure the good or the evil effects of different taxes without much difficulty. In reasoning upon this subject of comparative taxation there are a few fundamental principles, of a negative rather than of a positive kind, which may well be kept in constant view.

1. With the exception of a tax upon the succession or devise of property, few if any taxes will stay where they are first put; they are distributed either upon all consumption, or else upon the consumption of the special subjects of taxation. Nearly all taxes are thus ultimately paid by the consumers of taxed articles in the ratio of their consumption of such subjects of taxation. In this matter even land may be considered one of the subjects of what might be called temporary consumption. So long as land is used as an instrumentality of production, and is devoted either to agriculture, to the mechanic or the manufacturing arts, or to purposes of distribution, all taxes which are imposed upon it must and will be charged by the owners or the occupants of the land to the cost of the work, and therefore to the cost of the product, or of the process of distribution to which such land is devoted. Unless such taxes can be recovered from consumers with all the other elements of cost, labor will not be employed in the use and occupancy of that specific land; and unless a profit can be made over and above such elements of cost, *including taxes*, capital will also be withdrawn from the use and occupancy of that land.

On the other hand, land may be for a time withdrawn from absolutely productive purposes. It may be used in larger measure than is necessary for a dwelling-place or for more

luxurious purposes, or may be held for an advance in value. This may be called a temporary consumption of land, and doubtless taxes which are put upon land in that condition are paid by the owners or occupants. If such land is not fully taxed at present rates, that is the fault of the assessors, not of the present system. The whole theory of the "single tax upon land" is to make this burden so heavy that no one can afford to consume land or to occupy it for anything but productive purposes.

2. No sound reasoning can be had upon the subject of taxation unless it is considered as a method of distributing a part of the annual product of food, fuel, and materials for clothing and shelter.

3. Since this annual product is and can be only the result of work, either mental, manual, or mechanical, or of all combined, it follows of necessity that *taxation* and *work* are practically synonymous terms.

The way in which the product of the country is converted by taxation to the use of those who do the work of government is apt to be obscured by our constant habit of treating everything in terms of money. Government assesses taxes which are collected in money; the money is distributed among the Government officers and employees. What do they do with it? They build or hire houses, they buy clothing and food, they pay their own expenses and the expenses of their families. Houses, food, clothing, and everything else of a material sort are the product of work — the work of the head in directing capital, the work of the machine under the supervision of skilled workmen, the work of the hand in doing that which is done by the hand. Taxation is therefore a synonym for work. It is but a mode of distributing a part of the annual product. The question of importance therefore is, whether the work done by Government is constructive or destructive. In this country it is almost all constructive. In Europe it is in very large measure destructive. But the measure of the destructive work is not the mere measure of taxation in terms of money: to this must be added the diminution in the working power of the community by the withdrawal of a large part of the men in the prime of life for many years, during which, while serving in the huge standing armies, which are needed only to sustain privileges and dynasties and to maintain the barriers which prevent nations from rendering material service the one to the other, they must be supported by the work of others.

In his treatise upon the single tax on land the writer has already given the reasons why, if it could be enforced, it would of necessity become a tax upon all the products on land, so assessed and collected as to assure an absolute distribution of the burden without any discrimination upon all products, whether they were necessaries of life, or comforts, or luxuries.

Even those who may question or deny such a conclusion will admit that *if* such would be the necessary effect of a single tax upon land, and *if* there is an alternative by which the necessaries of life may be in great measure exempted from taxation, while a large or even a larger part of the requisite revenue may be derived from a tax imposed upon subjects of voluntary and not of necessary use, then few would hesitate to choose the latter rather than the former method of supporting the Government.

It may be admitted that a tax upon the necessaries of life may be of little moment to the prosperous, or even to those who get more than an average subsistence from their work; but if the food, fuel, clothing, and materials on which men and women work are taxed in such a way as to deprive the poor of a part of that which is necessary to their subsistence, then such a tax may become a prime cause of pauperism.

Again, when the materials which are necessary in the processes of domestic industry are kept at a higher price by taxation than the price at which others are served, the evil effect of the tax becomes something many fold greater than the actual burden of the tax itself.

The support of our army and of our navy, the cost of the civil service, and our huge expenditure for pensions may not constitute a very serious burden in the percentage which it bears to the product of the whole country; but if that burden is put in part, either by way of a single tax on land, or in any other way, so as to bear heavily upon the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life, it may constitute an unbearable burden upon those who are least capable of sustaining it.

A tax of five or six per cent. upon the product of this country may be likened either to putting five or six per cent. of load in addition to the paying load upon a railway train moved by a powerful engine fully equal to the whole task; or it may be likened to a method of depriving the locomotive of a part of the fuel necessary to generate its power; or a tax may be imposed in such a way as to be compared only to putting on a brake upon a railway train which the engineer cannot take off when going up a heavy grade. In the first case the engine easily carries the slight additional load; in the other instances power is wasted or misapplied in overcoming the obstruction.

The burden of a tax may be illustrated by examples of cases in which the same amount may prove to be either of very little moment or else a great oppression. Let it be assumed, for instance, that a given community should elect to put a heavy direct tax upon the fuel

and the iron consumed by its own people, without regard to the sources, whether domestic or foreign, from which these necessary elements of industry might be derived, the next community living and working under precisely similar conditions, but securing the same amount of revenue by a tax on whisky and tobacco, leaving fuel and iron free from taxation in every form. Is it not manifest that in the first instance the tax would be a burden upon production at its very source, increasing relatively the cost of power, of machinery, and of tools of every kind, and thus diminishing the aggregate product? In the second instance would not the same amount of tax take from the community only a part of the annual product of its work, which the consumers may spare without the least injury or loss of force?

Again, let it be assumed that there are two communities endowed with very similar capacity, engaged in commerce with each other and also with other communities on either side. They exchange their products of agriculture and of goods or wares of various kinds, in the production of which modern engines, tools, and machinery are essential. In the first community iron, steel, and other metals are taxed in such a way as to keep the prices much higher than in the second community, while beer and tobacco are exempt. In the second community iron, steel, and other metals are free from taxation, and the prices, whatever they actually may be in any given year, are always lower than the prices in the community in which they are taxed. In this second community the revenue is derived from beer and tobacco. The disadvantage to the first community will not consist so much in the sum of money which is derived from the tax as in the effect of this tax upon the cost of capital and the diminution of profits.

Let it be assumed that a demand exists for all the goods and wares that either community can make, and that there is a margin of from five to ten per cent. profit on the average price of these fabrics. A country may tax iron, steel, and other metals in such a way that even though the domestic product is free from taxation, and the foreign import only is taxed, yet the price, both of the domestic and of the foreign product, may be raised so that the prices of all metals are maintained in that community very much above the prices which are paid in the second community. Of course all the machinery of agriculture and of the factory, as well as the steam engines, locomotive engines, and all the tools in the cost of which these metals constitute a very large element, will then be increased in their cost as compared with the similar instruments of production and distribution which are made use of by their competitors in the second community where these metals are not taxed. Obviously any tax which has the effect of keeping the prices of metal in the first community higher than in the second must add in that proportion to the cost of all their capital into which metals enter as component materials; also increasing, relatively, the cost of the maintenance of the capital which, under the name of repairs, depreciation, etc., enters into the cost of the product. It follows that, unless a profit must be made on this additional cost, no one will invest in these arts; therefore the second community, in which iron, steel, and copper are free from taxation, may secure all or the greater part of the work of converting these crude materials into their higher forms, together with all the wages and all the profits in arts in which these metals are essential; while the community in which such crude materials are taxed may not be able to retain its home market, even by putting compensating or differential taxes or duties on the machinery or on the products of such machinery.

A huge advantage is thus given to the community in which metals are not taxed by the very act of the community which taxes them. This advantage in the prime cost of its crude or raw materials will enable that community in which they are free from taxation to secure so much additional work and to make so much additional profit as to render the taxes which may be imposed on articles of voluntary use, such as beer and tobacco, of very little moment.

The present condition of the art of building steamships may be cited as an example of a complete prostration in the United States, and of constant activity in Great Britain, so far as foreign commerce is concerned. We can build ocean steamships for our navy and for our coast navigation because foreign vessels are forbidden to share the service; but we cannot build a steamship for the general commerce of the world, the reason being due to the difference in the price of materials resulting from the duty or tax on metals. It matters not what the actual price of metals may be in any given year; the *disparity* of price which is wholly due to the taxation of iron, steel, and copper in the United States has kept the prices of these metals in the United States far above the prices in England and Scotland year by year for a very long period. This disparity has lately been greater at the low prices prevailing from 1879 to 1888 than it was twenty years ago, when the actual prices were very much higher than they are now in both countries; but at the present date, November, 1889, it is rapidly diminishing.

This is one of the aspects of taxation which is brought out by treating the problem in the

comparative way. The question whether or not the development of our iron mines and furnaces has been worth this cost of over $500,000,000 in ten years is an entirely separate and distinct branch of the subject, of which no consideration is required in the present treatise.

Let it now be assumed that the world demands steel rails, locomotive engines, sugar mills, and heavy machines in ever-increasing quantity and number. In the steel rail the cost of the metal constitutes the larger part of the entire cost; in the locomotive engine, the lesser part; but in both, the difference in cost in this country, due to the disparity in price as compared with Great Britain, has been year by year for many years more than ten per cent. upon the average cost of rails and locomotives. This difference has entered into the cost of the entire finished product in this country, and is wholly due to the imposition of the tax upon the foreign imports of these necessary materials.

Now, since ten per cent. would be a large rate of profit on the making of rails or on the construction of locomotives, it follows that while we hold even our home market only in part by placing yet higher taxes on the finished rail and engine, yet we lose nearly or all the benefit or gain in supplying the world — and Great Britain takes it. Home industry is to that extent restricted; the home market for our farm products and manufactures is to that extent diminished; and the loss to us is immeasurably greater than the mere amount of the tax of less than four million dollars which is derived from the import of iron ore and pig iron, which sum is only about four per cent. of the surplus revenue which we are trying to keep out of the national treasury.

The stimulus to the production of iron and steel is of comparatively little moment if we regard it solely as so much work which may or may not be done by us, for the reason that while our prices have been maintained higher than they would have been, the prices of iron and steel in Great Britain have been depressed by the obstruction to our demand which we ourselves interpose, until the demand of other countries has overtaken the possible British supply.

We have not, therefore, even succeeded in keeping the control of our own market. We even now import more than twenty per cent. of the iron and steel that we consume, either in the crude or the manufactured form. Neither does the development of the crude product of pig iron add in any essential measure to the home market for other products, for the reason that it would require less than one person in one hundred of all who are occupied for gain in the conduct of the work of this country to supply all the pig iron that we can possibly consume, including the mining of the materials and their conversion in the blast furnace, and also including all the iron that we now import as well as all that we produce. If the tax on imports were removed, whatever the actual prices of iron and steel might be thereafter, the *relative* prices in this and other countries would be the same, making due allowance for the cost of transportation. If prices were the same we should consume more iron, rather than less, than we do now; then the work which is now devoted to production would be required in the consumption of iron, in which the work is of a much higher order and is conducted under much better conditions of life. Both Mr. D. A. Wells and I compute the disparity in the price of iron and steel consumed in this country, as compared with the price at which other countries have been supplied, at more than $500,000,000 in the last ten years. The figures supplied by the Iron and Steel Association sustain this estimate. (*Vide* Annual Report of 1888.)

The allegation that the prices of iron and steel are much lower now because of the duty on imports than they would otherwise have been is purely hypothetical; no one can prove it, and no one can disprove it. When taking this hypothesis into consideration it must be remembered that the production of iron is an arduous and somewhat undesirable occupation; yet we cannot avoid the necessity of supplying ourselves with the greater part of the iron that we consume, even if we desired to do so. It would be impossible for Great Britain or any other country or countries to supply the ten million or more tons which we are now consuming. No other country except Great Britain makes any considerable supply of pig iron which can be spared for export, and our present consumption is in excess of the largest product that Great Britain ever made. It is nearly equal to forty per cent. of the entire product of the iron of the world of which we have any commercial knowledge, and is rapidly increasing.

Now since the demand of the world for iron and steel is also increasing everywhere else coincidently with the extension of the railway system and with the development of commerce, it is not probable — in fact, it is hardly possible — that the removal of our tax on the import of iron would cause any considerable fall in the price of iron here. Great Britain cannot meet any considerable increase of demand. Her supply of fine ores for making steel is very limited. She herself imports at the present time twenty per cent. of all the iron ore consumed in her furnaces, in part from Spain, where again the available supply upon which Great Britain has mainly depended is

almost exhausted, or in part from Africa, Elba, or Sweden. Neither Germany nor Belgium can spare any ores; they also import from other countries. The principal mines of coal suitable for coking in Great Britain have also become so deep and so hot, and the veins are so narrow, as to endanger the future supply of coke except at much higher prices. The price of coke is now much higher in England than in Pennsylvania.[1]

When one views this question without bias, it would seem that the necessary result of the removal of the tax on imported iron in this country would be that the prices of foreign iron would rise to a par with our own; then there would be no further question of tariff protection in the case of this metal.[2]

The production of pig iron in the United States has been a matter of necessity and not of choice. The art is older than the Constitution; the United States tariff had nothing to do with its introduction. In the admirable "History of the Manufacture of Iron in the United States," given by Mr. James M. Swank in the Census Report of 1880, he proves that the production of pig iron became a part of the necessary work of every colony and of every territory where ores and fuel could be found in a workable quantity, within twenty or thirty years after the settlement of the colony before the Revolution, or of the States since organized.

We have of late depended upon foreign countries for more than one-fifth of our iron and steel, which is imported year by year in the crude or manufactured form. On the other hand, Great Britain equally depends upon us for one-third of her bread. We merely exchange grain or cotton which we could not consume ourselves for iron and steel which we could not do without and have not yet been able to produce. The *interdependence* of nations asserts itself in spite of all obstructions. Perhaps we might import more iron and exchange more wheat for it, or more cotton, or something else, which would be equally to the advantage of the country for us to sell. Which is the better occupation — underground in the mine, or above ground in the puddling furnace; or in the field, the flour-mill, or the manufactory of many kinds of goods in which we already excel other nations?

The production of iron relative to its use is utterly insignificant, or so far as it gives employment to labor, as compared with its consumption. In 1880 it gave direct employment in the coal mines, the iron mines, the coke ovens, and the blast furnaces to less than one hundred thousand men and boys; or to less than one person out of one hundred and seventy of all who were occupied in doing the work of the nation in the census year. The value of the entire product of pig iron in that year was then less than one-half the value of the eggs and poultry which were supplied from all the barnyards of the country.

There is no census of eggs and poultry known to me except the assessors' returns in Ohio; but perhaps one may take as a standard of general consumption that of the factory boarding-houses of New England, in which men and women are boarded at from $2.25 to $3.00 per week, and in which the "mealers," so called, who dwell elsewhere but who come for their meals, are supplied with twenty-one meals per week at a cost of $1.60 for women and $2.50 for men. The annual value of the poultry and eggs consumed per capita under such conditions, and at these prices for subsistence, is $6.44 per adult.

Bearing in mind the relatively large consumption of the product of the hen-yards in the South, and perhaps in the West, this may be considered at least an average standard. Our present population of about sixty-five millions, counting two children of ten years or under equal to one adult, has the consuming power of sixty million adults; at $6.44 each the consumption of poultry and eggs, in round figures, may therefore come to $386,000,000 per annum. At the present time this sum is equal to about three times the annual value of the product of pig iron, four to five times the annual value of the wool clip, six to seven times the value of the entire product of all our silver mines, and about equal to the value of the cotton crop. But we depend for a part of our supply of eggs on the hens of Canada, Denmark, and Holland. (Qu.: Are they "*pauper hens*"?)

Whether this standard of the consumption of poultry and eggs is a fair one, each reader may judge for himself. The value of the egg product only of Ohio, computed from the product according to the data collected by the assessors of each town and city, is greater than the value of the wool of Ohio.

Would not a tax of $4,000,000, or of about one or two per cent. on the product of poultry and eggs, if it could be collected, be much less of a burden than a tax on pig iron which has caused the cost of iron to our domestic con-

[1] See Reports on Coke Industry, United States Geological Series, by Joseph D. Weeks.

[2] In the interval between the preparation of this article in November, 1889, and the correction of the proof in February, 1890, the demand for iron and steel and the rise in price and cost in Great Britain have probably done away with any future competition with the United States, and will probably soon lead to Great Britain's depending upon us for a part of her own supply of crude iron.

sumers to be from $50,000,000 to $60,000,000 a year more than the cost of the same quantity supplied our competitors in other countries for many years?

The revenue of less than $4,000,000 which we derive from iron ore and pig iron is not required; but let it be assumed that it were necessary to get a corresponding sum, and that it might be readily had by increasing the tax on beer from $1.00 to $1.25 a barrel, it requires very little consideration to appreciate the difference. If the tax is put upon the metal, the domestic product of the farmer, the mechanic, and the manufacturer is taxed at its source many fold the amount of revenue; the home market for every kind of goods is restricted; the cost of every fabric is increased: while if a tax of twenty-five cents were added on a barrel of beer, it would fall on an article of voluntary use of which each consumer might readily spare a part if he were obliged to do so; and being collected by stamps at an insignificant cost, it would yield a revenue to the Government in almost the exact measure of what the people paid. The present national revenue derived from intoxicants and tobacco is $150,000,000; adding the probable amount of local taxation derived from liquor licenses and it appears that these two articles of purely voluntary use — drink and tobacco — now sustain twenty-five per cent. of the entire cost of government—national, State, and municipal.

This analysis of the effect of a tax on iron and steel has been given only as an example of the way in which the problem of comparative taxation is presented when dealing with two methods each assumed to yield the same amount of revenue. It is submitted without any reference to the points of dispute between the advocates of freer trade and protection, which run on entirely different lines.

The same rule holds with respect to taxes upon wool, coal, lumber, chemicals, drugs, dye-stuffs, tin plates, and all other crude or partly manufactured materials which are in part imported, and which are necessary in the processes of our domestic industry. The exact effect of these taxes upon other materials than iron and steel cannot be measured and stated with the same accuracy. The reports upon and the statistics of other arts are not as exhaustive as those which are made by the Iron and Steel Associations of this country and of Great Britain.

In respect to wool we now consume annually about 300,000,000 pounds of domestic wool valued at from $70,000,000 to $80,000,000, or approximately between one and a half and two per cent. of the value of the total product of agriculture. Over forty per cent. of the working force of this country is occupied in agriculture. On the basis of the census of 1880, continued by proportion to the present date, between nine and ten million men are now occupied either in agriculture or in moving the products of agriculture to the centers of wholesale distribution. If the relative number of persons interested in the production of wool may be rightly measured by the proportion which the value of the wool clip bears to all other products of the farmer, the number of workmen engaged in this branch of industry cannot exceed from 140,000 to 180,000; but in view of the large proportion of our domestic wool which is raised on ranches, where relatively few persons are employed, the number of persons who are engaged in the wool production cannot, on this basis of proportion by value, exceed 100,000 to 120,000 out of 9,000,000 to 10,000,000 farmers and farm laborers. Of course very few farmers depend wholly upon wool; the actual number of wool growers, each having a small interest in wool, is doubtless greater than the figures given.

Compare this with the production of cotton, for which the demand and value in the home market rest mainly upon the export. The crop may be computed at five bales to a hand, which is a large estimate; on this basis the number of laborers who depend almost wholly upon cotton for their money wages or salable crop may be put down at 1,400,000, or more than tenfold the number who depend upon wool in any considerable measure, if we rate occupation in proportion to value.

In another aspect these facts are significant. In 1880 between seventeen and eighteen per cent. of the total product of our agriculture was sold for export to other countries. In recent years our exports have ranged from ten to fifteen per cent., or at an average rate of twelve and a half per cent. of our farm product. There must therefore be 1,100,000 to 1,200,000 of the farmers and farm laborers of this country whose home market depends wholly upon the export demand for their surplus, because it could not now be consumed within the limits of our country. In order to protect our home market and retain it at its full measure, we must therefore carefully discriminate in the matter of taxation, so as not to obstruct our exchange of products with foreign countries, since commerce depends absolutely upon the exchange of product for product, balances only being settled in specie.

In addition to our consumption of domestic wool, the import of foreign fabrics which are made wholly or in part of wool is computed to represent about as much more unscoured wool, making our total consumption of wool (unscoured) about six hundred million pounds. The effect of the tax on foreign wool in pre-

venting the United States, whose people are the largest consumers of woolen fabrics in the world, from being free buyers, has doubtless depressed the price of wool in foreign markets without materially raising the price of domestic wool at home, but rather reducing it. The reason is that the manufacture of woolen goods cannot thrive unless the manufacturer has free access to every variety of wool. Hence it happens that, while the farmer has gained no benefit, the home manufacturer has been placed at a disadvantage in the relative cost of materials as compared with his foreign competitors. The effect of this disparity in price — first in the cost of machinery, and secondly in the cost of wool, chemicals, and dye-stuffs — has been to protect the foreign manufacturers of woolen and worsted fabrics, and to embarrass our own. The compensating duties or taxes on these fabrics which have been well adjusted at one period have ceased to be compensating when the prices of materials have changed. Even in Ohio the production of wool in 1888 was only 20,556,357 pounds, worth about $6,000,000, while the production of eggs was 42,355,099 dozen, worth more than the wool. While the Ohio wool product is only five pounds per head, the consumption of wool is ten pounds per head on the average, and in a State as cold as Ohio it must be at least twelve pounds.

The same reasoning will apply to many other articles. For instance, no country in the world possesses such advantages for the production of condensed milk as this country, for which there is a huge and constantly increasing demand. If the taxes were taken from sugar and tin plates, the home market for condensed milk would be increased in a measure which no one can well estimate, because we could then supply all other countries at the lowest possible cost; or, in other words, we could exchange condensed milk in constantly increasing measure for sugar and tin plates free of tax.

Our advantages, both in our natural conditions and in our freedom from the heavy burden of taxes, — which, proportionately to product, are very much higher than our own in every other civilized country, — coupled with our exemption from the withdrawal of a great part of our laboring force at the most productive period of life for service in a standing army, enables us to develop the product of our agriculture, of our forests, of our mines, and of our workshops at a lower relative cost of labor, and yet at a higher relative rate of wages, — measured either in money or in what money will buy, — than can be attained in any other country. All that we need to enable us to take advantage of our position is that suitable discrimination shall be used in imposing taxes and in placing them where the burden upon industry will be least; in this way we may protect and develop home industry to the utmost, since the home market, or market price of our great agricultural staples, is fixed by what the supply will bring for export.

The entire sum of our taxation, national, State, and municipal, now comes to between five and six per cent. of the estimated product of the country. It follows that five or six per cent. of the *work* of the community must be devoted to the support of the Government; and it further follows that this necessary revenue, so far as it is derived from a system of indirect taxation upon consumption, should be levied upon subjects of taxation which are of voluntary and not of necessary use, bearing always in mind that whisky, beer, wine, and tobacco now yield a national revenue of $150,000,000, at the least cost for collection of any tax now imposed.

It would be beyond the purpose of this article to submit a scheme of taxation corresponding to these views; suffice it that every tax which is now imposed on the import of necessary articles of food excluding sugar, such as fish and potatoes, and every tax which is imposed on the import of crude or partly manufactured materials which are necessary in the processes of domestic industry, yield in the aggregate less than fifty million dollars a year, or less than one-half the present surplus revenue of the United States, which we need to dispense with.

If the system of national taxation were adjusted to the conditions presented in this article, about sixty per cent. in point of number of the articles taxed under the present tariff would be put in the free list; this would reduce the customs revenue only about fifteen per cent. if it reduced it at all; the whole administration of the law could then be rendered very simple. The first effect of a suitable reform of the tariff may be an increase in the customs revenue.

If a selection of the subject of taxation is, however, to be made with a view to protecting or promoting some specific branch of industry, like the production of pig iron or wool, without paying any regard to the uses to which such materials are to be put; or if the only objection to such a tax is that it will embarrass those who convert these crude materials into finished fabrics without regard to any other class than the manufacturers, so called — then of course the demand of the miner, of the farmer, of the lumberman, and of all who are engaged in the production of these crude materials, is entitled to the same consideration as the like demand of the manufacturer who converts these products, which are commonly called "raw materials," into manufactured goods. It mat-

ters not whether the producers of crude materials are more or less numerous than the operatives in the factories; all are alike entitled to consideration in that aspect of the case.

If this view is taken, and if it is held to be either lawful or expedient to impose a tax upon the greater part of the community in order to develop, support, or sustain selected or special branches of industry which are held to be of such national importance as to warrant this action, then the question ceases to be one of mere taxation; it is then brought within the domain either of political expediency or of constitutional law. The Supreme Court of the United States has already established the principle of the law governing this matter so far as private interests are concerned.

In the case of Loan Association *vs.* Topeka, 20th Wallace, pp. 655–668, Justice Miller rendered the opinion of the Court from which the following extract is taken:

"To lay with one hand the power of the Government on the property of the citizen, and with the other bestow it on favored individuals to aid private enterprises and build up private fortunes, is none the less robbery because it is done under the forms of law and is called taxation. This is not legislation; it is a decree under legislative forms. . . . Beyond a cavil there can be no lawful tax which is not laid for a public purpose."

If, on the other hand, it is held that the subjects of taxation are to be considered with a view to protecting all alike, and to promoting all branches of industry to the utmost, while at the same time relieving the manufacturing and mechanic arts from every possible burden, the solution becomes a comparatively simple matter. It is in this view that the writer has endeavored to treat the subject of comparative taxation, avoiding all contention on the questions which are at issue between the advocates of protection and of free trade.

The adjustment of prices in this and other countries so as to equalize them on crude materials,— that is, on iron, steel, wool, chemicals, and the like,— making due allowance for the cost of transportation, could not fail to give the people of this country the complete control of the home market for all staple fabrics which are in common use. The duties on foreign imports, at whatever rates they might be established, would then fall on silks, furs, fancy goods, embroideries, laces, the higher and more expensive grades of carpets, the finer fabrics of cotton, wool, and worsted. These finer grades of goods even now constitute about seventy-five per cent. of the imports of these classes of fabrics. Such fine fabrics depend more upon their style and upon the changing fashion and fancy of each season for their consumption than they do upon their utility; they are therefore, like whisky, beer, and tobacco, articles of voluntary rather than of necessary use, and may therefore be suitable subjects of taxation. Even the medium grades of common woolen fabrics worn by men, and of worsted dress goods worn by women, depend for consumption more upon their style than upon their quality.

There is a way in which men and women can clothe themselves at very low cost and save their taxes on fabrics: they have only to buy the stock left over of last season's fashions. But this they will not do; therefore, they voluntarily tax themselves on the new fashions. At an evening party the writer lately met a young lady whose dress attracted him for its simplicity and good taste; and when he took the liberty of praising it he was informed that the material cost fifty-six cents for the dress pattern, and that the lady made it up for herself.

If it were possible for the contestants in this matter of taxation to meet together, to lay aside prejudice and mutual distrust, and to agree as far as they might, in the first instance, upon the subjects which ought to be exempted from taxation, a long list would be removed from the present schedules of the tariff law. If it should then be admitted that the materials which are necessary in the processes of domestic industry should be free from taxation, not simply for the benefit of those who make use of them directly in the process of manufacturing, but mainly for the benefit of those who ultimately consume the finished fabrics, it would not be difficult to adjust the taxes or duties in a uniform and consistent manner upon subjects of voluntary use such as have been named. If all this work were accomplished, subject to the simple rule that all the taxes which the people pay the Government should receive, the whole tariff question would be taken out of politics, and would be settled, as a business question should be, on purely commercial principles.

It is now apparent that the question of taxation will become the leading issue in the next presidential election. It is admitted by both political parties that the whole system of national taxation must be reformed, and that some taxes which now yield the surplus revenue must be repealed. There is danger that the lines may be drawn upon sectional grounds, and also that in the conflict between the advocates of special legislation in the assumed interest of the producers of iron, steel, wool, and other crude materials and the manufacturers who convert these materials into fabrics, the great mass of consumers may be overlooked. In such a contest the interest of the great body of manufacturers and mechanics

whose products could not be imported under any circumstances may also suffer. It therefore becomes essential that the choice of subjects of taxation, whether of domestic or of foreign origin, shall be made with reference to the use to which the materials are to be put. In this way domestic industry will be most fully protected and the home market will be retained; while the foreign market, which is essential to the sale of a controlling part of the products of agriculture on which the price of the whole depends, may be broadened and extended.

One great obstacle to intelligent tariff legislation consists in the fear of those who are engaged in manufacturing that the duties on the materials which they use may be increased, and the duties on the finished products which they make may be diminished. This has occurred more than once, and has been often threatened. Under such conditions nothing else could be expected than the gradual perversion of the tariff laws from their original form, until they become incapable of administration except through such changes in the construction given to the statute by the Secretary of the Treasury as may or may not be consistent with the final rulings of the courts. Witness our present condition: imports relatively increasing owing to the disadvantage in which the present tariff by its inconsistencies has placed both the producers of the crude and of the manufactured articles.

The advantages which have been claimed for this country, and which have been established in respect to the larger part of our crops and to a very large part of our manufactured goods already made at the highest rates of wages earned anywhere, but yet produced at the lowest cost, may become so great under a rational system of duties as to create a demand for more domestic wool, more domestic iron, and more of other crude materials, under more favorable conditions for their domestic production than have ever existed before. The immense development of this and of other countries by the extension of the railway and the steamship may before long create such a demand for the fabrics which are made by the machine-using nations of the earth as has never yet been witnessed. One needs only to consider the present (November, 1889) conditions of the demand for iron in witness of this forecast.

Until within two or three years the activity or depression of the iron furnaces both of this country and of Great Britain has depended in considerable measure upon the demand for railway bars in this country only. In the present year, notwithstanding a reduction in the demand for railway bars for construction by nearly two-thirds as compared with the year 1887, the demand for iron and steel, both in this country and in Europe, is increasing, and if it were not for the new sources of supply which have been opened in this country in the same period, it might have been difficult for the furnaces previously in existence to meet this rapidly increasing demand.

It must be remembered that out of a computed population of 1,400,000,000 only the people of the United States and Canada, of Great Britain, France, Germany, and Belgium, numbering little more than 200,000,000, can be considered as to any extent machine using or manufacturing nations. Moderate progress has been made in the application of machinery in some other parts of Europe, but the greater part of the population of the globe is still clad in fabrics woven by hand, and is without any considerable service from modern appliances, tools, and machinery, except by way of exchange.

It does not yet appear what may be the effect on these nations of the opening of the ways of commerce by the railway and the steamship; but, as the writer has elsewhere and often attempted to demonstrate, it must result in a constantly increasing demand for iron and silver — iron for use in the arts, and silver for use as the money of common circulation. If the people of the United States wish to be prepared to take their share in the beneficent service of commerce with other manufacturing nations, all taxes on crude or partly manufactured materials which keep prices in this country relatively higher than in other countries must of necessity be removed.

It is therefore held that the control of the home market, the protection of the workman, and the promotion of domestic industry alike depend upon a wise discrimination in the choice of subjects of taxation, whether of domestic or of foreign origin. A policy of exemption from taxation on such crude or partly manufactured materials may therefore be supported alike by all the advocates of protection and of free trade, as well as by all who sustain the principle that the power of public taxation must not be perverted to purposes of private gain, and that the only discrimination which it is lawful to apply in framing revenue measures is to frame them so as to give equal opportunity to all branches of industry, and to free all workmen from every burden or obstruction which the necessity for a revenue from duties upon imports does not require. The protective tariffs of France and Germany are excellent examples of the application of the suggestions which are submitted in this article.

Edward Atkinson.

IMMORTAL.

AM I sad that day is gone?
Slipped forever from my eyes —
Stolen out of these warm skies,
Where I saw its crimson dawn?
I loved not day when day was young,
Nor the rose that drank the dew,
Nor the bird that o'er it sung;
What he sung, I never knew.

But this day, of all the days
Woven out of sun and rain,
I can never hold again
Prisoned airily in space.
And the rose's drenchéd petals strew
That green thicket where it grew,
And the bird that to the rose
Sat singing what no prophet knows
Two hours in the grass hath lain,
Blind to sunshine, deaf to rain.
They are dead, and should *I* care
For the rose lost to the dew,
For the bird lost to the air,
For the light lost to the sky —
I, that never am to die?
I that never shall lie dead
With dead roses round my head
Under any darkened sky?

Mine are all the days to be,
Mornings of eternity,
One by one, dew-crowned, complete,
Laid at my immortal feet.
Never any day may bring
The last sunshine to my eyes,
Sealed against the next sunrise;
No victorious rose shall spring
Past me into upper air,
Dripping red leaves on my hair,
On my lips forever mute
Where I 'm lying at the root.
Never any bird shall sing,
Circling up from such low place,
With a silent sweep of wing
All across my silent face.

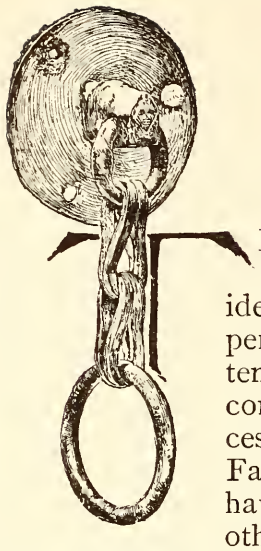
I, that never am to die,
All the days that are begun
I must see them fade on high
Like this day of burnt-out sun.
Never any rose may bloom
But I must see it in its tomb!
Never any song ascend
That I shall not hear the end.
I, that never am to die,
All things in death before me lie!
All time and space are mine, save these,
The secrets of the things that cease.

Helen Thayer Hutcheson.

AT THE PLAY.

OFT at the play in trance I seem to stand
Until the last shrill bell of warning rings.
Long ere the upward-rolling curtain flings
Its glory outward a fantastic band —
Wealth, Love and Hatred, Glory and Command —
Troop to their places, as the moment brings
The prompter, Passion, forth to yonder wings,
Where the scene-shifter, Time, is close at hand.
And well I know that presently will One
Let the vast curtain of Oblivion fall.
Then shall we walk abroad, the pageant done,
And to each other in amazement call,
"How could we think that stage-glow was the sun,
Or ever fancy this were life at all!"

Andrew B. Saxton.



IRISH KINGS AND BREHONS.

THE difficulty most of us find in obtaining a just idea of a people at a given period springs, to a large extent, from ignorance of the conditions of our own ancestors at the same time. False ideas of the English past have encouraged contempt of other nations. Ireland has suffered from this more than other countries. The smile Englishmen and Americans of liberal education give when they hear persons boast descent from an Irish king may be set down to ignorance of the state of things in Britain at the same period. Even after feudality was made a system in Great Britain and Ireland the power of the kings of Norman stock was by no means what is often supposed. Before that period the difference between a king in Britain and a king in Ireland was small: neither could hold even a nominal lordship over the greater part of the land without constant warfare; both needed to be equally politic, vigorous, sanguinary; neither had anything but the rawest means at hand to keep the smaller kings and princes from plundering the subjects of their nominal overlord. During certain periods the average of civilization was higher in the smaller isle. Yet the Englishman who regards with reverence the representative of a peerage created a few centuries back, and justifies his reverence on the score of antiquity of family, has only indifference for the descendant of an ancient Irish stock whose ancestors were provincial kings or were temporarily overlords of Ireland a thousand years ago. In Britain the great majority of families of similar ancestry have been lost in the people, owing to the profound alterations in society made by the Normans, and also to the standard of material well-being, fixed in part by the money-loving instinct of the Normans, in part by the Saxon addiction to trade. That fine old contempt for wealth as wealth which sounds so superior but has such uncomfortable results, that romantic love of adventure, that scorn of persons in trade, linger in Ireland as nowhere else, and present one more paradox in a community full of contradictions in other ways. Indeed, we must look to the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland for an element which leavens the materialism of the British Empire with ideas of chivalry, of love, of sacrifice for one's country. The average Englishman is amazed when he sees Irishmen devoting their lives to a struggle that seems not only hopeless but without profit of any kind, and is too ready to suggest that the men who have adopted such a line of life are unable to succeed in any respectable pursuit; in other words, to charge them with just that hypocrisy which the French, for example, never weary of ridiculing in the men of Albion.

An Irish king, whether the sovereign of the whole island, like Brian of the Tribute, or despot of one of the four great sections, Ulster, Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, had little but glory to render his life better than that of his subjects. He could not hand down his scepter to his son if his brother was alive and had no mental or physical defect. In times of peace he was not an object of much interest, and found it hard to collect the tribute in cows, greyhounds, hawks, mantles, male and female slaves, ships, and so forth, which were his, according to the versified laws retained in the capacious memories of bards and sennachies. Hence war was not only his business but his source of profit. Christianity sat lightly on him. Should his wife have powerful relatives, he was in the position of the Turk whose religion allows of variety in women, but whose first wife is often powerful enough to make him swear, like a French gallant of the last century, *Une me suffit.* But if ambition caused him to marry the sister or the daughter of a powerful kinglet and she was masterful, he could not indulge his passions without danger. On the other hand, he could repudiate his wife with little difficulty and marry another if his wife lacked family support, just as the Turk can, especially if she proved to be childless. The queen, if badly treated, might fly to the territory of another prince, put herself under his protection, and demand asylum and guard, according to the old laws of chivalry which we find living in ancient Ireland, but merely a literary survival in Great Britain and France during the later Age of Chivalry so called. It was such a case that made an opening in Leinster for the Welsh-Norman adventurers who thereupon flung wide the gates of Ireland to Henry the Second.

Derforgilla, a princess of part of Leinster, whose husband, Diarmuid mac Murragh, abused her, took refuge with another prince who held sway in a territory named from the

O'Brefnys. This act has made Derforgilla an outcast in history, but we have never heard her side of the story. She was forty years old, her husband sixty. In the war that ensued to protect her Diarmuid was vanquished, and fled to Britain after traditional wont, whence he returned in secret after having made his plot with Henry II. and the adventurers of Wales. The ruler of O'Brefny had every precedent to compel him to be the champion of that princess. Did not each bard and story-teller have by heart the tale of Grainné, whom we have learned to know? but they did not know, as a sun-goddess of the aboriginal Turanian underfolk, Grainné was, or was to be, the wife of Fion mac Cumhal, the semi-divine folk-hero. But she forced Diarmait the Beautiful, him of the beauty-spot that made women who saw it mad, to elope with her from the Fenian court. In the twelfth century the kinglet of O'Brefny would have been despised, perhaps dethroned, had he refused to be Derforgilla's champion when the latter reached his bounds. Doubtless she cited to him the famous case of Grainné. Doubtless she laid *geasa* or obligation of a Fenian knight on that petty ruler, just as, in the delightful old legends of Ireland, Grainné laid *geasa* on Diarmait the Beautiful.

The mythical Diarmait was of course originally a deity also. His name is by all probability the same in meaning as that of the old jovial god Dagdé mentioned in "Pagan Ireland"[1] as a being with burlesque traits like Woden among the Scandinavians and Vulcan among the Latins. Dagdé means the Good God. Diarmait, notwithstanding an intrusive *r*, probably means the God Good. We have in our own tongue a case of intrusive *r* upon the word Dia, goddess, namely in the exclamation "Dear me!" descended from *Dia mia*. But the period of the kings and brehons of Ireland which is now in order belongs to an earlier stage than the twelfth century, when poor Derforgilla had to fly from her liege lord. Though kings and brehons existed till the time of Elizabeth, they are naturally found in the best condition for examination many centuries before the Norman-Welsh effected those changes in Ireland which were made far more thoroughly in Britain by the Normans under William the Conqueror.

Though from the earliest times we hear of the king of such and such a province, the arch-king of all Ireland, the kings of Orkney and Man, even kings of Dublin, Waterford, and other walled cities of Scandinavian origin, we must not understand any such position for these rulers as, for instance, belonged lately to the kings and reigning princes of Germany. It was not a holding of the land according to the divine right of kings. Neither was it quite the medieval holding of a king on a system by which geographical limits were fixed, within which limits princes paid homage to the king, barons to princes, lesser nobles to barons; so that when war was declared every part of the territory contributed its quota of soldiers to the banner of the overlord. It was a far looser organism. Hence the intrusion of freebooters or the advance into Ireland of a regular army was comparatively easy; for one province hardly knew or cared what was happening to another. It needed fearful calamities and an enemy who was plainly resolved to ruin the whole island to cause enough adherence among the kinglets to make them forego their old petty enmities and band together to resist a common foe. So it was in Britain when Cæsar and the later Roman conquerors entered; when the Saxons followed; when the men from the Baltic under the common term of Danes broke up the Saxon kingdoms piecemeal.

This looseness of organization accounts for the ease with which an enemy got a foothold. The Norman-Welsh brought in by Diarmuid mac Murragh gave little uneasiness to the generality of Irish; even the advent of Henry II. and the campaigns of John and Richard assumed no such importance as Irishmen of to-day assign them. Though so loose, the organization had wonderful elasticity, because it did not rest on walled towns, nor even greatly on agriculture. Such towns as the Norman-Welsh found became the bases of their power. Waterford's best relic is the tower shown in the sketch, which preserves the name of a Scandinavian prince who trusted to his walls and perished. Cattle could be driven out of the line of march of a regular army; wood and wattle houses could be destroyed with little loss to the owners; a population had only to retire till the foe was gone and then return. This semi-nomadic side to Irish life under the Reguli, as the English writers called the petty kings, accounts largely for the fact that practically the Irish were never conquered at all. Even the ruthless acts of Cromwell, that Englishman with a Keltic name whom the Anglo-Saxonists of the present day would have us believe a typical Saxon — even the wholesale deportation of the Irish and Anglo-Irish by Cromwell's command failed, because the people were really used to such things on a smaller scale and knew how to meet them. The more Keltic and inveterately anti-English a family was who suffered in that way, the surer that very family returned and in time gained possession of the territory confiscated for the benefit of the intruders.

The only articles so far discovered in Ireland which can be called insignia of royal power

[1] See THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for January, 1889.

are hats of gold, very thin and light, similar to the figure on page 304. They bear a striking resemblance to the hats of Tatars and Chinese as we get them in accounts of travelers during the later Middle Ages. Bronze shields, however, are not unknown, and even the wooden core over which the bronze skin was hammered may be seen in the woodcut. In this case the covering has disappeared, while in that of the bronze, of which front and back are figured, the wooden support has crumbled away. Such a bronze shield was discovered in Britain in March of the present year. One is an oval shield, the other that round target which was known down to the Elizabethan period in England and until the last century in the Scottish Highlands. The game of chess was peculiarly an enjoyment for chiefs, if we are to judge from constant allusions in literature and the presence of chessboards as ordinary articles of tribute. A chessman found in the county of Meath may be noted on page 302 for the antique appearance of its simple decoration.

The absence and explicit disdain of walled towns and immovable property shown by the houses and main riches of the native septs had its parallel in their war-clothes. The Irish regiments that fought in Scotland, England, and France were early noted for their headlong valor, but also for being cut to pieces owing to the absence of defensive armor. It is true that the gallowglasses had suits of mail and strong helmets, but in the Irish tongue *galloglas* means the foreigner from over sea. They were mercenaries in Ireland who wore non-Irish battle-clothes. The kernes, or "battlemen," were the true Irish soldiers, and they wore at most a light helmet; often they fought nearly naked. Hence the Anglo-Irish in suits of Norman mail had little difficulty in cutting through their ranks and putting them to flight if the country was open.

Thus Gilla-Brighde mac Conmidhe, the bard and foster-brother of Brian O'Neill, a native king of Tyrone, who was killed in battle A. D. 1260, and whose seal has been found in England, says in the lament:

> The foreigners from London,
> The hosts from Port Lairge
> Came in a bright green body thither,
> In gold and iron armor.
>
> Unequal they engaged in the battle,
> The foreigners and the Gaedhil of Tara;
> Fine linen shirts on the race of Conn
> And the foreigners one mass of iron.

But woe to the detachment caught in woodlands or bad ground, in bog or hill country. Then the extraordinary vigor and daring of the Irish foot-soldier made him more terrible than an Indian. He would sometimes watch his opportunity, vault on the enemy's horse, pinion his foe's arms, and bring him in a prisoner for enslavement or ransom, as the case might be. The Irish in all ages have shown an extraordinary contempt for an enemy who trusts to armor, though constantly that enemy has put them to defeat through better appliances of war. It is this romantic element in the Irish, this delight in taking big odds, which forms one of their most meritorious sides; but it is attractive on much higher grounds, for it is an essential to the spirit of chivalry.

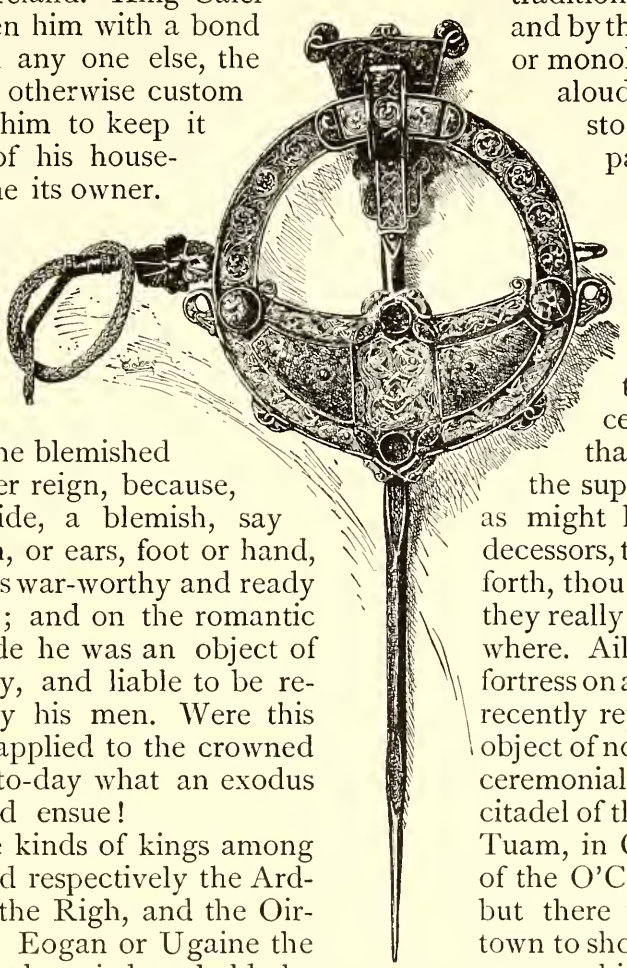
Another hindrance to peace was the difficulty that kings experienced in keeping possession of any objects of value. Their courtiers and retainers were like a lot of children, who had to be kept in good humor by presents. Custom erected into a grievous tax what ought to have been rewards for merit. Various singular ideas conspired to this end. One was a chivalrous idea that the leader should share the luxuries as well as necessities with the defenders of his life and honor. Another sprang from the fear of the supernatural, ever present to the barbaric mind and far from lacking among educated persons to-day in all parts of the world. Refusal of a demand for an object, such as a favorite brooch or the rings that served for coins, was not only dishonorable to a king, but might entail a curse under which the king would die, provided he who asked was a poet or a magician.

In the early days there was a king Caier, who got his name from the *cae* or stone fort rare in those times. His wife fell in love with his nephew, and, tempting him with the sovereignty of Connaught, devised this plan. Neidhé, the young prince, was a poet, and could pronounce an imprecation which would raise a blemish on the face of the man he satirized. His uncle Caier had a dagger given him under an oath never to part with it. Neidhé yielded to the wicked wife, demanded of his uncle the dagger, on the plea that kings cannot refuse such requests, and being refused uttered his imprecation — perhaps after going through just such a ceremony as is described in "Fairies and Druids of Ireland."[1] The next morning King Caier went to the spring to make his toilet, after the primitive fashion of that age, and discovered three ugly swellings on his face, one white, one green, one red. As these were enough to make him no longer fitted for the kingship, he fled, and his nephew took wife and throne. The nephew's conscience however drove him to seek out his uncle in his retreat, when Caier died of shame, and

[1] See THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for February, 1889

the weak Neidhé was killed by a piece of a rock which suddenly split and pierced his brain.

In this ancient tragedy we get some idea of the difficulties of kingship. Personal services to the king could not be paid by lands, or titles, or drafts on the treasury. As Professor de Jubainville has shown, there was no coinage then in Ireland. King Caier has the dagger given him with a bond not to bestow it on any one else, the giver knowing that otherwise custom would not permit him to keep it should a member of his household long to become its owner. The curse uttered by a magician had its effect through the terror inspired by a rite in which both performer and victim completely believed. The blemished king could no longer reign, because, on the practical side, a blemish, say of the eyes, mouth, or ears, foot or hand, might make him less war-worthy and ready to defend his clans; and on the romantic and superstitious side he was an object of aversion as unlucky, and liable to be refused obedience by his men. Were this fine old rule to be applied to the crowned heads of Europe to-day what an exodus from thrones would ensue!



TARA BROOCH OF GOLD AND WHITE BRONZE. BACK VIEW.

There were three kinds of kings among the old Irish, named respectively the Ard-righ or high-king, the Righ, and the Oir-righ or petty king. Eogan or Ugaine the Great, a primeval who tried to hold the entire island, not only during his own life, but for his descendants, was an Ard-righ. He "exacted oaths by the sun and the moon, the sea, the dew and colors" (probably the points of the compass, which were defined as four and afterwards as eight colors), "and by all the elements visible and invisible, and by every element which is in heaven and on earth." He is a king whose descendants bear names of Turanian origin. In the second century of our era a king whose pedigree ran back to Eogan did the same, and further stipulated that, even if in the future these oaths should be violated, his descendants and those of the mythical Ugaine should continue to hold the Hill of Tara with its ancient royal graves, and also the land called Meath, nearly central in Ireland.

Meath held an anomalous position as regards the four provinces, somewhat like the District of Columbia towards the States of our Union. But it was not a no-man's land, like the District; it claimed to be the fifth of Ireland. Hence Munster is called in Irish Cuigé Mumhan, the "Mumhan Fifth," and the other provinces in the same way, though sometimes Meath was omitted and East and West Munster were separated to make each a fifth. The wisdom of Eogan in holding for his family the great meeting-place of Ireland consecrated by traditions, by the tombs of the kings, and by the "shrieking stone," that rock or monolith which was thought to cry aloud when the true monarch stood upon it, is of course apparent. A clan that by antique oaths held Meath with Tara was likely in the long run to furnish to Ireland most of her archkings. But in course of time the pagan ceremonies which were traditional about that hill so incensed the Christian priesthood that they cursed Tara, acting on the superstitions of the Irish exactly as might have done their pagan predecessors, the Druids or bards. Thenceforth, though kings were called of Tara, they really made their headquarters elsewhere. Aileach, near Derry, an ancient fortress on a high hill, which has been very recently repaired, and has become the object of no little public interest, was the ceremonial palace and perhaps the citadel of the Nials of northern Ireland. Tuam, in Galway, was the seat of one of the O'Connors, kings of Connaught; but there is nothing in that little old town to show former antiquity except its name, which appears to refer to such tumuli as used to be raised for the graves of mighty men in the ancient days. According to the "Banquet of Dun na Gedh," a comparatively late historical romance, Domnall mac Aedh, being shy of Tara owing to the curse of the priests, fixed his residence at a fortress of Dun na Gedh, on the river Boyne. The story describes as follows the principal buildings within the walls of the Dun, the author, to all appearance, having striven to recall the buildings on Tara as well as he was able from tradition and from the ruins which remained there well within historical times:

"And he drew seven very great ramparts around this fort after the model of regal Tara, and he also laid out the houses of that fort after the model of the houses of Tara, namely, the Midhchuairt (banquet-hall), in which the king himself, and the queens and the ollaves (chief poets) and those who were most distinguished in each profession, sit; also the Long Mumhan (house for the men of Munster), the

Long Laighen (house for the men of Leinster), the Coisir Connacht (feasting-hall of the Connacht men), the Eachrais Uladh (fair-ground

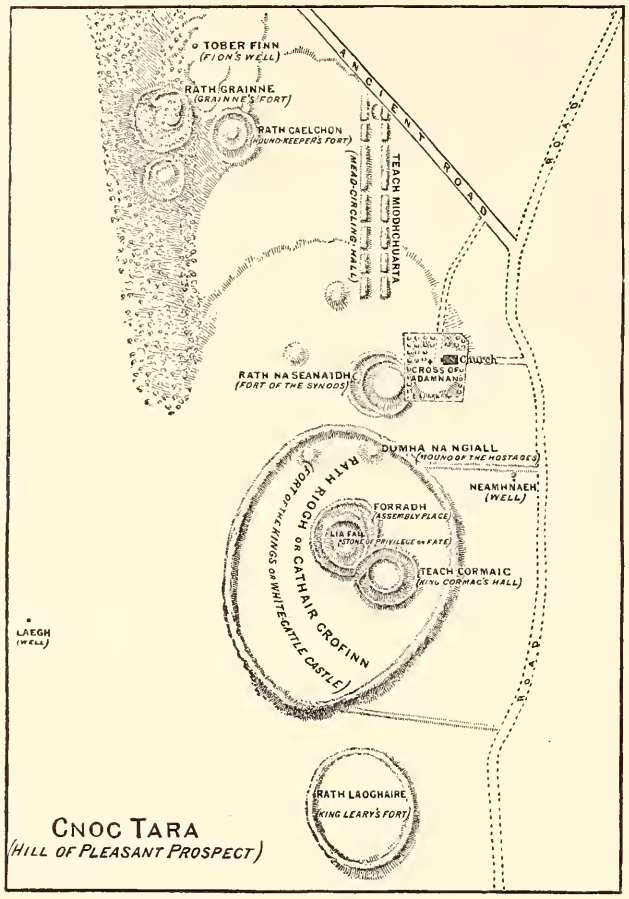


CHART OF AN EARLY SEAT OF GOVERNMENT, ADAPTED FROM PETRIE, WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATION ADDED.

of the Ulster men), the Prison of the Hostages, the Star Chamber of the poets, the sunning-house of the one pillar (which last had been first built at Tara by Cormac mac Airt for his daughter Grainné), and other houses besides."

The chart fixes the probable site on the Tara slope of some of the buildings repeated on the Boyne by this prince. It represents the arrangement of a king's fort in Ireland before the eleventh century. The traits of genuine antiquity are many. Thus the ramparts are not stone; they are the earthen walls we still find in the *rath*, *lios*, and *dun*, the wrongly called Dane's forts scattered everywhere. A separate building for each person was the rule in granges and farmers' settlements; separate buildings for the different groups of the court are found here. Rebellion, or rather refusal of tribute, was kept in check by hostages who were lodged under guard in one building. The bards and historians slept in another; the women were lodged in a *grianan*, or house with windows of stone slabs, thin skins, or glass; and in the case of a powerful monarch provision had to be made for the chiefs and champions of the four provinces when they came to debate affairs of state. Finally there is a great round hall where ceremonies took place and the general banquet was held on state occasions. Very curious is Tara to the student of early methods of government.[1]

The several ramparts were entered by gates so disposed as to embarrass a hostile force. Outside of all, in the very ancient forts of stone on the west coast, and presumably in the earthen forts too, was a watchman's room or box in the wall, cut off entirely from the interior. A guard surprised here would have to perish at his post if he could not save himself by flight. The ramparts were often tunneled longitu-

[1] The division of Ireland into fifths must be very ancient, if the following identification of the names of the provinces handed down in Gaelic is correct. They are Ulster, Leinster, Munster, Connaught, and Meath. For three of these, explanations have been offered by Irish writers of the past. Meath is explained by Latin *medius*, because it holds the middle of the island. Leinster is derived from the spear, *laigen*, used by an army from Gaul. Connaught means "people of the race of Con." Only the last etymology has any possibility of acceptance, and in this case we have an older name preserved in Gaelic, namely, Ollnegmacht.

The termination "ster" in the names of the three most important divisions is explained by Scandinavian *stathr*, "place." But comparatively recent comers like the Scandinavians, who were also, in all probability, on a lower plane of civilization than the Gaels, are not the source for place names common to the Gaelic-speaking population. If we turn to Esthonian and Finnish, however, the roots "Ul," "Lein," and "Mun" find explanations which agree with the natural traits of these sections; moreover, the termination "ster" is seen to spring from a suffix common to the Finno-Ugrian tongues, but not to the Aryan.

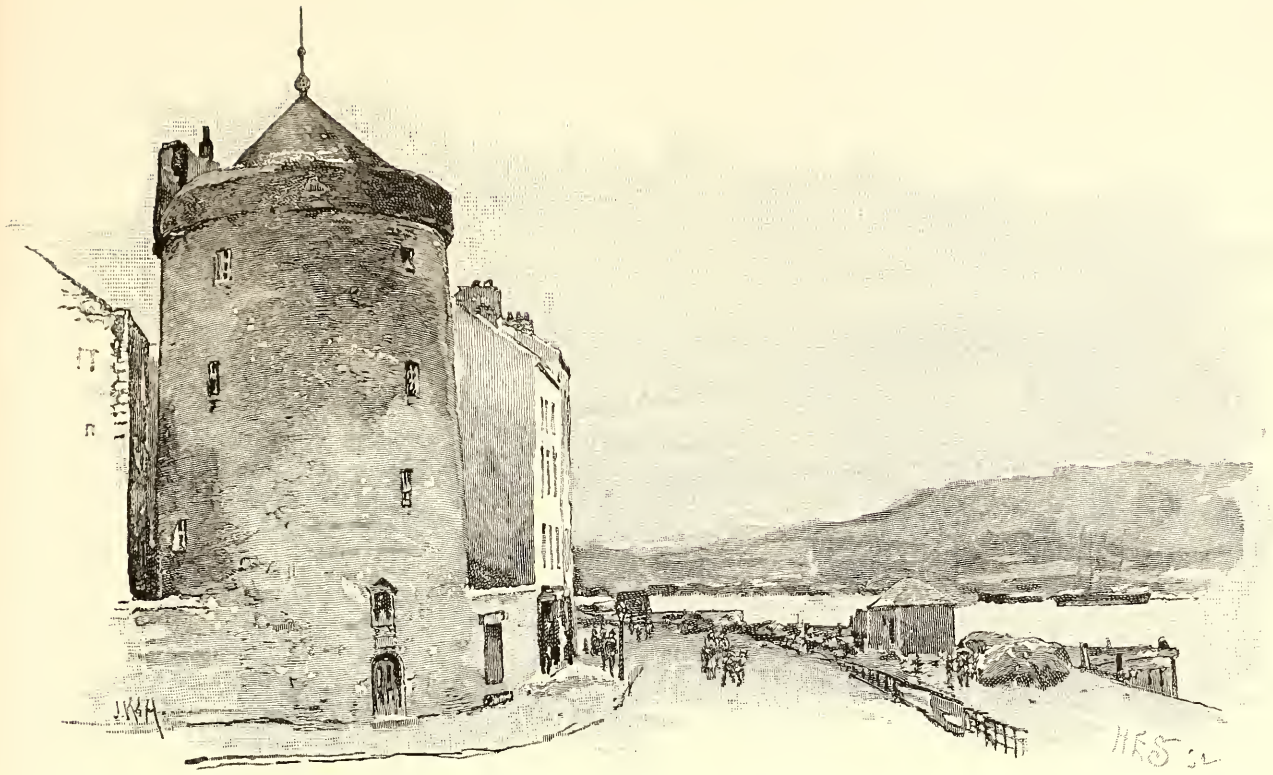
The Irish call Ulster *Uladh*, but the final consonants are silent, and represent a mistake of Gaelic grammarians. The word is Esthonian *üle*, *üli*, Finnish *ylä*; as in *Ylä-Saksa*, "Upper Saxona." It marks the upper, or northern, district. Esthonia and Livonia are called *üle-ma*, "upper or main land."

Leinster in Irish is *Laighen*. This comes from a word found in Esthonian as *lauga*, *lage*; in Finnish as *laakea maa*, "flat, low, gently rolling land."

Munster in Irish is *Mumha*, in which the *mh* is silent and the word is spoken *mooa*. The root is found in Esthonian *muhe*, "soft, rich (ground)," and the parallel from the Baltic is the island Mohn, which in Esthonian is *Muhu-ma*, "rich land"; Finnish, *Muhea muhkea*.

In "ster" we may trace a case-ending peculiar to these tongues, which has been called the elative, and means "from," or "out of." In Finnish the suffix is *sta*, *stä*. Such forms as Ulster, Leinster, and Munster grew up from possible *Ulestä*, *Lagenesta*, and *Muhenestä*, receiving from Scandinavians and English the final *r*, which does not belong to them. The original meanings were (the men) from the upland, from the flat land, from the rich land, agreeing exactly with the several traits of these three districts.

The old name of Connaught was Ollnegmacht, a term the hardiest grammarian of Ireland has avoided. But in Finnish we have *onelma*, "the valleys"; perhaps from *one*, "bad, worthless," or connected with Esthonian *ülenema*, "to be elevated." That of Meath may come from an equivalent of Finnish *maataa*, "to make land," in allusion to the necessity the earliest inhabitants of Ireland were under to subdue the bogs of the central part of the island. Compare Esthonian *muda*, "slime, bog."



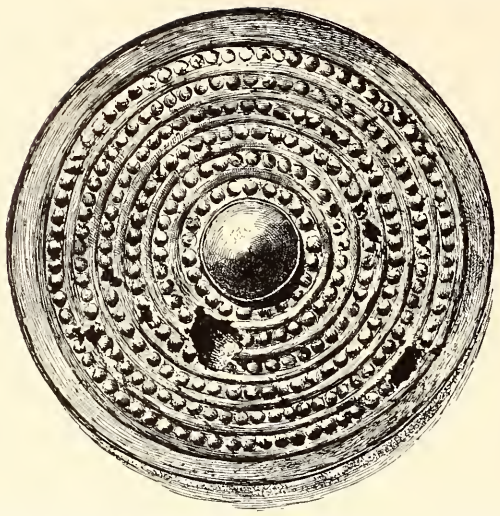
REGINALD'S TOWER, WATERFORD, WHERE THE LAST KING OF WATERFORD WAS SLAIN BY THE WELSH AND NORMANS.

dinally, and nearly always the inner spaces were excavated in shallow subterranean halls and passages lined and ceiled with large rough slabs. Perhaps these were for treasure, or merely for food; the tunnels in the ramparts were apparently a part of the defensive system. Stone forts had narrow steps that led to the top of the wall. The area inside the inmost rampart was dotted irregularly with buildings which to our ideas would be exceedingly small. Buildings were of timber if great luxury was used; of wood and wattle or of basket-work as a general rule. The tendency of the people to have a hut for each grown person was of course curbed in a fort, where space was valuable; but down to late centuries, here and in ecclesiastical settlements, the old trait continued of clustering small edifices together, rather than arranging one large building for occupancy by many persons.

Such a structure as Staigue Fort, which will be shown in the article on architecture, may be considered a very ancient work in the nature of a citadel, the small size of which does not warrant its rejection as a military work. Its later use may have been to inclose flocks, but the stairways carefully arranged in the interior show that it was erected for defense against men. In "The Monasteries of Ireland," published in this magazine for May, 1889, is a cut of the "Fort of the Wolves" as partly restored by Dunoyer; here one sees a very complete citadel of some ancient chieftain on the west coast. Under such circumstances divinity could not hedge a king.

We can see from the action of the historical tales that the people had great freedom of speech, criticizing their superiors and conducting themselves with democratic ease. Yet any attempt to assume a rank to which a man was not born received the promptest rebuke. The very rigidity of popular rules on such matters put men at their ease. It appears, however, that the Irish had a complete system of progress upward from rank to rank, at least among what is now called the gentry and nobility. This depended on wealth: a man with so many cows could lay claim to such an honorific title; as soon as he got together so many more, he rose to the next rank. Perhaps this frank recognition of the golden calf, if that bull be permitted, was manlier than the present system, which pretends superiority to the influence exercised by wealth, yet at heart worships it and on the sly bows down before its possessors.

The old kings and chiefs may be best likened to the chieftains of the Scottish Highlands as described by Sir Walter Scott, after subtracting much that is obviously modern in their weapons, houses, and habits. Undoubtedly this colony from Ireland into the northern parts of Britain retained many traits which disappeared from large portions of Ireland. We can account for the high intellectual and physical average of the people of Scotland by the difficulty of subsistence in a sterile land, by the outdoor life and simple food in a rude existence, but also from the constant mixture of hardy races going on there — the purer Kelt whose blood came from Ireland long before the Norman



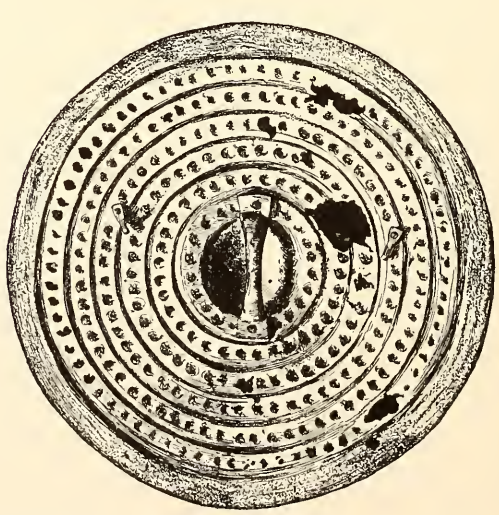
BRONZE TARGET WITHOUT WOODEN CORE. OBVERSE.

invasion constantly intermingling with Norse and Saxon, and all three leavened by the primitive Pict. The clansmen of the Highlands and the old Irish have a host of obvious resemblances besides the practical identity of their tongue, though the most salient feature of the Highlanders, their dress, appears to have descended from the Picts, the nakedness of that painted and perhaps tattooed race remaining last about the knees, which the true Highlander considers it effeminate and base to cover.

War-cries, meant originally to keep the fighting men aware of the place of their own clan in battle, or when scattered in woods and hills, came down to the baronial period, and were used by the Anglo-Norman nobles out of consideration for their Gaelic retainers. The commonest shout was some name of famous place or famous man with the addition *aboo*, a word well fitted for the clamor of a band of fighters, being at once more musical and less wearying to the voice than our "hurrah." The Kildare retainers cried "*Crom aboo!*" in honor of Crom Castle, a citadel in Limerick County, originally a stronghold of the O'Donovans, which one of the intrusive Geraldine families, named after the town of Kildare, occupied while turning Irish. The O'Neills cried out, "*Lawv dareg aboo!*" because the Lawv dareg or Red Hand was the badge of the family and clan. The O'Briens cried, "*Lawv Laider!*" or "*Laudir aboo!*" or "Strong Hand Aboo!" The translator of Geoffrey Keating's "History of Ireland" suggests as the meaning of *aboo* the Irish word *booa*, victory; but analogy would point rather to *boa* (*beotha*) lively, awake, spirited; when *aboo* would be an exclamation like the French *alerte!* and *vive!* A parallel in Irish is the well-known *Erin go bra!* "Erin till judgment day!" where *go bra*, forever, implies the same idea of living which the word *beotha* actually contains, since the latter is the Keltic equivalent of Greek *bios*. "*Yabu!*" is the exclamation of Tatar horsemen when urging their steeds forward. While on this topic it may be interesting to note that this Irish word, or its Welsh equivalent *yu byw*, corrupted to *boo* and *boh*, is found in our colloquial expression, "He does n't dare say boo to a goose"; in other words, he is too cowardly to sound his war-cry in the presence of the most peaceful of creatures.

Certainly very primitive were the habits that lingered in Ireland, in Wales, in northwestern Scotland, down to comparatively recent times. When we use the word calculate — and if we are to believe our Old World cousins we employ that word almost as often as "waal" and "I guess" — we forget calculus and the use that little stones afford primitive minds in doing sums of arithmetic. The Chinese mount their calculi on wires, and in business do most of their computations with a board of beads. Counting with stones is not at all extinct in Ireland. A correspondent of an American paper noted in a remote western village that an old woman who came every week to pray beneath the window of an invalid who had been kind and helpful to her never failed to add a stone to a heap on the window-sill. She wished to be able to remember from the heap how often her prayers had duly gone up for the sick lady. Down to historical times the kings and chiefs of Ireland made use of a very archaic system to arrive at the number of men who went into battle, and that of the survivors. Thus Lughaidh Mal, a prince expelled from Ireland, recruited followers in Alba or North Britain and landed in Ulster at a spot now marked by a cairn called Carnn Mail. It was formed by these intruders, as we learn from the poem published by the Celtic Society in their Miscellany for 1849, J. O'Donovan's translation. Tribute to the returned exile was refused by the Irish septs or "men of Fail" —

Battle or tribute was demanded
By Lughaidh of the men of Fail.



BRONZE TARGET WITHOUT WOODEN CORE. REVERSE.

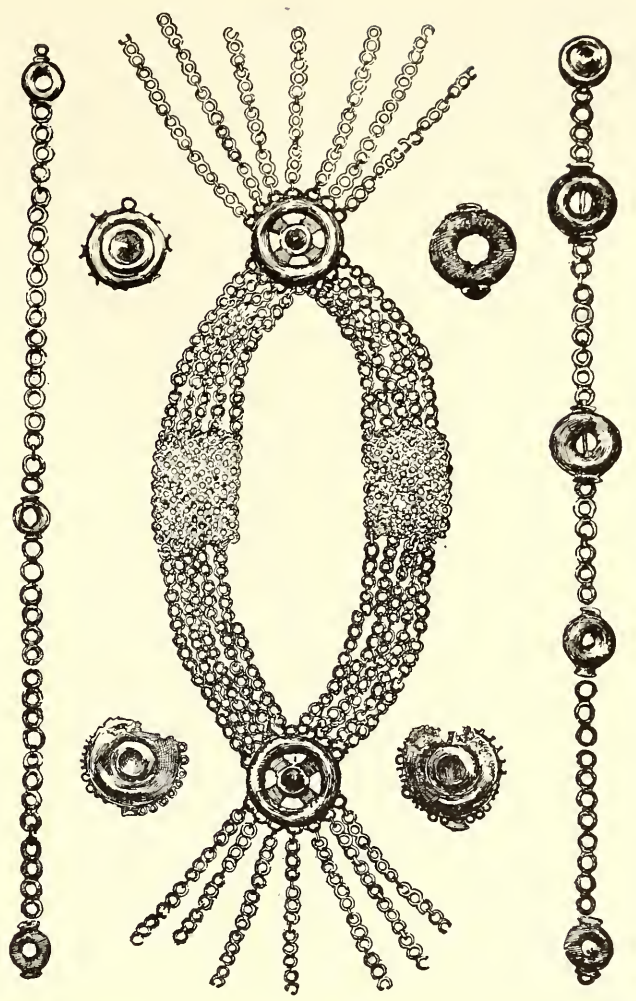
To draw them into battle
Was the object of the future monarch.

After this he came up quickly
To enjoy in battle very fiercely,
Each man brought a stone into the battle,
And thus Carn Lughaidh was made.

And there Lughaidh Mal was
On the even, white-surfaced carn
Until the great battle was gained
Over the beauteous men of Eire.

The conqueror had only to direct the survivors to take up each a stone from the heap thus formed, and the remaining stones gave the tally of the dead and missing. Should he have lost, the cairn would be all ready to receive his body if the victors were generous enough for that. His head would most naturally grace the house of his most powerful opponent, while his brain would be carefully extracted, mixed with lime and clay, and formed into balls that were thought to have terrible powers when propelled from a sling. Such would have been the fate of Lughaidh or a prince equal to him in fame at the remote time to which the poem refers. He is called the conqueror of Brittany in France, Spain, the Orkneys, and Great Britain. This attribution of wide conquests to a prince expelled from Ireland is explainable when we note that his name recalls the old Keltic god Lug who lies concealed in the names of Lyons and Laon in France, Leyden in Holland, and, according to some Keltic students, London on Thames.

The brehons were the professors of law of the Irish according to a system common to Gauls, Britons, and other Keltic nations. The office was often hereditary in families, and was of great importance to the kings, as the brehon (the ver-go-bretus, or man-at-law of Gaul, in Cæsar's "Commentaries") must have acted as a check to the bards and sennachies, who trusted to their memories only. Cae was one of the earliest of the brehons mentioned in Irish history; only a few fragments of the Brathcae, or Cae's Judgments, remain. He was fabled to have been with Moses in Egypt; but, not relishing the prospect of the wandering in the wilderness, he left his friend, proceeded to Thrace, and voyaged thence to Ireland. Other lawgivers of the remotest past have left short records in brehon law. All appear to have used a style which was intentionally obscure, a charge made by Rabelais against the French lawyers of his day, and still occasionally brought against the profession in all countries. The law tracts—a specimen page of one being given in the woodcut—are full of curious relics of the departed civilization of Keltic lands, mixed perhaps with echoes of the Roman law brought in by



FRAGMENTS OF BRONZE CHAIN ARMOR AND RING MAIL.

Christianity, and through the classical studies of the better educated law-men. Many of the manuscripts belonging to these professionals have been published in facsimile and translated at expense of Government, but so poorly as regards a profound knowledge of old and modern Gaelic that Whitley Stokes, Ernst Windisch, and Standish O'Grady ask for a complete revision owing to the number of mistakes. They explain the complicated systems of land tenure from monarch to slave through landlords and tenants; and as custom produced many variations in different districts, the tracts are full of most curious references to household and public life. Thus the first passage of the law tract given in the cut reads in the translation authorized by the Government commission:

If it be the tenant that returns to him out of contempt to him, he (the chief) is entitled to honor-price, with restitution of all that is due him.

If it be to clear off to another chief (*commentary in smaller writing:* if to make a true removal to another chief), and not out of contempt that the tenant separates, it is half honor-price that is due to the chief, with double restitution of the original property and of the services (*commentary:* double the services of the food), but if he (the chief to whom he goes over) be more lawful as to rank, a chief of legitimate family (*commentary: i. e.*, the

son of a chief and the grandson of another), and if he be more lawful as to tribe property, it is only one-third of the honor-price that is due to the chief, to whom the stock is returned with double restitution of his property, together with what was failed in (*commentary: i. e.*, with double of the thing that was failed in, *i. e.*, the food of the year in which they separate).

From this obscure passage one may at least gather that the brehons had to consider a difficulty we find among many nomadic peoples, and those where the clan system prevails, namely, the desertion of a chief by his clansmen or tenants.

CHESSMAN FOUND IN COUNTY MEATH. (PETRIE COLLECTION, ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY, DUBLIN.)

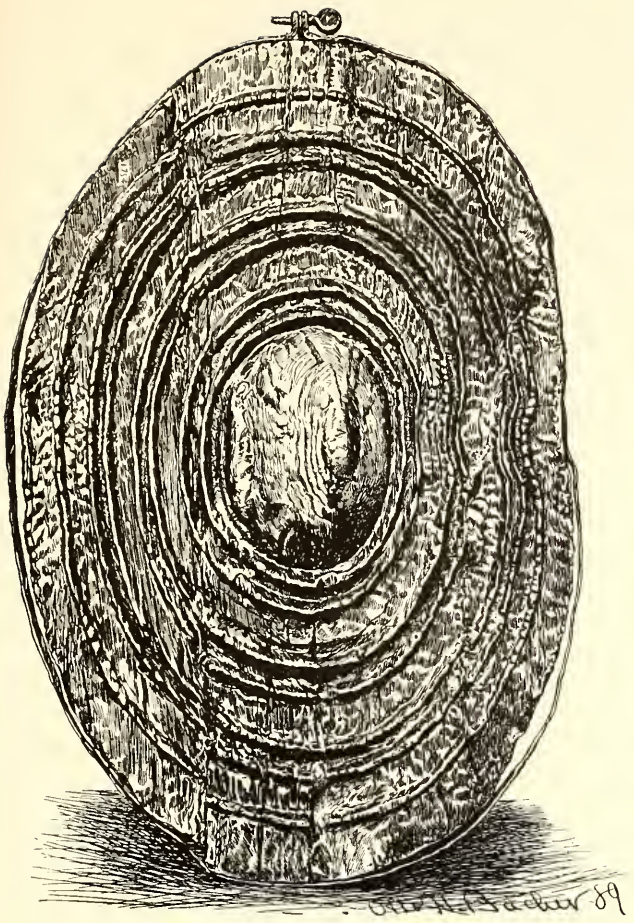
The largest very ancient body of laws is the Shanchus Mór, which the annals say was compiled A. D. 439, and state to have been the joint work of Laeghaire the archking, St. Patrick, and the chief bard of Ireland. If St. Patrick did work at a compilation of laws it is evident that he could bring "little Latin and less Greek" law into the combination. The chances are that his name was added by the brehons in order to give to the origin of their digest the countenance of the clergy. That of the territorial aristocracy was secured in the person of King Leary, and of the poetic profession in the name of the chief bard. Yet the antiquity of the laws, customs, and prejudices in the Shanchus Mór need not be questioned, though we get them in a garbled form. A curious legend of a saint called Longarad the White-legged applies far better to a brehon than to a saint, and was probably adapted by monkish story-writers from the heathen past. When Longarad died all the satchels in which books were kept fell from their pegs in the house of St. Columbkille, whereupon the latter prophesied, like the Druid he really was:

Lone is dead, Lone is dead!
To Cill Garad it is a great misfortune.
To Erinn with its countless tribes
It is a destruction of learning and of schools.

Lone has died, Lone has died!
In Cill Garad great misfortune.
It is a destruction of learning and schools
To the island of Erinn beyond her boundaries.

That brehons existed far down into the present time is certain. They were in full activity in the Elizabethan age, as we see from records of the Government at Dublin. Thus in 1558, when Tege O'Karwell is appointed "capitayne of his natyon" in Eile, Tipperary, he is given the powers of a justice of the peace and made the judge before whom brehons argue cases in Gaelic: "And for all other controversies between party and party in the country, every man to stonde to suche order as shalbe by the Breyhouns taken between them in the presence of Tege or by his assignment." They existed in the next, and traces of them will be found even in the eighteenth century.

In 1607, the poet John Davies, Attorney-General of Ireland for King James I., wrote to Robert, Earl of Salisbury, a letter in which a pathetic view is given of one of the old brehons lingering on neglected, yet respected by the septs that dwelt in McGuire's country. Certain points concerning taxes were referred to O'Bristan, a chronicler and principal brehon of that country, and him the Lord Chancellor and Attorney-General summoned before them. He was very aged and decrepit, and when demand was made on him for a certain ancient roll he was said to possess he denied all existence of it. "The old man, seeming to be much troubled with this demand, made answer



WOODEN SHIELD FOUND IN COUNTY LEITRIM. (NOW IN ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY, DUBLIN.)

that he had such a roll in his keeping before the war, but that in the late rebellion it was burned among other of his papers and books by certain English soldiers." On being promised its return under oath, the patriarch pulled the roll out of his bosom, "where he did continually bear it about him." "We caused it forthwith to be translated into English, and then we perceived how many vessels of butter, and how many measures of meal, and how many porks, and other such gross duties, did arise unto M'Guyre out of his mensall lands." Sir John Davies is said to have carried this roll off to Dublin and to have lost it there, so that the poor old "last of the brehons" never saw his treasure again.

The "Book of Rights," in which the largest number of rules and regulations for the income of kings and chiefs are found, came down in its best shape in the "Book of Ballymote," a compilation made about 1390 by the brehon of a provincial king of Sligo, Roscommon, and Leitrim. Another was found in the handwriting of a Macfirbis, one of a hereditary family of chroniclers in Sligo, who died about A. D. 1400. At some period a Christian exterior has been applied, some changes made in the text itself, and the originator of the compilation made a St. Benean, possibly a St. Benedict. In order to give an idea of this curious record it may be said that the tributes to, restrictions on, and perquisites of, various kings are first given in prose and then repeated in quatrains, often rhymed, but not always. The following stanzas may be taken as examples. The king in question is the archking holding Tara, supposed to be powerful enough to control the island.

On the Calends of August, to the king
Were brought from each respective district
The fruits of Manann, a fine present;
And the heath-fruit of Brigh Leithe;

The venison of Nas; the fish of the Boinn,
The cresses of the kindly Brosnach;
The waters of the well of Tlachtgha too,
And the swift deer of Luibneach.

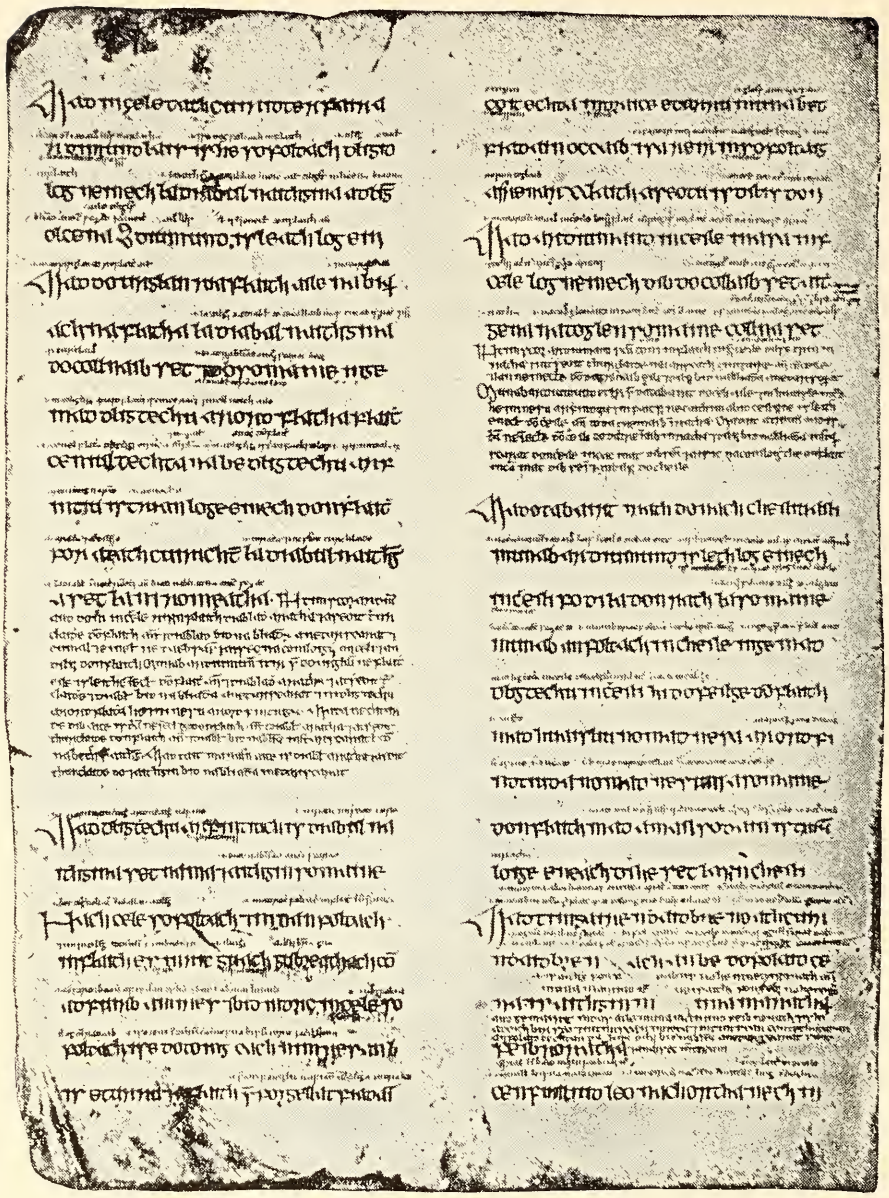
Let his seven restrictions be read — no reproach
To the King of Tara; if he observe them,
It will guard against treachery in battle
And the pollution of his high attributes.

. . . . . .

'T is prohibited to him to go round before going to heaven,
Over north Leinster left-hand-wise;
'T is prohibited to him to sleep with head inclined
Between the Dothair and the Duibhlinn.

The acts of a king were indeed so hedged about by antique superstitions, old privileges of other men and places, that one thinks of various nations of India, of Tatars, Chinese, and American Indians, and the network of superstitious ideas in which they live entangled, or even of the African chief with his rain-makers and magicians. Such ideas were easily twisted to the profit of the king or his chiefs, but they were too real not to have caused the king great discomfort. It is difficult to remember that they were common to our ancestors in every part of Europe within historical times, more or less effaced by the changes of conquest or left alive by the geographical position of tribes beyond the most violent storms of change. Students of the evolution of the family, clan, tribe, and state, students of totemism and barbaric rites, of feudalism and modern

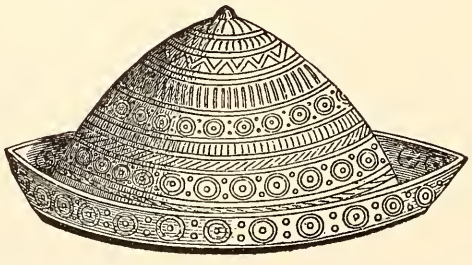
ROYAL SEAL OF BRIAN O'NEILL, THIRTEENTH CENTURY.



PAGE OF A LAW TRACT IN GAELIC.

governments, and those who examine the sources of our laws, will hereafter go to the old Irish records for enlightenment. A few, a very few, Englishmen have seen this, notably the late Matthew Arnold and Sir Henry Sumner Maine; but the greater part of lexicographers, historians, students of philology and ethnology who write in English proceed on their way as if they had neither British, nor Irish, nor Scottish ancestors — as if the chimera of Anglo-Saxonism were not only an actuality, but made it unnecessary to consult in any way the remains of the uncomfortable Kelt.

Charles de Kay.



HAT OR CROWN OF BEATEN GOLD FOUND IN IRELAND.

MEMORANDA ON THE LIFE OF LINCOLN.

A Word from England on Lincoln.

THE inclosed lines on the assassination of President Lincoln, written in 1865, and now extracted from a longer poem, never published, are respectfully submitted to the notice of THE CENTURY.

As the history of this remarkable man, which has been such an engrossing feature of the magazine, is drawing to a close, the verses are offered as a small tribute at the base of his great memorial.

Should the lines be not suitable, kindly accept this note as a compliment to the magazine and to the able authors, Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, who have given to the world such a graphic account of the most momentous events of our time.

Before this work came out we could only partially judge the character of Lincoln by his public acts in the struggle with the South; but now that the curtain is withdrawn, and the chief actors in this mighty drama stand with all their great and little attributes unveiled, we marvel at the greatness, the magnanimity, the moral and mental strength, that enabled him to contend with the fierce factions of the North. The nearest historical parallel — or, rather, historical contrast — with Lincoln in this particular is our own Cromwell. He sank beneath the surging waves of faction into despotism; personally successful, but politically ruinous to the cause he had fought for. But the fiercer and madder the storms of faction surge at the feet of the great President, the firmer he stands, the higher he ascends, in the majestic might of constitutional rectitude. The contest with the Southern rebellion could be relegated to generals and armies, but the struggle with the factions of the North — with treason, sedition, conspiracy, and open rebellion, with their million-tongued rumors and denunciations — could not be so relegated. With this bewildering hydra he had almost singly and personally to contend; for nearly every eminent man of the North, with whom he had of necessity to associate, was afflicted with hobby-madness — each one pulling and tugging to compel *his master* to mount and ride to his direction. This mighty struggle, this tremendous tension of a human mind, was, as before hinted, but dimly comprehended until the fine revelation of the book cleared our vision. The book more than exhibits, it more than sculptures, it revivifies, the great President.

To Lincoln was allotted the noblest mission that Heaven ever allotted to man. It was more than the mere freeing of a feeble race: it was the liberation of the dominant and pioneer race of civilization; it was the fixing of the keystone to the great arch of human progress. Until that stone was fixed there was danger; once fixed, the bold can march over without danger, and the feeble follow without fear, in that grand march whose every step is a blessing to mankind.

LINCOLN, 1865.

WHAT dreadful rumor, hurtling o'er the sea,
Too monstrous for belief, assails our shore?
Men pause and question, Can such foul crime be?
Till lingering doubt may cling to hope no more.[1]
Not when great Cæsar weltered in his gore,
Nor since, in time, or circumstance, or place,
Hath crime so shook the World's great heart before.
O World! O World! of all thy records base,
Time wears no fouler scar on his crime-smitten face.

A king of men, inured to hardy toil,
Rose truly royal up the steeps of life,
Till Europe's monarchs seemed to dwarf the while
Beneath his greatness — great when traitors rife
Pierced deep his country's heart with treason-knife;
But greatest when victorious he stood,
Crowning with mercy freedom's greatest strife.
The world saw the new light of godlike good
Ere the assassin's hand shed his most precious blood.

Lament thy loss, sad sister of the West:
Not one, but many nations with thee weep;
Cherish thy martyr on thy wounded breast,
And lay him with thy Washington to sleep.
Earth holds no fitter sepulcher to keep
His royal heart — one of thy kings to be[2]
Who reign even from the grave; whose scepters sweep
More potent over human destiny
Than all ambition's pride and power and majesty.

Yet, yet rejoice that thou hadst such a son;
The mother of such a man should never sigh;
Could longer life a nobler cause have won?
Could longest age more gloriously die?
Oh! lift thy heart, thy mind, thy soul on high
With deep maternal pride, that from thy womb
Came such a son to scourge hell's foulest lie
Out of life's temple. Watchers by his tomb!
He is not there, but risen: that grave is slavery's doom.

Henry De Garrs.

66 ASHLAND ROAD, SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND, Nov. 17, 1889.

[1] The Atlantic telegraph was not in operation when the account of President Lincoln's assassination first arrived in England. The report was much doubted until subsequently confirmed.

[2] Washington won American independence, Lincoln won American liberty.

President Lincoln in Petersburg.

In all the descriptions which have been written of the memorable week in April, 1865,—just a quarter of a century ago,— which closed the War of the Rebellion, one important incident seems almost entirely to have escaped record — the visit of the great war President to the city of Petersburg on the morning after the evacuation. It is, perhaps, not surprising that this quiet scene should have been crowded out of notice by the tremendous events which immediately followed — the President's entry into Richmond the next day; the race between the two armies; the surrender at Appomattox; and the terrible tragedy at Washington a few days later, which turned the nation's shouts of victory into tears of sincerest sorrow. By far the fullest and best history which has been written of Abraham Lincoln passes it with a single sentence.[1] General Grant in his "Personal Memoirs"[2] mentions his interview with the President at Petersburg that morning, but his reference to the "deserted house" and quiet street apparently refers to an earlier stage of the visit. Certainly the General-in-Chief had very much more to think of that day than the writer, who has the added advantage of remembering some interesting details of the occurrence which the General did not notice or did not know.

It will be remembered that Petersburg and the strong works which made it the key to the rebel capital were evacuated on the night of Sunday, April 2. Less than two miles away, at Meade Station, on "Grant's Military Railroad," was the famous "rustic chapel" of the United States Christian Commission, used that evening as a hospital and filled with soldiers from the battlefields. It was long past midnight before we rested from our varied service of providing refreshment for the wounded, saying words of comfort to dying men, and writing out in our tent their last messages to the friends at home they would never see. Between two and three o'clock we were aroused by the blowing up of the rebel rams on the James, and saw from the hill near by the fierce shells of the Ninth Corps' artillery fiercely flying into the doomed city. At four o'clock we were there again, and heard at our front the exultant shouts of "the boys" and the significant strains of Yankee Doodle. A little later we — "Carleton," the war-correspondent and war-writer, was one of us — were "following the flag" over rebel abatis and through deserted magazines to the evacuated city. Not one Confederate soldier was left, and only one wearing the blue, who seemed to have been separated from his command and to be in a dazed condition, exclaiming, "We 've got into Petersburg, and got the flag up on the meetin'-house!" The flag proved to be on the venerable court-house, which we found filled with Union officers and soldiers. Clambering up a rude ladder of cleats on the wall, I reached the attic and groped through it to the belfry. In it was one lone Michigan soldier, proudly guarding the dear old flag he had hoisted there hours before — a matter of history which he had recorded with his name on the belfry blinds. There I left him, boiling over with enthusiasm; and I should be unable to say that he was not there still had I not, ten years afterwards, climbed up the same steps and found the belfry unguarded and the patriotic inscription gone.

Seeing, soon after, a body of soldiers halted in front of a fine old residence on Market street, we found its spacious piazza occupied by General Grant and staff, together with some of his corps commanders and, I think, Admiral Porter. Directly in front of the house, at the edge of the street, in the midst of the soldiers, sat President Lincoln upon his horse, about to depart. It was a beautiful picture as his tall form bent down to listen to a plain old man who had ventured in among the troops. Just then an officer on the piazza shouted, "Lincoln!" The President lifted his head, when the call was immediately changed, "*Captain* Lincoln," referring, of course, to Captain Robert T. Lincoln,[3] then a young man of twenty-one, now the United States Minister to England. I remember also that an old family slave was standing just inside the yard, and that I said to her, "Aunty, do you know who that old man is on the horse?" She replied negatively. "That is the man who made you free — Abraham Lincoln." Lifting her hands in grateful amazement, she exclaimed, "Lor' bress him! is dat Massa Linkum?"

A little later, as I stood by one of the pillars of the portico, an orderly hurried up with a despatch, which was handed to General Grant. After reading it he took the cigar from his mouth, and with the utmost coolness repeated the contents of the message to the officers around him — to the effect, as I recall it, that our troops were in possession of Richmond. This news apparently confirmed or modified his plan for the pursuit of Lee, for orders were quickly though quietly given, and in five minutes all had left in the direction of the fleeing army.

On Friday, April 7, as recorded in my diary, I called on several gentlemen, lay representatives of the prominent churches of the city, to ask whether it would be agreeable to them to have the delegates of the Christian Commission unite with them in the conduct of religious services on the coming Sabbath. The residence of one of the gentlemen[4] to whom I had been referred I found to be the very house where I had seen Lincoln and Grant on Monday. He was an elderly man of courtly bearing, and received me courteously. After the business matter had been arranged I remarked to him that he had been honored by a call from President Lincoln. "Yes, Mr. Lincoln called," he replied; and he went on to describe the incident. He said that he and Mr. Lincoln had been friends in the old Whig times, and that that was the occasion of the call. His son, a bright, handsome boy, saw Mr. Lincoln dismount from his horse and approach the house, and expostulated with his father, "You are not going to let that man come into the house!" The father replied, "I think it would not do to try to stop a man from coming in who has fifty thousand men at his back!" When Mr. Lincoln came in he accosted Mr. Wallace cordially, referred to their former acquaintance, and asked permission for General Grant and the gentlemen with him to sit on his piazza a few minutes, as they had had a long ride that morning. The host responded by repeating his conversation with the boy, which greatly pleased Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Wallace was, I remember, particularly im-

[1] The Century for December, 1889, p. 309.
[2] Vol. II., p. 259.
[3] The Century for December, 1889, p. 308.
[4] Thomas Wallace, Esq.

pressed by the politeness of his guests — perhaps because in such striking contrast to the rudeness and barbarity which the Southern people had been told by their leaders characterized their Northern enemies. He said: "Your General Grant is certainly a very polite man. When I asked him to come into the parlor for his conference with Mr. Lincoln and his officers, he answered, 'Thank you, sir, but I am smoking.'"

ANDOVER, MASS. *C. C. Carpenter.*

Lincoln's Visit to Richmond.

IN their chapter on "Lincoln in Richmond" (see THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for December, 1889), Messrs. Nicolay and Hay summarize as follows the conflicting testimony in regard to the manner in which the President reached the fallen capital:

There is great vagueness and even contradiction about the details of the trip. Admiral Porter states that he carried the President in his flag-ship, the *Malvern*, until she grounded, when he transferred the party to his barge with a tugboat to tow it and a small detachment of marines on board. Another account states that the President proceeded in the steamer *River Queen* until the transfer to the barge; also that another transport, having a four-horse field wagon and a squadron of cavalry, followed for the service of the President. Still a third account states that the party went in the admiral's barge the whole distance, as affording greater safety against danger from any torpedoes which might not yet have been removed. The various accounts agree that obstructions, consisting of rows of piling, sunken hulks, and the debris of the destroyed Confederate vessels, were encountered, which only the tug and barge were able to pass.

Major Charles B. Penrose of the United States army writes to the editor of THE CENTURY that he was the only staff officer with Mr. Lincoln during that trip, having been sent by Secretary Stanton under the following order, which by the Secretary's mistake was dated March 24, instead of March 23, the day the presidential party left Washington:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, March 24, 1865. CAPTAIN PENROSE: You will proceed with the steamer *River Queen*, having the President and Mrs. Lincoln and such persons on board as they may direct, from Washington to City Point, there remaining until the President desires to return to Washington, and will accompany them back. Your duty will be to see that the President and his family are properly supplied with every accommodation for their comfort and safety. You are authorized to make any needful requisitions upon officers of the Quartermaster and Commissary service, and will see that meals are provided and suitable attendance. You will report to the President and take his directions from time to time. Yours, etc., EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Captain Penrose prepared most of the despatches that were given to the press, for which reason he kept a skeleton diary from which to refresh his mind in narrating the experiences of those seventeen days. The entries relating directly to the visit to Richmond are the following, the words in brackets having been added to make the original more intelligible:

April 4th, Tuesday. Visit Richmond — Take *River Queen*, *Columbus*, with horses, *Malvern* and *Bat* — Reach obstructions at Drewry's Bluff — Go on in barge of Admiral Porter [towed at first by tug] — Admiral Farragut at the obstruction in the *Allison* [rebel flag-of-truce boat] — Tug aground — Proceed in twelve-oared barge — Land near Libby Prison — Captain Adams, Admiral Porter, myself, and Signal Officer [Lieutenant Clemmens] and the President, with ten sailors, march through the streets to General Weitzel's headquarters in Jeff. Davis's house — Stay all night on board *Malvern*.

April 5th, Wednesday. Leave by half-past nine — Towed in barge [by tug] — Row through Dutch Gap Canal about one hundred yards, four feet of water [in channel] — Tug thirty minutes in coming around — Visit rebel ram *Texas*, then in transit to Norfolk — A strong boat.

The *Bat* was their naval escort from Washington. After passing the pontoon bridge at Aikens Landing the captain of the *River Queen* requested Captain Penrose to ask the President to take a seat upon the upper deck, fearing they might run upon some of the torpedoes with which the river had been obstructed, and there would be less danger on the upper deck than on the lower. The captain of the boat and Captain Penrose took position in the bow of the boat to assist the lookout in discovering any obstructions which might endanger the vessel. In this way they steamed slowly up to Drewry's Bluff. It was the intention on the 4th of April to take through to Richmond all the boats enumerated in the notes, but at the obstructions they found the way blocked by the rebel boat *Allison*, on which Admiral Farragut had come down from Richmond to meet the President; Farragut, who was on leave of absence, had gone into Richmond with General Weitzel. Owing to some defect in the machinery, the *Allison* at the obstructions had swung across the opening in the piles, and was held in place by the current. A tug mentioned had been used at City Point to carry the President back and forth from the *River Queen*, and Mr. Lincoln had alluded to it as his "buggy." At the obstructions a guard of twenty or thirty marines was put aboard the tug. After the latter had passed through, the President insisted that the tug should assist the *Allison;* in doing so she got aground, which was the cause of their having to pull up to the city with oars. By night, however, the steamers had all arrived at Rockett's, and the cavalry, which had been intended originally as an escort to the President in the streets of Richmond, was posted as a guard at the head of the wharf.

The coming of the President on the 4th of April was so well known in Richmond that the "Whig" of that date announced: "We learn that it is not improbable his Excellency President Lincoln will reach the city this afternoon."

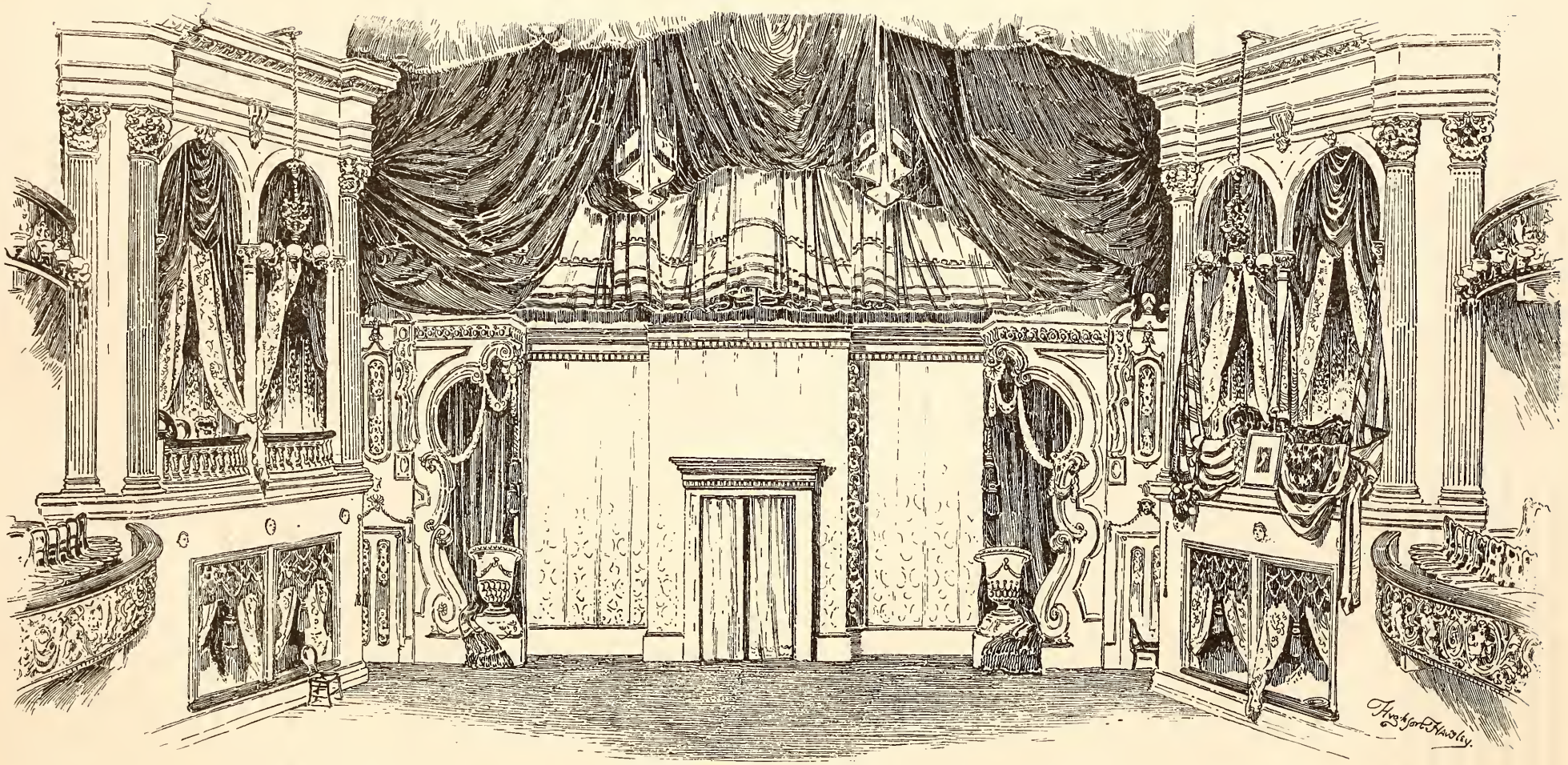
Major Penrose says he has often seen it stated that Mr. Lincoln was accompanied to Richmond by his young son Tad, when in fact he had returned to Washington with his mother on the day the army moved from City Point, and did not come back to the James River until the morning of the 6th of April, on which day the President, remaining at City Point, sent the *River Queen* back to Richmond with a party consisting of Mrs. Lincoln, Tad, Secretary James Harlan, wife and daughter, Attorney-General James Speed, Judge W. T. Otto, and Senator Charles Sumner.

After the assassination Major Penrose accompanied the remains of President Lincoln to Springfield as executive officer of the funeral train.

The Stars and Stripes in Richmond.

IN THE CENTURY for December, 1889, occurs the following in the Lincoln History:

A small detachment of white Union cavalry galloped into the late rebel capital, and proceeding directly to the State House raised the national flag over it.



STAGE AND PROSCENIUM BOXES OF FORD'S THEATER AS THEY APPEARED ON THE NIGHT OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

This drawing was made from two photographs by Brady, lent to the editor by Mr. W. R. Speare of Washington. One of the photographs (of the President's box, on the right), supposed to be the earlier of the two, differs from the other photograph (showing the stage and all the boxes) as regards the three silk flags, apparently regimental flags, fixed at the sides and middle column of the box. Mr. Joseph S. Sessford, at the time assistant treasurer of the theater, is authority for the statement that the second photograph (presented to Mr. Speare by Mr. L. Moxley) was taken three or four days after the assassination, when none of the decorations, except the regimental flags, had been removed. The portrait between the flags is an engraving of Washington.

And in a foot-note to this passage it is stated that

The flag was raised by a young officer named Johnston Livingston de Peyster, who had carried it at his saddle-bow for a week with this purpose.

The facts are as follows: Major Atherton H. Stevens, Jr., of the 4th Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry, raised the first national flag over the State House in Richmond on the occasion referred to in the text. Major Stevens was the provost marshal of the Twenty-fifth Corps (colored troops), commanded by General Weitzel.

Major Stevens was that morning in command of the most advanced party of the Union army. It was to him the mayor surrendered the city in the first instance. After receiving the surrender Major Stevens galloped into town at the head of the "small detachment," and, ascending to the roof of the State House, hoisted two small national flags; in fact, the guidons of the squadron of the 4th Massachusetts Cavalry, which he commanded.

It was several hours after that before Lieutenant de Peyster came on the ground, in company with Weitzel's staff. This officer (Lieutenant de Peyster), accompanied by myself, went to the roof to hoist the flag brought by him. We found the guidons at the mast-head; these we lowered and replaced them with his flag, which was, by the way, I believe, the same one that had been first hoisted at Mobile on the capture of that city.

There was no personal risk whatever in raising the second flag, but at the time when the "small detachment" galloped in the streets were filled with disorderly characters, and the chances were thought to be many of a collision with them, or of a shot from an ambushed enemy. Therefore, whatever credit may be due to the officer who first raised the national flag over Richmond should be given to him ungrudgingly. That officer was Major Atherton H. Stevens, Jr., of the 4th Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry.

Loomis L. Langdon,
Colonel First U. S. Artillery,
Late Chief of Artillery Twenty-fifth Army Corps.
San Francisco.

General Grant and the News of Mr. Lincoln's Death.

In the January article on Abraham Lincoln I find the statement that Mrs. Lincoln had asked General and Mrs. Grant to accompany her to the theater on the evening of the 14th of April, and that they had accepted, but had changed their minds and went North by an afternoon train.

General and Mrs. Grant had planned to visit their children at school at Burlington, New Jersey, and were to leave Washington on that day if the General could finish the business that then occupied him. Having completed it, he sent word to the President that he would not be at the theater. They took an evening train and reached Philadelphia after eleven o'clock.

During the early part of that year I was employed in the Philadelphia office of the American Telegraph Company as a messenger boy, and on that evening was assigned for duty after ten o'clock in the operating room to carry any messages requiring immediate delivery. I was engaged in conversation with a group of operators at half-past ten when at a call from the Washington instrument Mr. Porter, the operator at that table, left the group and began receiving a message. Several of the party went over to the table and listened while the instrument clicked off the message telling of the assassination of President Lincoln and the attempt on the life of Secretary Seward. The message read: "To General U. S. Grant, Philadelphia: President Lincoln was assassinated at Ford's Theater this evening, and an attempt was made on the life of Secretary Seward. It is supposed that there is a plot to assassinate all men prominent in the Government. Be careful who comes near you on the boat or train."

At that time all Washington trains arrived in Philadelphia at Broad street and Washington avenue, in the southwestern part of the city, and passengers for New York took a hack or stage from the depot to the ferry at the foot of Walnut street, a ride of about two miles, and crossing the Delaware River by boat to Camden there took the train and continued their journey. Mr. Porter and myself started for the ferry to deliver the message to the General, and on inquiring there learned that he had not yet arrived; but on going to the railroad telegraph office and sending a message of inquiry to the Broad street station, we found that he had left in a hack a few moments before for the ferry. We also were informed that he had sent word to Bloodgood's Hotel, close at hand, to have supper prepared, and we then went there to await him and give him the message. In a few moments we heard the noise of a carriage approaching which drew up at the door, and inside we saw the light of the General's cigar. His colored servant, who was with him, opened the door, and, assisting Mrs. Grant to alight, all passed hurriedly by us to the supper-room. On reaching the room and knocking at the door the General bade us come in. Mrs. Grant had seated herself on a settee against the wall and was engaged in removing her bonnet, while the General had drawn his chair up to the table and was about to sit down to his supper, but remained standing and reached out his hand for the message. As he read the words which bore such sorrow to the nation that night not a muscle of his face quivered or a line gave an indication of what he must have felt at that great crisis.

"It would be impossible for me to describe the feeling that overcame me at the news of these assassinations, more especially of the assassination of the President," he afterwards said, speaking of this moment.

Turning to Mrs. Grant, seated behind him, he handed her the message without a word. She could not have read more than a line or two before her feelings overcame her, and burying her face in her hands, she burst into tears.

It was now midnight, and messages were sent and received at the railroad telegraph office, close at hand, requesting the General to return to Washington at once and arranging about trains there and to Burlington and return; and after seeing him on the boat and receiving word from Camden that he had reached there safely and had left for Burlington, with an engine sent ahead of the train to guard against any danger on the track, we returned to our office, where we found demands for all our time and energies until dawn. Messages for the military, police, and detective departments of the city were received and delivered, and when, at 9 A. M., after a few hours' sleep, I again reported for duty, the change that had come over the city was one

never to be forgotten — a dreary April day, a city draped in mourning, and sorrow on every face. What a contrast to that bright day, less than two weeks before, when the news had flashed across the wires, "Richmond is taken," and the same flags, now draped with crape, had waved in the breeze, and the same people had crowded the streets and shouted and embraced each other in their delirium of joy.

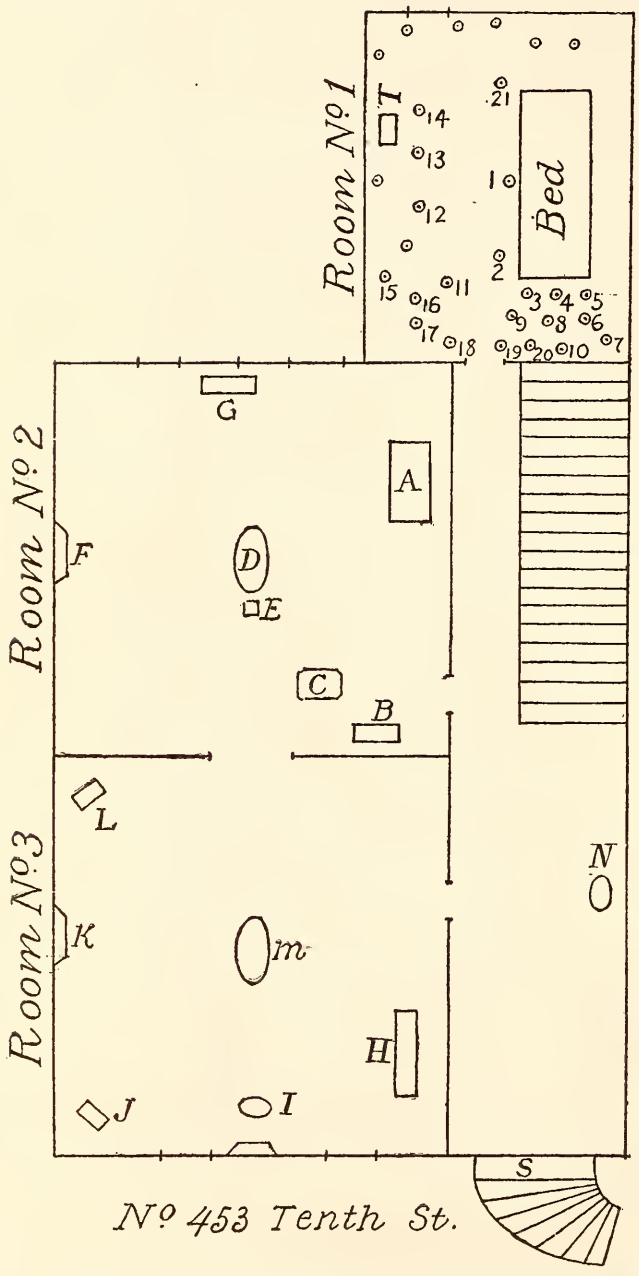
BROOKLYN, N. Y. *Charles E. Bolles.*

At the Death-bed of President Lincoln.

SINCE the death of President Garfield the statement has been frequently published that I was the *only* eye-witness of the death of both the assassinated Presidents. This is true.

In a note on page 436 of THE CENTURY for January a list of "persons about the death-bed of the President" is given. As a statement of fact it is of small importance who were or who were not present; but the care and painstaking shown by the authors of

DIAGRAM OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH PRESIDENT LINCOLN DIED.



ROOM NO. 1.

The following indicates the position of persons present, when the Surgeon-General announced the death of the President at 7.22 A. M., April 15, 1865:

1. Surgeon-General Barnes (sitting on the side of the bed, holding the hand of the President).
2. Rev. Dr. Gurley.
3. Surgeon Crane (holding the President's head).
4. Robert Lincoln.
5. Senator Sumner.
6. Assistant Secretary M. B. Field.
7. Major John Hay, Private Secretary of the President.
8. Secretary Welles.
9. General Halleck.
10. Attorney-General Speed.
11. General Meigs (Quartermaster-General).
12. Secretary Usher.
13. Secretary Stanton.
14. Governor Dennison.
15. Major Thomas T. Eckert (Chief of Telegraph Corps at War Dep't).
16. Mrs. Kenney.
17. Miss Kenney.
18. Col. Thomas M. Vincent (War Dep't).
19. Col. L. H. Pelouze, "
20. Major A. F. Rockwell, "
21. Secretary Hugh McCulloch (occupied this position during the night, but was not present at the closing scene).

The few others noted were persons unknown to Colonel Rockwell. [Surgeon C. S. Taft, and Alexander Williamson (tutor at the White House) were among them.— EDITOR.]

ROOM NO. 2.

This room was used for the preliminary examination of witnesses. A stenographer was seated at the center table (*D*) from 12 to 8 in the morning. The Secretary (Stanton) wrote his despatches to General Dix (with lead pencil) at the same table (*C*).

A, Bed. *B*, Washstand. *C*, Table. *D*, Table. *E*, Chair. *F*, Fireplace. *G*, Dressing case.

ROOM NO. 3.

This room was occupied by Mrs. Lincoln, Robert Lincoln, and two or three friends.

Mrs. Lincoln occupied the sofa (*H*) through the night.

H, Sofa. *I*, Table. *J* and *L*, Etagères. *K*, Fireplace.

HALL.

Carpet covered with oilcloth, stained with drops of blood.

N, Hat Rack. *S*, Large blood spot on doorstep.

"Abraham Lincoln" to verify the smallest details, as well as the singular interest which the world, and especially posterity, accord to every incident connected with the life-endings of its greatest men, inspire this statement.

A short time after the President was shot, in obedience to an order of Secretary Stanton, with Colonels Vincent and Pelouze, I reported to him at No. 453 Tenth street, where the President had been taken. There I remained until the dead President was removed to the White House.

Immediately after, on reaching my office on the morning of April 15, 1865, I prepared the diagram and legend of which I inclose a true copy; the authenticity and value of which, I think, will require no evidence beyond its existence. There may have been others present who as fully realized the historical value of the incidents of that night; but certain it is I was so deeply impressed, that during the half-hour preceding the announcement of General Barnes, "The President is dead," I gave my most intense attention to the occurrences of which I made the careful record at the earliest moment on the morning of April 15. Of the twenty-one persons named by me seven at least are yet living, and were it of moment my record might be confirmed or corrected.

Inasmuch as the omission of my name challenges, by implication, the repeated publication of the fact of my presence, I request that you will bring the subject to the attention of Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, with a view to accuracy in their permanent record.

I recall an incident of interest. At the moment the death of the President was announced Mr. Stanton, who was standing at the place indicated in my diagram, with tears falling, his head bent, and chin supported by his left hand, with slow and measured movement, and right arm fully extended, raised his hat and placed it for an instant upon his head; then, in the same deliberate manner, removed it. I have often wondered whether it was an involuntary movement, or intended by him as a salutation to the great dead.

A. F. Rockwell, U. S. A.

St. Paul, Minn.

President Lincoln's Military Guard.

In the month of September, 1862, two companies of my regiment (Company D and Company K of the 150th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Bucktails) were detailed as a special guard at the President's summer residence at the Soldiers' Home, located about three miles from Washington, Captain H. W. Crotzer, now in the Mint at Philadelphia, commanding the former company, and Captain —— Derrickson the latter. A squad of cavalry (from what command I forget) regularly escorted the President's carriage every evening from the White House to the Soldiers' Home and back again every morning, while the two infantry companies named above kept the premises under heavy guard day and night. Late in the fall of the year, when the President took up his residence permanently in the White House for the winter, Company K, under command of Captain Derrickson, was detailed as a special guard for the Executive Mansion — a position held by this company until the close of the war. If the reader will be at the pains to consult Bates's "History of the Pennsylvania Volunteers," under the head of "The One Hundred and Fiftieth Regiment," he will there find a facsimile copy of a letter written by President Lincoln, as follows:

Executive Mansion, Washington, Nov. 1, 1862.
Whom it May Concern —

Captain Derrickson, with his company, has been for some time keeping guard at my residence, now at the Soldiers' Retreat. He and his company are very agreeable to me, and while it is deemed proper for any guard to remain none would be more satisfactory to me than Capt D.—— and his company. A. Lincoln.

H. M. Kieffer.

Easton, Pa.

Lincoln's Fame.

In the spring of 1873, being in Paris, and learning of the then newly established McAll Mission, I made myself somewhat familiar with its workings. Judge of my surprise when, on entering the little *salle* of the Rue Julien-La-Croix, Belleville, I saw on the wall above the speaker's platform a life-size print of Abraham Lincoln, with the well-known motto, "With malice toward none, with charity for all," etc. On visiting another *salle* the same portrait confronted me, and so in every one of the five halls, which were all that then existed of the nearly sevenscore in which the McAll Mission is now carried forward.

This seemed to me altogether inexplicable. Here was an Englishman carrying on an obscure mission among the sometime Communists of Paris, with no thought of appealing to the interest of Americans, no dream of American coöperation,— for I was the first from this country to set foot in one of the halls, and the American McAll Association was not founded until more than ten years later,— and in the place of honor in every hall hung the portrait of the martyr President of the United States. I could not but ask the reason why, and this was Mr. McAll's answer:

> When I resolved to bring the Gospel to the defeated and desperate Communists of Paris, I asked myself where I should find that which should tell them at the first glance with what purpose and in what spirit I came. Mad against religion as they were, these Communists, who but a few weeks earlier had chained priests to a wall and shot them down by scores only a stone's throw from where our first hall was opened, a picture of our Saviour or a cross would have conveyed no idea of my meaning and would have simply exasperated them. And then I thought of Lincoln, and I knew that in him they would recognize the spirit and the motive of my coming.

This was nearly seventeen years ago. The McAll Mission no longer needs explanation or justification before the working people of France, and I am told that the portrait of Lincoln is not to be found in the large, new halls which have replaced the old ones which I learned to know so well. But where will you find a more significant tribute to Lincoln's fame?

L. S. H.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Outlook for Wood-Engraving.

THE recent sale of proofs by the late Frederick Juengling, one of the most capable of American wood-engravers, would seem to indicate that the public interest in this branch of art has not suffered deterioration by reason of the widespread employment for illustrative purposes of the so-called actinic "processes," and that in general the popular taste for proofs of wood-cuts may be depended upon by engravers as a new resource. While it cannot be said that at present the total amount of work done is sufficiently on the increase greatly to encourage new pupils to devote themselves to this branch of art, there are signs of a fuller appreciation of the best work of those who have made and are making wood-engraving, as a school, the chief distinction as yet of American art. This cannot fail to increase with the general growth and spread of the love of art, and one may confidently look forward to a commensurate increase of general excellence in the work produced. The Juengling sale, we believe, was the first auction of wood-engravers' proofs, as such, in this country, and when it is borne in mind that the proofs sold were not without duplicates, the prices paid (from $2 to $25, with an average price of $8) may be considered not only a marked compliment to the individual excellence of Mr. Juengling's work, but also a very gratifying result to the craft in general, a number of whom, in fact, have lately offered proofs for sale with considerable success. Moreover the public, through magazines, periodicals, and books, have been educated to an intelligent knowledge of wood-engraving, which one would think might be depended on to support a market for artists' proofs.

Another evidence in the same direction is to be found in the interest excited by the recent exhibition of American wood-engravings made at the Grolier Club in New York. Here were 259 proofs by 25 exhibitors — a thoroughly representative show of work. Its nucleus was the American contribution to the Paris Exposition, which won for American engravers enviable honors from the International Jury of Award of the Fine Arts section, including the first gold medal for wood-engraving for Mr. Elbridge Kingsley, and other honors for Messrs. Davis, Closson, Putnam, Aikman, Wolf, Kruell, and Davidson. Among the proofs shown were also Japan impressions of the superb *édition de luxe* of the Portfolio issued last year by the Society of American Wood-Engravers. Not only was the exhibition largely attended, but, as we write, we believe the entire collection, by request, is to be taken to Brooklyn, to Cincinnati, to Chicago, and to St. Louis. Already in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the National Museum at Washington, and in national expositions at New Orleans and Atlanta, have been shown in temporary collections examples of what has been done in this branch of art; the willingness of engravers to dispose of proofs suggests that now is an opportune time (while most of the men are yet living who have given a world-wide reputation to American engraving) for American museums to begin the systematic collection of a fuller historical exhibit of hand-proofs. We are sure that, where the proofs could not be found, the owners of the blocks would be glad to coöperate with art institutions in such a work, as far as might be practicable. Posterity should not be left to gather up in meager or incomplete examples the record of so marked an achievement.

Nor do we agree with those who think that wood-engraving in America has seen its best days, and is likely to be superseded by mechanical "processes." The nature of art is against such a conclusion. Moreover, while current periodical illustration has gained much by the various mechanical or actinic processes in vogue for the reproduction of photographs from nature, and for the reproduction of original pictures, the time still seems to be far distant when wood-engraving must retire in favor of "the process." The process is at its best in reproducing pen-drawings, though it sometimes lacks the delicacy of wood-engraving in that direction also. But while artists often prefer to suffer from the accidents of the process than from the dreaded lack of sympathy and knowledge of the individual wood-engraver, the fact remains that the engraver's art gives results that can be obtained only by the trained hand and the artistic temperament. One reason for this may be found in the fact that the process reduction of an original drawing or painting is not purely mechanical after all; the "touching up" of the plate by the process man is an interference between the artist and the public which may or may not be wisely and effectively and sympathetically conducted. Again, the mechanical reduction makes a new picture, with new problems of effect which the translator,— *i. e.*, the engraver,— if he understands his art, takes fully into consideration. Still, again, there is a satisfaction to the eye in an exquisite wood-engraving which is seldom if ever equaled by the result of any process.

The defects of mechanical agencies in the reproduction of the tones of a work of art are more manifest when one considers what would be the result of representing by any of the current processes such subtle and delicate originals as the Italian old masters upon which Mr. Cole is now engaged for THE CENTURY. The process can copy outlines, but it cannot interpret tones; it cannot think. How much of the beauty of these admirable cuts depends upon the temperament, the originality, the artistic skill, the "personal equation," so to speak, of the man behind the graver! Not a few other Americans have shown themselves capable of dealing successfully with similar tasks, and Mr. Cole's enterprise is the more remarkable simply because it is a systematic application of the services of one of the leading members of his craft to the education of the public in the qualities of the world's masterpieces, as they can be conveyed in black and white. It is fair to say that wood-engraving has not before been employed to a purpose of such lasting value. The success of the ex-

periment suggests that the mission of the art is not likely to be exhausted while there remain beautiful pictures to be represented and skillful artists to represent them. Looking ahead to the development of American painting and sculpture and the esthetic education of the people, there would seem to be a larger field for the engraver in the popular record which will need to be made of the achievements of art. For the present the magazines and weekly periodicals must remain the engraver's mainstay and stimulus. At first glance the illustrated newspaper appears to be militating against him; along with some admirably successful illustrative work it seems to be dulling the edge of popular taste with a deluge of pictures inferior in execution; but the reaction will be to his advantage in emphasizing by contrast the excellence of the art as he pursues it. Meantime, it must be remarked, there has been of late years not only no falling off in the character of work done by wood-engravers, but a steady increase in freedom, in variety, and in all the other qualities that go to make an artistic whole.

Nine Thousand Manuscripts.

DURING the past two years from eight thousand five hundred to nine thousand manuscripts were annually submitted to THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for publication. This is an increase over previous years, and does not include the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of propositions submitted with regard to articles. As there has been an increase in the number of periodicals published in America of late years, and as the newspapers are publishing more contributions than ever by writers not on the regular staff, it is evident that there has been an increase in literary activity at least in proportion to the increase in population.

Now out of nine thousand manuscripts a year THE CENTURY can only possibly print four hundred or less. It follows that editing a magazine is not unlike walking into a garden of flowers and gathering a single bouquet. In other words, not to accept an article, a story, a poem, is not necessarily to "reject" it. There may be weeds in the garden,— there must be weeds in the garden,— but the fact that a particular blossom is not gathered into the monthly bouquet does not prove that the editor regarded the blossom as a weed, and therefore passed it by. It would be impossible to sweep all the flowers into a single handful. The "rejected" or "declined" are naturally prone to gibe at sympathetic or apologetic words from editorial sources; so we present the above simile with considerable diffidence. There is truth in it, nevertheless! And it would probably be much easier for editors to make up a number of bouquets from the flowers at their disposal than to gather the single one for which alone they have room.

The general impression of a lifelong reader of manuscripts is that the quality does not deteriorate — that, in fact, it improves. Such a reader, moreover, is greatly impressed by the wide diffusion of literary ability. There are certainly very many more people who can write a good story, a good descriptive paper, a good essay, a good poem, than there were, say, twenty years ago. An old manuscript reader is inclined, in fact, to be very optimistic. Even Mr. Howells's recent extraordinary praise of current literature may not seem to such a reader as so very far out of the way. But after the old manuscript reader has expressed himself thus optimistically he is entitled to his "buts." He may even permit himself to ask whether the literary artist of our day has not caught somewhat of the hurry, the immediateness, of the time; whether, indeed, the present age is not too present with us; whether there is the slow, determined, sure, artistic work which made the successful careers of the earlier generation of American poets, romancists, and essayists. There surely is such work, but is it as general as it should be? and, if not, is this one reason that there are not more literary reputations in the new generation commensurate with those of the old?

At least the old manuscript reader may, by reason of his age, if nothing else, be pardoned should he at times look over his spectacles at the young manuscript writer and say: "Young man, young woman, you have talent, you have industry, you have knowledge, you have a fine, large audience eagerly waiting for you; all you need is to respect still more highly your own unusual parts. Ponder over, perfect your work; be not in too great haste to bring it to the eye of the editor, to the eye of the public. Regard each poem, each story, as a step in your literary career; let it not leave your hand till you have done your very best with it. If you intend it to be a genuine work of art, make it so — if you can. This may seem a slow process, but it may prove the speediest in results; and after you have followed this advice, remember that even an editor is mortal, and, like every other mortal, entitled to his proportion of mistakes."

It is to be hoped that the word "career" incidentally dropped in the foregoing will not have a tendency towards making ingenuous youths selfish and self-conscious. Given a certain amount of skill and taste, literary art is only another name for literary conscience. Conscientious work is not necessarily artistic work, as many a poor devil has found out too late. But it may be. The heart comes first — a warm heart and a cool head, says Joseph Jefferson — the heart comes first, but heart without art is of no avail. The literary artist need not think sordidly on his or her "career," and yet may cherish that decent regard for repute, that love of artistic perfection, which will bring the rewards of conscience and of honorable fame. At the least the literary artist should be ashamed to do less well than in him lies. He should not niggle and polish for the love of niggling and polishing; but he should be remorseless in self-correction for the love of truth, and art, and beauty. And also, as already said, he should allow the editor that privilege of humanity, the right to blunder; remembering that the "declined" writer's revenge is the editor's own too vivid memory of mistakes — the ever-lengthening black list of errors in literary judgment which every old reader of manuscripts turns to in the secret place of his own mind for melancholy penance and warning.

Journalists and Newsmongers.

IN the days when Horace Greeley was looked upon as the dean of the faculty of journalists, the soul of a newspaper was its editorial page; a variety of information worthy of the attention of good citizens was not scorned; and the license of wit, the lash of criti-

cism, and the retort of the libel suit, testified to the officiousness, as well as the usefulness, of the men who were, with somewhat appropriate metaphor, called "knights of the quill." Their efforts, for the most part, had a public motive. The profits of their industry were in large measure public respect. What they received in money was derived from the industrial uses of the printing press. And they were measurably content.

We are far from saying that this race of journalists has died out. In many newspapers the old traditions are maintained with great ability, but frequently in association with the idea that "news" is mere merchandise. True, it is bought and sold; and in another place we offer an explanation of "What 's the News," which reveals the importance of its commercial aspect; but the point we wish to urge is that news, like electricity or steam, is force. Readers pay toll for the use of news, but they acquire no title in it as of merchandise; in fact, the purveyor of it has no such title to transmit. He has brought together experiences and opinions that belong to some men, for the purpose of enlarging the knowledge and directing the actions of other men. The reader is acted upon by the news as by a force; he uses it as a force. Like every other force, news is a power for good or evil, according to the way it is given out and handled. It makes and wrecks private fortunes, destroys the peace of mind of individuals, directs the thoughts of the multitude, and incites to suicide and murder. If a force that has the potency of great good to society is thus capable of doing so much injury to individuals, it would seem as though the shapers and purveyors of it ought to be conspicuous among men for their sense of moral responsibility. Those who exhibit that quality in their work answer to the stature and breadth of the men who, in the past, have won respect and fame as journalists.

Those who make mere merchandise of news, and even win wealth and notoriety thereby, are, of course, newsmongers. In the days before the cylinder-press, and the telegraph, and the steam-cars, the newsmonger was only a peddler of small-beer and scandal. Now he is often a dealer at wholesale in everything anybody is suspected of wanting to read, and in many things that a person of ordinary common sense would say nobody ought to read. He measures the value of news of the affairs of public or of obscure persons by the surprise it will cause to the many, regardless of the injury it may do to the many or the few. There is no barrier of right or decency that the more conscienceless man of his type will not use degrading means to pass if the news to be gained promises a sensation capable of enhancing his reputation for audacity and enterprise. Public men stand in awe of him, because, in one issue of his newspaper, he can give a hundred thousand blows to their one. Legislators shrink from stepping between him and the public, because, with all his disregard of the feelings of others, he is the most sensitive being on earth, and the most ruthless and vindictive in his revenges. When other men fall out, he makes sport of their folly; but the welkin is made to ring with his own private quarrels and petty jealousies. When he has set a libel traveling with seven-league boots, the best amend he can make is to follow it with silence; his apologies are more remarkable for brevity and magnanimity than for retraction. He evades or defies the power of the law, because the sentences and punishments that he inflicts are more swift and more annoying than the processes of public justice. Side by side with the sermon of the eloquent or the sensational preacher he prints the details of the Simon Pure or disguised prize-fight of the day. The law that punishes the bruiser who affords the illegal spectacle has no power over the newsmonger who fosters public interest in pugilism, and extends the brutalizing excitement of the ring to the family circle. Pugilists would not fight by stealth in obscure places if the newspapers were not allowed to flood cities with their bear-pit heroics of the battle. Side by side with the quotations of the markets, the newsmonger prints the illegal "odds" of the race-tracks and the bar-rooms at election time. Not satisfied with leaving every neighborhood to the contemplation of its own social cesspool, he makes each separate locality the dumping-ground of the moral filth of a whole continent. By a strange perversion of justice, where law-breakers sow tares the newsmonger reaps circulation and profits.

When these things are said of him, the newsmonger laughs and ascribes such criticism to lack of humor. He believes, in common with a forerunner of his class in the West, that "the mission of a journalist is to raise hell and sell newspapers." If any one affects to call that a low standard of professional taste, his apology is that it is the public which demands such a coarse interpretation of his duty. This is not strictly true, because, in competing with his fellow-newsmongers for the public patronage, he takes advantage of the weakness for sensation and scandal, common enough to human nature, and abnormally developed among our own people by the license adopted by prominent newspapers. Undoubtedly a lower standard than at present exists would be established as the average taste of the public if the laws against printed indecency, that are now so inadequate a protection, could be still further ignored without arousing a public mutiny. A new code of laws to meet the new conditions of journalism cannot be postponed indefinitely; but the legal protection that the individual citizen, rather more than society as a whole, is at present in need of will hardly be obtained until journalists of authority and conscience surrender, for the public good, something of the omniscience, infallibility, and privilege of meting out sentence and punishment which they have usurped as being essential to the power and authority of their class.

The worst present feature of American journalism is the apparent belief of our ablest journalists that in order to sustain themselves against the competition of the newsmonger they must, no matter in how small degree, imitate his methods. Some of the journals that have always led the moral and intellectual currents of the country, and are now, in those respects, perhaps the equals of any newspapers in the world, have little by little opened their columns to the very "news" that attracts the rabble of the prize and the betting rings. It is true that they offer fewer details, and clothe them in the language of good society; and some of them even bitter-coat the forbidden "news" with a moral groan. The newsmonger's theory that the first object of a newspaper is to entertain or amuse has been gaining ground in high quarters; one often looks in vain nowa-

days in the most serious journals for an adequate abstract of what is said in Congress, or in deliberative meetings bearing on public questions. The reporting of such debates may be as faithfully done now as it used to be, but after "copy" has passed through the hands of the sub-editor whose duty it is to eliminate everything that is not quarrelsome, impertinent, or funny, the part that gets into print is often a sorry record of what was actually said and done to influence public affairs.

On the other hand,— and the effect is more corrupting,— newsmongers realize that in order to reap the money benefit of pandering to trivial and vicious tastes they must at the same time play the *rôle* of the responsible journalist. Some of the more incorrigible of them do this with great success; they teach humility to the humble at the same time that they instruct brutes in brutality, or flog judges and law-givers for being remiss in their duty to the state. They are the product of new conditions and forces in life; even the more unscrupulous of them make themselves, by a certain intermingling of real service, of positive value to our modern civilization.

No doubt the present tendency towards trivialities and personalities will continue until private rights and public morals are better protected by the laws, and until the acme of size and profit in newspapers has been reached. In the race for expansion and power, the leader who has adopted the readiest means has often imposed his methods upon men who would choose the best means. The fault of a lower tone, here and there, is not properly chargeable to the great body of workers, for in the profession will be found to-day a high average of ability, and conscientious performance of duty; and never before our time have newspapers been able to command the trained intelligence and taste to enable them to do all they are now doing for the development of art and literature; all that the newspapers of to-day are doing for every good cause, and notably at this moment for that of good government. Capital and financial success are of course essential for the production of a great modern newspaper; but the public has a right to demand that those who bear the highest responsibilities of the profession should issue newspapers which they, as private individuals, would be willing to indorse, in every part, as men of character, refinement, and self-respect.

The Influence of Athletics.

Mr. Camp's article on track athletics brings to mind the remarks not long since made by a moralist who complained that the craze for athletics, having overthrown the only valid reason for giving up to college men four years of life already too short for solid attainment in the modern struggle for existence, seemed to be spreading its malign influence over the rest of mankind. One needed only to glance at one's paper, he argued, to see that athletics had become matters of great public interest. No newspaper is complete without its detailed account of contests and its rumors of the condition and relative skill of antagonists in contests yet to come. He could see, he added, a vast amount of feverish excitement, the loss of the scholastic peace so necessary to the student, the neglect of duty, and the sapping of strength. He thought that something ought to be done about it.

Now it is probably true that there is often excessive indulgence, but that is not the logical result of the present widespread interest in outdoor sports. Over-indulgence in athletics produces reaction and eventually remedies itself; but he who is quick to see the strong hold that athletics have upon the young men in our colleges is very far afield if he fails to look beyond the shouts, the upborne victors, the depression of the vanquished. Though physical strength and endurance and skill receive their praise,— in the enthusiastic hour of victory perhaps more than is their due,— one should not forget that at least they do not walk side by side with dalliance and indulgence. Along with endurance and skill the student has begun to appreciate the advantage of self-control, steadiness, and temperance. There is no royal road to right living while the blood of youth runs warm in the veins, but he who has learned the value of restraint, the quick eye, the steady brain, the sure hand and foot, has gone far on the way. With the quickening of the athletic spirit has come a gain in studious qualities. The number of hard students have in no wise decreased, while the average scholarship has advanced rapidly within the past five or ten years. A manlier, healthier tone has everywhere prevailed, and the periodical outbreaks against college discipline which used to be altogether too frequent are now almost unheard of in the larger and better colleges. The policy of the wiser college faculties has been to leave mainly to the students the regulations of athletic affairs, while abating in no degree their demands upon the time and attention of the students under their control. The result has been a gain in confidence and respect on both sides. The evils are not beyond remedy, and will ultimately right themselves; the gains are great.

Careful statistics wholly disprove the oft-repeated assertion that the athlete must necessarily be a poor student, so much of his time is given to the preparation for contests. On the contrary, he has learned method and the advantages of regularity, and knows how best to husband his resources. For systematic training and discipline are never wasteful; and a capacity for self-restraint and obedience has never been found to be an unfitting quality for one duty and not for another. And when does one reach the point where sunlight and pure air, expanded lungs and clear brains, become drags upon intellectual life and activity? Elsewhere in this magazine Mr. Albert Shaw speaks of the marvelous tenacity and vitality of the English race in England, and one is tempted to ask how much England's national vigor may be due to the persistence for ages of her people in outdoor sports. How far may the spring in the step of the well-trained athlete project itself into the constructive energy of a people? What force, what dogged determination, may not generations of contestants in athletic sports impart to the intellectual achievements of a nation? At the close of the recent inauguration ceremonies of the new president of Columbia, a well-known professor in another famous college, himself a Columbia man, was expressing his high satisfaction with the impression the new president had made. "But then," he added with conviction, "he was a great foot-ball player in his day."

OPEN LETTERS.

Trade with South America.

IN the idea of the Pan-American Congress there is much that appeals to one's sense of "manifest destiny." It attracts us just as the Federation of the British Empire attracts Englishmen. The scheme is not wholly experimental, for it rests on the theory which was at the base of the German *Zollverein*, out of which came ultimately a united Germany. No one seriously dreams that from this Pan-American Congress may ultimately grow an American republic, although such an institution as an American court might easily be an outcome. It is hoped that commercial treaties will be the result, and that an enormous trade will spring up between the United States and the other American republics. But reasoning from my personal knowledge of the republic of Colombia, and assuming that what is true of that must be in some degree true of the others, I cannot take a sanguine view of the methods which have been so far proposed.

The South American delegates have been induced to come here, and they have been taken on a great sight-seeing trip. They have been shown our railroads, our grain elevators, and our mills, in the hope that they will tell their people that it would be well for them to sell their raw material to *los Americanos del Norte*, and in turn to buy goods from us. Is there an instance on record where commerce was manufactured to order in this way, or in which the laws of trade were in time of peace overridden by sentiment? Is it not true that trade has invariably passed through "the day of small things" before it became sufficiently dignified to be called commerce, and that in its inception it was the result of the efforts of one or more men who supplied to a people that which they wanted to buy? In other words, if our merchants want the trade of South America, must they not get it in the same way that trade has always been got, by carrying to other nations something they want and can afford to buy?

American manufacturers have been in the habit of forwarding to Colombia such goods as they thought the Colombians would buy, and have then been surprised to find they made no sales. Many of these goods were absolutely dead stock for the simple reason that the people had not an idea of how to use them or could not apply them. What is the use, for example, of shipping a McCormick reaper to farmers that grow no wheat? Some of the goods sent out could not be sold because, in a country of canoes and pack-mules, they could not be carried. For instance, the standard American white cotton is woven twenty-seven inches wide. This cannot be sold in Colombia, because with pack-mules the *carga*, or pack, must not be more than twenty-two inches long, as otherwise it will gall the hips and shoulders of the animals. American cotton can be roped on a pack-mule, with the bolts lashed vertically, but such a pack is very apt to get disarranged, and the *cargero*, or muleteer, charges more for the trouble he is put to. Naturally the merchants in the interior of the country purchase English or German cotton, woven to forty-four and folding to twenty-two inches. Again, the Americans have shipped — and may still ship — colored prints to Colombia. These have been very bright and pretty, and have been such as have sold well in this country. They have not sold there except among a few of the ladies who have seen them. Why? Simply because the majority of Colombian ladies wear nothing but black and white, and the peon women do not want the new patterns. If there is any person on earth who is conservative, it is the peon woman. In colored prints she wants the same pattern and the same material her mother and her grandmother wore before her and which her daughter will wear after her. These patterns are not pretty, being chiefly purples with white spots, but, such as they are, they have been worn by the lower-class women in Colombia for centuries. Why should an American manufacturer try to overcome such a prejudice — if you like — as this? The Germans and English are wiser in their generation. They make the prints the peon women want, and they color them with the ugly purples these women admire, and they make them of a width that will pack easily on a mule, and of a weight that gives eight pieces as a mule's load. And then they sell them, and the trade grows to such a point that we are compelled to pay our Colombian bills for rare woods with exchange on England.

Mr. E. P. Pellet of Barranquilla, Colombia, at one time United States consul in that city, was so much struck with the absurdity of American shipments of prints that he procured samples of all the prints sold in Colombia. With these samples he prepared a table giving weight, width, and length, and the number of pieces of each imported through the Barranquilla and Carthagena custom-houses for one year. He mailed the whole package to the president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, advising him by letter of his action and saying he supposed the information would be of sufficient value to the Chamber to make it worth their paying the postage. This amounted to $2.37. The president of the Chamber of Commerce that year did not consider the package worth $2.37, and it was returned to Mr. Pellet, who thereupon paid the postage both ways. I have that package now, and I considered it very cheap at the $5.00 which it cost me. They are poor cottons, full of clay and not well woven, but they will sell in Colombia better than the handsomest prints made here.

We believe, and with reason, that with our great wheatfields, our enormous mills, and our labor-saving machinery, we are in a position to command our fair share of the trade in breadstuffs. We sell flour to England and she makes "biscuits," called by us "crackers," and sells them to Colombia. There is no reason why we should not have this trade if our manufacturers would consider the necessities of the market. I saw in the little town of Zaragoza some *cargeros* packing a box of American crackers on a mule. As far as Zara-

goza the box had come by steamer and steamboat, but from this point to Remedios it was to travel on a pack-mule. The box was four feet long, two feet wide, and twenty inches thick. The *cargeros* procured a long gang-saw and cut the box, crackers and all, exactly in halves. Over the open ends thus made they tied raw-hides to protect the contents, and then lashed the two halves in place with the pack rope. Alongside of this American box was one from England. It measured 22 by 22 by 20 inches, the wooden sides, top, bottom, and ends were more closely joined, and it was just the right size to pack easily. Which box would bring its contents in better condition to Remedios after a six-days' trip through woods dripping with moisture from the heavy, nightly, tropical rains — the English or the American ? What were the chances for those American crackers after they had traveled for six days under filthy raw-hide covers ? Who would get the next order for crackers — the English or the American merchant ?

There is another factor in Colombian trade which does not seem to be at all known here, and to which I have seen no allusions in the many articles that have been written in connection with the Pan-American idea. This is the credit system of the country, a system which is so strange as to excite the constant wonder of all North Americans who study it. In a country where for centuries the people have been obliged to rely wholly on canoes, animals, or men for transportation of goods, it has been impossible for country merchants to meet the importers often. One or two visits a year have been all that could be accomplished, and out of this has grown the custom of fairs. Twice a year the importers on the coast pack up their goods and travel to Maganguè. For many years Mompos had the fairs; but the river Magdalena changed its bed, and Mompos dwindled while Maganguè grew. During the fair weeks Maganguè is filled with people, and the amount of business transacted is enormous. The merchants from the interior come down the river, bringing with them the hides, ivory nuts, dyestuffs, or whatever else they have collected during the preceding year or six months. They square up their bills with the importers either with the articles themselves or with the money they receive for them, and lay in their new stock of goods. The whole trade of the country is done at these fairs, and at them all the exports and imports change hands. It must not be supposed, however, that all Colombian trade is done at Maganguè. There are fairs at Bogota and other cities, but that at Maganguè is one of the largest. Out of this system of fairs has grown that of credit. The importer, or jobber, of the coast sells his goods to his country customers on time, and this may vary from one to two fairs, six months or a year. In fact, it might be said that the importer, or jobber, does not get his pay until the raw material bought with his goods can be sent to him. It may be seen at a glance that such credits as these make large capital necessary, and it is by no means always the case that the importer on the coast has this capital of his own. He in turn relies on the support of his correspondent in England or Germany, who must be prepared to give credits varying from one to two years; and these correspondents are helped by the English and German banks. Now when we talk about changing the trade of South America and pouring it into the laps of our own manufacturers, these things must be considered. I know importers in Carthagena and Barranquilla who sell an enormous quantity of goods each year, and who have many of the merchants of the interior as their customers. These customers are among the best in the country, they have large *clientèles*, their trade is sure, and their credit is of the best. Yet if those importers could get American goods made and packed for the market, and if they had every desire to sell them in place of English or German articles, they could not. The American manufacturers could not give the necessary credits, for our manufacturers could not appeal to American banks to help them out. What bank in New York would advance money on notes signed by South American merchants ? I venture to say that outside the foreign banking houses having branches in this city, there is not one that knows the standing of the merchants in Barranquilla or Carthagena. There are a few mercantile firms that have this knowledge, but it is not to be found in the banks. Under these circumstances, does not the idea that we can get this trade by holding a Pan-American congress, by making a big "hurrah," or by glowing speeches on the identity of republican government north and south,— than which no greater bosh can be talked,— sound ridiculous ? The Congress is a good thing, and from it will probably grow many valuable projects, but it is not the way to get the commerce.

I know two young men in Colombia, one a German and the other an Englishman, who were sent to that country by manufacturing houses with instructions to study the trade, the conditions of supply, the credit system, and transportation. They were also directed to buy everything of native manufacture they could find which they thought their respective houses could duplicate. Each of them spent two years in this work without selling a penny's worth, but the third year the goods began to come over. The two travelers carried these to the interior towns, where the fairs were held, and sold them. This was in 1880. In 1885, when I last saw one of these men, he told me his sales that year would be over $150,000, and I had no reason to doubt his word. Germany and England have no patent on this method of creating trade. There are two New York houses who nearly control the trade in their respective goods in Colombia. One of them controls its specialty so completely that German and English houses, although they have imitated the stamp, name, weight, shape, brand, and packing case, cannot wrest it from the Americans, simply because merchants from the interior demand a sight of the New York bills of lading before they will buy. The managing partner in this house said to me: "We have a man who does nothing but travel in new countries. We send him into a country with orders to buy every article of native manufacture in our line. These he brings back and we make up goods like them in weight, shape, size, and finish. We make about fifty dozen, and the next year he goes back. As he travels, he gives away samples wherever he finds a man whose opinion seems worth having. Then, about two years afterwards, we get our first order. It probably is a very small one, not more than two dozen, perhaps, but we make it up and send it out. From that it grows until, ten years after our traveler went in, we have the trade. Now the secret of success in this business is to give the people

what they want, not what you think they want; to give it to them better made and of better material, and to make your profit out of the difference between machine and hand work. You maintain the trade by always keeping your goods up to standard and never trying any experiments."

And look for a moment at what that profit must be. The English goods sold in Colombia pay the retailer in the interior, the *cargeros* who carry them, the heavy freight charges of the river steamboats, the rent of houses in Maganguè in fair time,— half the people in Maganguè live off the fairs,— the importer on the coast, the steamship companies, the manufacturer who makes them, and the banks that help the manufacturer to extend credits. Eight profits, besides the cost of handling and insurance, must be paid by the peon women who buy those hideous purple prints, or the peon men who, arrayed in cotton shirts worn outside the trousers, dance the *coombiamba* to the music of the tom-tom and the rattling gourd.

We cannot get this South American commerce away from the English and Germans unless we can offer equal or greater inducements and facilities, which cannot be created in a day or a year. In the mean time we may push the commerce, but the pushing must be done in South America, not in Washington. The Pan-American Congress will do good work and its value will be seen, but this will not take the form of a sudden rush of the golden tide into the coffers of our merchants and manufacturers. They can have the tide if they like, but they must get it for themselves.

Alfred Balch.

Christopher North.

In The Century for February, page 625, in the article "Emerson's Talks with a College Boy," is to be found the following:

> Of the author of "Noctes Ambrosianæ" he [Emerson] said: "I liked him; not as Professor Wilson, but as Christopher North. He was a man singularly loved. Hare, author of 'Guesses at Truth,' wrote his life, but it was incomplete. Then Carlyle attempted it, but he wrote too much with the air of a patron, too much condescension, as a teacher might say, 'Fine boy!'— too much pat-him-on-the-head in it. I wrote Carlyle I would rather agree with Wilson than himself."

There is something very misleading in this. No life of Professor John Wilson is to be found in the collected edition of Archdeacon Hare's works, and a long and tolerably intimate acquaintance with Carlyle's writings warrants me in saying that Carlyle never wrote a life of John Wilson.

In no part of Carlyle's works is John Wilson even referred to, save once, in the "Life of John Sterling," Vol. XX., p. 186, library edition, and then only in a very brief way, showing the high approval by Professor Wilson, "the distinguished presiding spirit of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' of Sterling's literary work." Still further, the index volume of Carlyle's works, one of the most conscientious pieces of index work in our literature, corroborates what I have said.

The effect of the misstatement is aggravated by making Emerson say that he wrote to Carlyle, "I would rather agree with Wilson than himself." In the "Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson" I have not been able to find a single expression of opinion about Wilson. In Vol. II., p. 210, is the following from Emerson's letter in regard to Carlyle's "Life of John Sterling," sent to Emerson by Carlyle: "Yet I see well that I should have held to his [Sterling's] opinion in all those conferences where you [Carlyle] have so quietly assumed the palms." But this has no more to do with John Wilson than with Mahomet.

In conclusion, it seems to me in the highest degree improbable that Emerson could have made the statement attributed to him.

David B. Scott.

College of the City of New York.

An Anecdote of Admiral Farragut.

At the time of the evacuation of Richmond I was at Point of Rocks on the Appomattox. Having visited Richmond, I was returning North on the boat from Fort Monroe to Baltimore when I was so fortunate as not only to be introduced to the Admiral, but also to spend a good part of the evening in listening to his shrewd but simple and unpretending conversation.

Referring to the cannon which lined the river's banks from Richmond down to Fort Darling, I said to him that I did not wonder that he did not care to try to reach Richmond by water. He replied that he did not care for the cannon, it was the torpedoes that he was afraid of. And then, in explanation of his contempt for the guns, he said that he had learned, in estimating danger, to rely much upon human imperfection, and that an experience which he had in youth taught him to do so.

That experience he went on to describe by saying that during the war with Mexico, the navy having nothing to do and getting rusty through inaction, he applied to the authorities at Washington to be allowed to take a ship or two and drop a few shells into Vera Cruz.

He was met with objections, and was told, among other things, that he would be blown out of the water by the guns of San Juan de Ulloa. "But," said he, "I told them I was not afraid of guns; and as a reason for not being afraid I gave them an account of my youthful experience. I was a midshipman on board the *Essex Junior*, under the command of Commodore Downes, a brave but somewhat reckless officer. It was during the war with Great Britain, and no vessel was allowed to enter New York harbor in the night without giving certain signals. Downes knew that there was such an order, but in haste to enter the harbor, and yet not having the signal, ventured in in the evening rather than wait till morning. When we came within range of the guns upon the shore, they opened upon us so warmly that we were obliged to lie to and send a boat ashore to explain matters. Some accident happened to the boat, delaying it so that we were under fire for half an hour within easy range, and yet were not hit. The incident made such an impression upon me that I made up my mind that there was no need of being afraid of cannon.

"At this point in my narrative," said Farragut, "De R——, who was present, exclaimed, 'The devil! Were you in that vessel? Why, I was in command at New York at that time!'

"'Ah!' said I, 'that probably accounts for our not having been hit.'"

The evening passed away in such pleasant chat, in

which the hero talked with those whom he had never met or heard of before as familiarly as with old acquaintances.

Among other subjects he referred to the position of England, towards which nation the feeling of the North was very bitter, and said that the navy would like nothing better than a war with England.

Being asked whom they would wish for a leader — "Oh!" said he, "they would follow me as soon as any one."

A. E. P. Perkins, D.D.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

THE 'POSSUM HUNT.

Observations.

IF the world were a whispering-gallery, it is hard to say whether one would experience the more concern about the things he spoke or the things he heard.

THE man of tact and courtesy will not talk above the head of his less gifted friend. It is easier for the one to come down than for the other to climb.

THE sluggish man wastes his time, while the man who keeps in too great a hurry tries to dispense with it altogether.

THE oracle that speaks in riddles is of no use to a man whose house is on fire.

THE robes of humility often deceive; and the shoemaker's downcast look may indicate simply a wish to find out how long the wayfarer can go without ordering a new pair of shoes.

CONSCIENCE flourishes best on continuous hard service, and should not be allowed to take a holiday for a single afternoon.

SINCE a man's thoughts must be his lifelong companions, he should strive to keep them bright and agreeable.

IT is better to represent the big end of a short pedigree than the fine point of a long one.

IT is unsafe to measure one man by another man; measure all men by immutable standards.

KEEP Satan behind you, but give him an observant look occasionally.

A BLACKBIRD that can't sing and will sing ought to be put into a pie.

LEARN to labor and to stop waiting.

DON'T cast jewels before swine. If you don't know how to feed hogs, leave the work to somebody else.

SOME lights operate best under a bushel, and ought to stay there.

WHEN honest men fall out, thieves may come by what is not their own.

KNOW thyself, and keep the information to thyself.

WORDS should be used as the signs, not as the substitutes, of ideas.

THE philosopher in advance of his age must look to posterity for his turtle soup.

J. A. Macon.

The Yellow-Hammer's Tap.

WHEN gentle breezes softly play
O'er meadows sweet, in fair-haired May,
And whisper secrets to the pines
In woodlands dense with clamb'ring vines;
When balmy springtime fills the air,
And scatters sweetness everywhere,
Then there comes the ceaseless rap
Of the yellow-hammer's tap,—
Tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap-tip,—
Tipity-tap,
Tapity-tip,
Tipity-tap-tap;
'T is the merry pitter-patter
Of the yellow-hammer's tap.

When brown wrens peer through rough-hewn rail,
And oft is heard the drum of quail,
And thickets echo thrush's song,
And swollen brooklet bounds along;
When from the hedge the cat-birds cry,
And meadow-larks are soaring high,
Then there comes the merry tap
Of the yellow-hammer's rap,—
Tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap-tip,—
Tipity-tap,
Tapity-tip,
Tipity-tap-tap;
'T is the ceaseless pitter-patter
Of the yellow-hammer's tap.

When hazy shadows slowly creep,
And lambkins bleat themselves to sleep;
When from the pasture's daisied plain
Echoes the cow-bell's sweet refrain
That blends with negro teamster's song,
As down the road he rides along,
Again is heard the merry tap
Of the yellow-hammer's rap,—
Tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap-tip,—
Tipity-tap,
Tapity-tip,
Tipity-tap-tap;
'T is the plaintive rat-a-tatter
Of the yellow-hammer's tap.

Edward A. Oldham.

To Lulu.

(ON ONE OF MY BIRTHDAYS.)

A BIRTHDAY again!
But nothing I rue;
No age can have terror
That brings to me — you.

If winged went the year
None too swiftly it flew,
For 't was only its last
That revealed to me — you.

How many my years?
Ah, dear, *if* you knew;
But why count the ones
That were lived without — you!

Now Time turns him backward,—
Indeed this is true,—
I 'm just a year younger
Since I 've known — you!

Charles Henry Webb.

A Reflection.

SHE blushed when I spoke,
And her blush made me bolder,
She was sweet seventeen and not a day older,
And she blushed when I spoke,
And her blush made me bolder.

So 't was rather a shock
For a man to discover
That her parasol's tint caused that faint blush to hover —
It was rather a shock
For a man to discover!

Henrietta Stuart.

The Letter.

ALL day the rain fell o'er the land
Like a dark curtain, held on high
By some unmoved, unweary hand,
Against the hidden sky.

The south wind chanted fretfully
Around the house an eerie rune,
As if May wept regretfully
That she must go so soon.

My mood was like the dreary day —
No heart for smiles, no voice for song,
As in a hopeless, weary way
I watched the passing throng.

When suddenly, as oft before,
I spied a form in faded blue;
He passed, but left within my door
A letter, love, from you.

What magic wand hath swept the sky?
The wind is hushed, the rain is done;
A song leaps to my lips, and I
Smile with the smiling sun.

What arm hath conquered thus, or when
Hath warrior such a victory scored?
Surely the word is true, "The pen
Is mightier than the sword!"

And as I watch the cloud-ranks part,
Methinks I hear thine answering call —
"'T is true; but yet 't is Love, dear heart,
That 's mightier than all,
With power to hurl 'mid clouds his dart
And hold the storm in thrall."

Annie Louise Brakenridge.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

A CLEAR CASE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC FEVER.

TAKEN WITH KODAK NUMBER ONE.

THE photographic fever made many victims in my neighborhood before it marked me for its own. Indeed, I might have escaped it altogether, but for the Kodak. I had struggled against it for several reasons. In the outset it was rather an expensive experiment to undertake. I felt that I could not afford such an outlay when I might tire of the whole thing very soon. Cameras were offered cheaply enough before long, so that objection no longer stood in the way. Still I could not be brought to feel that I must have a camera. The tripod and the focusing cloth were formidable objects. While on my travels I saw many views that I wanted to photograph, but the notion of lugging a camera to the spot, setting it up on three legs, and burying my head under a black cloth was not an alluring one. Such preparations cannot be made in a quiet and unobtrusive way. By the time that an operator has his view fixed and focused, he is the center of an admiring crowd of small boys and idlers. This sort of publicity is harrowing to a sensitive soul. I might have established a studio in the seclusion of my own back-yard, but the things that I wanted to photograph were not there and could not get there. The first detective cameras appealed to me; but they were a bit cumbersome, and the carrying around of glass-plates and plate-holders was something of a nuisance. I knew something about the nuisance of glass-plates, as I once sat down on some which belonged to a distinguished amateur. I know that he must have felt much annoyed, but I hope that nothing could tempt me to use the language which he employed. I had about concluded that I did not care enough about photography to enter the field when I saw an advertisement of the Kodak. It was rather a fascinating advertisement, and I read it over two or three times. Then I spoke about it to some of my friends who were amateurs. They assured me that I did n't want it at all, that it was nothing but a toy; and they each offered to sell me, at reduced prices, other cameras which they had outgrown, and which would be just the thing for me. They had not seen the Kodak, but it could not be good for much, etc. However, I succumbed to the fascinations of the advertisement and ordered a Kodak. It was a neat but rather insignificant looking affair. I was inclined to think as I looked at it that my amateur friends with second-hand instruments to sell might be right after all, and that this small box was only a toy, of no real practical use as a camera. I thought it quite likely that I should give the matter up altogether after a brief experiment. You will perceive that at this time I was not an enthusiast. I was, photographically, in a state of extreme apathy. It is to persons thus indisposed to photography that the Kodak is particularly recommended. One dose, administered according to the directions, brings an instant and complete change. However, I read the book of instructions carefully through. The first symptoms of the photographic fever developed while I was reading the book. I began to be impatient; I wanted to try my camera. The agent from whom I purchased it offered to develop my first pictures for me, so that I might see the result without waiting to send my Kodak to headquarters. I started out on a bright day in the fall. Instantaneous pictures required a strong light, the book told me, and I had it. I snapped only four shots. Three of them were at random, only bits of the street. The fourth I deliberately aimed at an exceedingly pretty girl who wanted to know what that small box was. Very pretty indeed she looked as she asked me. I went down to the photographer's, and into the dark-room with him to see the operation. I watched him take out the back of the camera, cut off the four exposures that I had made, and put them in his tray. Then I

looked at him through the faint orange light, as he tipped the tray from side to side, and the developer flowed in little waves over the strips.

"You 'll begin to see them start out in a minute," he said.

Backward and forward he rocked the tray. A minute passed, another, and the strips were as white as when he had cut them off.

"Were these out-of-door scenes?" he asked.

"I thought they were," I replied, rather timidly. Backward and forward—the strips washing from one side to another with rocking of the tray. Not a line, not a spot, showed on any of them.

TAKEN WITH KODAK NUMBER TWO. (FLASH LIGHT.)

"I don't think that there is anything here," said the photographer.

A toy indeed, and a worthless one. What nonsense to suppose that photographs could be taken by such an affair. A humbug, I — the words were rising to my lips when the photographer said, "Are you sure that you took off the cap?"

I shall never cease to regret those pictures, particularly that of the pretty young woman. Her attitude — her expression — how could I have failed to take off the cap to youth and beauty? But I did.

I have said that I wanted my first experiments developed by the local photographer. This was because I was impatient to see the results. Later, when the results more than satisfied me, I kept up the same practice because I could not spare my Kodak long enough to send it away. I have no doubt but better average results might be obtained by sending the camera to the factory, but it is hard to part with the instrument, even for so brief a time. The backwoodsman said that it was strange what queer things a man saw when he had n't got a gun, and the general truth of this remark will strike the photographer who has sent his camera away. I do not now depend upon the local photographer. The passion for developing and finishing your own pictures is the second stage of the photographic fever.

Come with me for a walk, with my Kodak slung across my shoulder. Listen to the snap of the shutter as I catch, here a group of children, here a flagman at a railway-crossing, here a bit of water foaming over the rocks, here a quiet pool mirroring the trees which bend above it. Watch me in the evening as I pour the developer over the strips, and see the faint lines begin to show as by magic on the white film, a face slowly grow in the center of this circle, the branches of a tree start from the edge of that one. Watch the scenes of our walk gather here as if we had awakened memory itself in these white strips. Follow me thus, and I will make you the purchaser of a Kodak. From that it is a short and easy step to become an enthusiast. But the pictures are small, you say. They are, and so is the instrument. It has a very wide angle lens with a constant focus. It will do well what it is intended to do. Do not complain that it will not do more. Let me tell you what I have done with mine. One of my early attempts was a portrait of my little girl. I had no good photograph of her. You would have as vainly tried to persuade a fish to be quiet and comfortable out of water as to induce her to look at ease in a photographer's. Every attempt resulted in a stiff, prim look that was far from satisfactory. I had been the owner of my Kodak for about a week when I caught her in her own room at the window, reading. I caught her, and so did the Kodak. On the wall in her room hangs the bromide enlargement of that negative, for which I would gladly have given twice the price of my Kodak. How much have I used it? It has been my constant companion in my walks. I took it with me to a baseball game. In one picture the batsman stands waiting for the ball; in another the ball has been delivered, the striker has struck out, and the ball is in the catcher's hands. I have taken it with me to the bathing beach,

and wading out into the water with the Kodak in my hands, have caught the swimmer breasting the wave — a curious little picture of the head and arms on a vast expanse of water.

I have delighted the farmer by sending him a picture of the best pair of steers in the county, and the farmer's wife has a picture of herself as she tugged at the old well-sweep. The gander that stretched his long neck and hissed at me, and the dog that barked at me, have each been printed in their appropriate attitudes of defiance; even the crusty agriculturist, "who did n't want no one trampin' over his lot," and ordered me off, was taken in the act. The country school-marm walking home from school with her little flock around her; the charcoal-burner, grimy with his trade, plodding home beside his unkempt horses and his rickety wagon; the little child, toddling along the street — in a word, whatever charms your eye and catches your fancy can be fixed on the card by this small camera. And these are, many of them, views that will not wait to be focused. They would be gone before you could set your camera on its stilts. What are the advantages of this small camera? Its portability and its unobtrusiveness. You may carry it with you as easily as you carry your cane. It is no impediment to your walk. It attracts no attention. I went without mine to an open-air celebration this summer. I fancied that the trap might be noted, and I did not care to attract even that slight attention. My neighbor on the train had a small paper parcel in his hand. It looked like a cigar-box. I stood near him most of the time, and I did not know until the next day that he had wrapped his Kodak up, cutting a small trap in the paper over the lens. He had twenty little pictures, very clever ones, and nobody knew that he had taken one. The illustrations will show you the size of this Kodak picture. They cost ten cents each if you have them developed and printed at the factory; something less if you do the work yourself. The negatives are taken on a roll of transparent sensitive film. The advantage of this system is tremendous. Glass-plates are a great nuisance. They are bulky and easily broken. The roll in the number one Kodak contains film enough for one hundred pictures. These are not factory pictures which are printed here. They are not the work of a professional. More than that, they are not the work of a man of average mechanical ability. I took them, and I don't think that I could whittle out a button for a barn-door. I have no taste for experimental work. I cannot solve the simplest mechanical puzzle, and I am without manual dexterity. But I can take pictures with the Kodak, and so can anybody. Very likely you could take better pictures than these. They are simply average pictures; no more. Perhaps you will care for another instrument than the number one Kodak. A wide angle lens with a fixed focus will not do all that you want. It has its limitations. Not knowing what they are, you may get some rather curious dis-

TAKEN WITH KODAK NUMBER FOUR.

tortions at first. You may want larger pictures. I agree with you. I want another camera, though I want the small one too because I can so easily carry it with me. I would advise you to lead yourself up to a larger instrument by the same path that I have traveled. I think, particularly if you are not sure whether you will care about photography or not, that no instrument will so easily convince you that you have in you great latent photographic talent. The fact remains, and I am obliged to state it frankly, that when your photographic fever has reached a certain stage you will no longer regard the number one Kodak as a sufficient manifestation. Mine reached that stage. The symptoms were a good deal of restlessness and uneasiness. The diagnosis was easy. I knew that I wanted a larger camera, but I did not know what one I wanted. I knew that I wanted one that used films. I would not have one that used glass-plates, or even one that used the thick films that are sometimes put in the old-style plate-holders. I wanted my films in a roll, so there could be no changing of the plates to load after and keep track of. I could not find anything to meet my case until the Eastman company put some larger Kodaks on the market. Then I knew what I wanted. I wanted a number four Kodak. There are five new cameras, and if you are not already the owner of the number one Kodak you need two of these, and you must have one of them. I know that you do. Whatever your age, sex, or previous condition of servitude to any popular fad, you want a camera, and you want one of these.

TAKEN WITH KODAK NUMBER THREE.

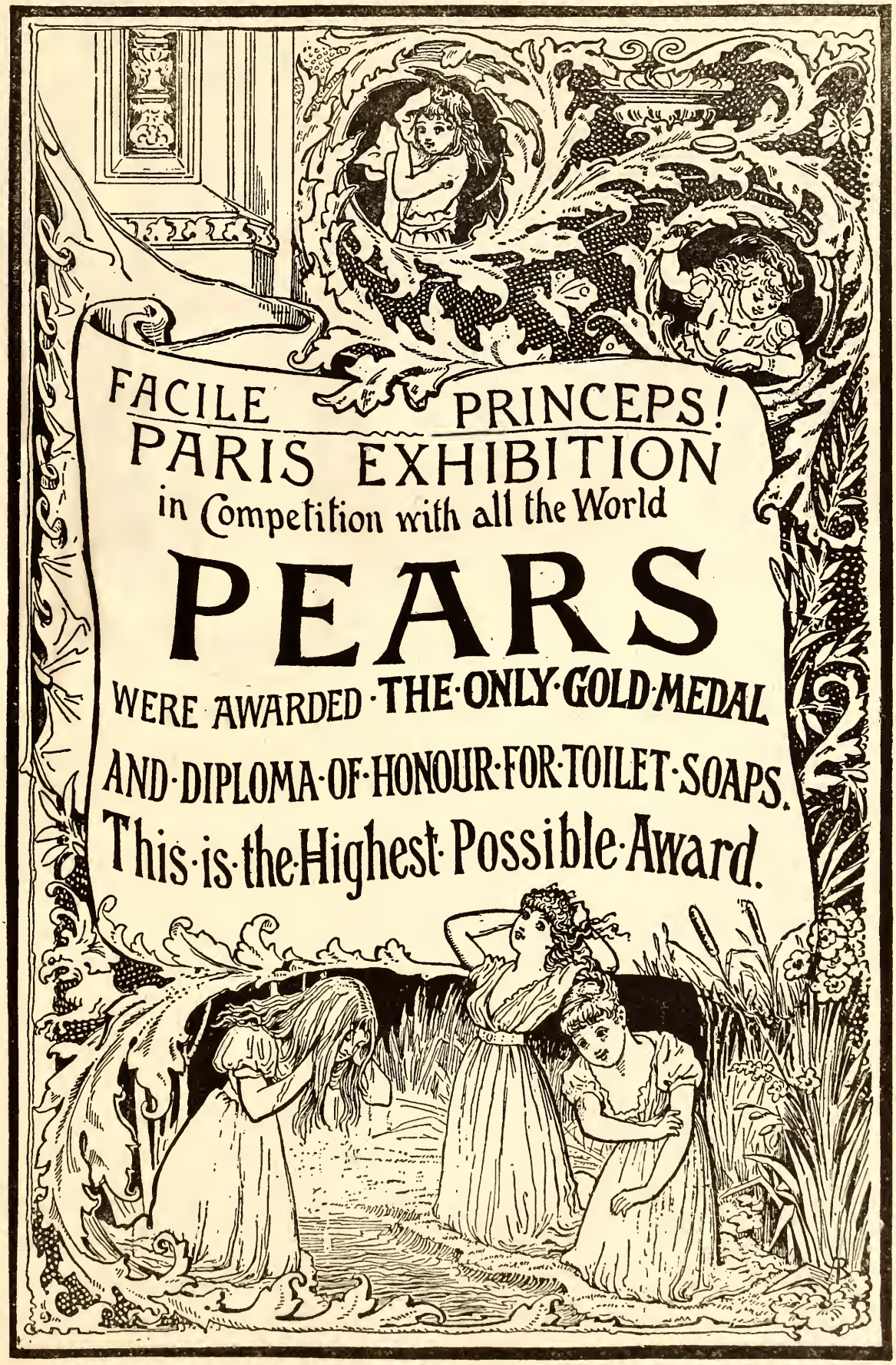
I am almost sorry that I have said so much about the number one Kodak and left so little room to tell you of the others. But the fact is that I cannot speak of that instrument without an affectionate interest which has betrayed me into leaving scant room. However, almost all that I said for it will apply equally well to them. I have said that in a camera compactness and portability are great recommendations. These are the distinctive features of these cameras. These views will show you something of what they will do. If you can borrow any one of them you will end by buying it. The lens in the number four is a beauty. If you trifle with photography at all you will end by buying a number four Kodak.

The day is coming when the camera will be in almost every house. Allow, if you choose, that you can never care for photography as an art, yet there must be a thousand scenes in your life that you would like to preserve if you could do so easily. Do you travel? You would like mementoes of your journeys in views that would easily recall them to you. Do you walk or ride? If you have ever admired tree, cloud, or lake, or the fair stretch of green sward dotted with nibbling sheep, you would surely like to have them before you again on the polished card. And I am sure that nothing could give you greater pleasure than thus easily to preserve the faces and forms of those who are dear to you. All this you may do, if you will, with no more trouble than the pressing of a button. With a flash-light you are even independent of the sun. You may catch the group around the table when the evening lamp is lighted as easily as you take the sunlit street.

Allow that these things are possibilities, and I think that you will agree with me that you want a camera. They are possibilities. They are things of every-day accomplishment with the Kodak cameras.

M. L. Carleton.

* See advertising page 45.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This is the Highest Possible Award.

PIANO-FORTES

OUR PIANOS ARE STRICTLY FIRST CLASS, the highest grade of material and workmanship being employed in their construction, and in addition to the foregoing guaranty, WE OFFER TO SEND, whether you live one mile or 2000 miles distant, a piano which shall prove perfectly satisfactory to you on examination and trial in your house or be sent back to us AT OUR EXPENSE both ways for railway freights.

PAYMENT TO SUIT your reasonable convenience.

YOUR OLD INSTRUMENT taken in exchange.

BESIDES QUALITY of work to recommend our pianos, we have exclusive PATENT IMPROVEMENTS of real merit: Pat. Soft Stop, making practice inaudible outside the room; Pat. Pin Block for tune staying; Pat. Key Bottom and Pat. Support for stability of action; Pat. Automatic Fall and Desk, giving the whole front for a music-desk, etc.

100-PAGE CATALOGUE AND IMPORTANT INFORMATION MAILED FREE, if you mention THE CENTURY.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.

Masonic Temple, 183–186 Tremont St. Boston, Mass.

OUR LATEST STYLES CAN BE SEEN AT

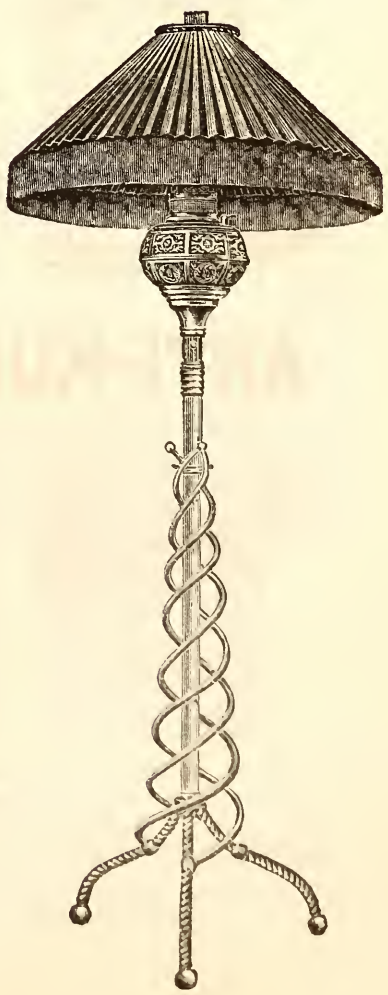
J. G. RAMSDELL'S, 1111 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
F. H. CHANDLER'S, 300 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.
G. W. HERBERT'S, 18 East 17th Street, New-York.
PHILIP WERLEIN'S, 135 Canal Street, New Orleans.
SANDERS & STAYMAN'S, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond.
W. J. DYER & BRO.'S, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

For Pacific Coast, KOHLER & CHASE, San Francisco, California.

Everybody is of one mind on the Pittsburgh Lamp.

Not a man that has seen it hesitates.

The easy lamp has the market.



It costs no more than the other central-draft lamps; gives a somewhat better light than any of them; is not inferior to any in any respect; no smell at all; and requires no care but filling and wiping—even the wicking a child can do.

It calls for no mechanical knowledge or skill.

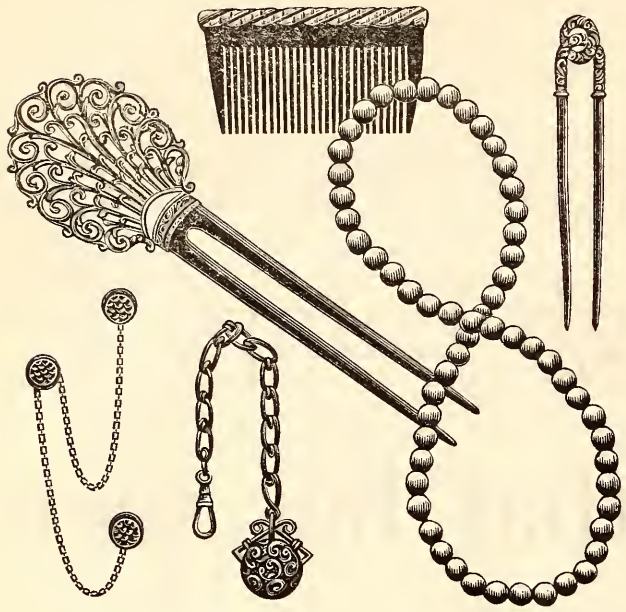
All styles: floor-stands, table-stands, vases; rich or cheap or between.

Two sizes: mammoth and family; mammoth holds a gallon of oil.

Full information in primer sent on request.

PITTSBURGH BRASS CO.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Solid Silver Jewelry.



Although the accompanying illustrations present careful and choice selections of new designs, they can serve only as a fragmentary glance at the endless variety of devices for personal adornment found in this department. The purpose is to keep this stock constantly replenished with the best productions, as they appear, while adhering rigorously to moderate prices.

The value of the large Hair-pin here represented, 5½ inches, is $5.50, and set with turquoise stones, $7.50. The same in gold, with tortoise-shell teeth, is $21.00. The small Hair-pin, $2.00, and in gold, $4.50. The Side Comb, $1.25, and in gold, $8.75. The Necklace, $3.75, and in gold, $15.00; these are from $1.00 upward, in silver, and $7.00 upward, in gold. The Queen's Chain, $1.75 to $3.00, and in gold, $9.00. The Baby Set, 60 cents in silver, and in gold, $3.00.

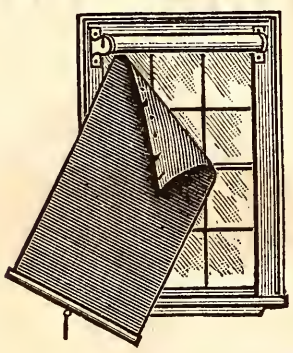
☞ The actual sizes of the articles are a trifle more than double the sizes here shown.

Correspondence invited.

Catalogues supplied with indications of Solid Silver Table Ware and Toilet and Desk Furnishings, Hall, Mantel and Travelling Clocks, Rich Table China, Bronzes, etc.

Ovington Brothers,

330 Fifth Avenue, New-York. **Brooklyn House, Fulton and Clark Sts.**

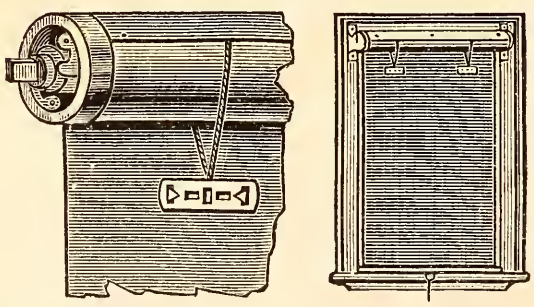


A little accident which has occurred millions of times, and which happens now and then in every house.

THE

ANTI-KUM-OFF

Window Shade Fasteners prevent all such accidents.



Order them on all new shades. They only cost a trifle.

☞**Agents and House Canvassers Wanted** in every city and town where the shade makers are not supplied. Thousands of families buy them for shades already up. For outfit and terms address

THE PATERSON NOVELTY MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Sole Manufacturers, Paterson, N. J.

LOWELL

For nearly half a century, Lowell Carpets have been acknowledged by all to be

THE BEST

The word **"LOWELL" APPEARS IN CAPITAL LETTERS** in the back of **Lowell, Wilton** and **Body Brussels** at every repeat of the pattern. **LOOK CAREFULLY** to the trade-marks, and be sure you get the genuine

LOWELL CARPETS.

The LOWELL INGRAINS are wound upon a hollow stick, which the United States Court decided to be a valid trade-mark. The stick is in two solid pieces with the name of the

LOWELL COMPANY

stamped within.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

These goods are invariably full width, and may be had in a large variety of designs, which for technique and coloring are unequaled, rendering them especially appropriate for artistic homes.

For Sale by all First-class Dealers.

CARPETS

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD?

If you are, we presume you will have a Bath-room, and that you want to get the best Bath-tub you can for the money you purpose to spend on it. We would like to show you one of our Porcelain-lined Tubs; we think you would buy it if you saw it; we are sure you would if you bathed in it once.

They are always sweet and clean inside, and are usually put in without wood-work around them, allowing a free circulation of air all around, thus insuring cleanliness outside and underneath, also saving the cost of wood-work. Our tubs are all alike inside; the lowest priced ones are just as good as the most expensive, the difference in price being in cost of fittings and outside finish; you can paint them outside yourself to match the paint in your bath-room, or we will furnish them marbleized in any color you wish, cased in bronze, or in tile to match your floor or wainscoting, or we will paint them for you.

We make them all sizes and a number of different shapes. We make an extra large tub for large people, which is also very nice for small people as it gives them plenty of room. We also have a very wide shallow tub splendid for bathing children.

In addition to regular baths we have foot and sitz baths; very nice and convenient for the purposes for which they are intended.

Most large dealers have our tubs in stock, and will be pleased to show them. If there are none on exhibition in your vicinity the next best thing is to send to us for an illustrated catalogue, which we will be pleased to send you free of charge.

Your architect may not approve of Porcelain-lined Tubs; he may have seen one long ago that has chipped off. probably made before the process reached its present state. We guarantee our tubs not to do this. We have never been called upon to replace a "chipped tub."

If your plumber is abreast of the times, and is working for his clients' interest as well as his own, he will recommend Porcelain-lined Tubs; if he is short-sighted he will want to supply you with a tub that will wear out sooner. All we ask is an examination and trial of our goods; we are not afraid of the result.

We think we make the *best* tubs.

STANDARD MANUFACTURING CO.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

GAS FIXTURES, LAMPS, ELECTROLIERS.

For this season's furnishings, we have added many new and artistic designs to our already large assortment of patterns, as they have been produced by our own artists, they are not to be obtained from any other manufactory.

These goods are now supplied for special rooms in old-silver finish, and also in wrought-iron; they make tasteful additions to room decorations.

PRICES REASONABLE. ESTIMATES GIVEN.

Correspondence addressed to Manufactory, 24th and 25th Sts. and 10th Ave., will receive prompt attention.

Principal salesrooms, lighted by both gas and electric light, 836 and 838 B'way and 13th St.,

NEW-YORK CITY.

Successor to Mitchell, Vance & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

THE MITCHELL VANCE CO.

June, '90.

Haviland China at First Hands.

NEW OPEN STOCK PATTERNS.

No. 2828.

No. 2828. This design, colored yellow and olive, with a little pale blue.

No. 2829. This design, colored terra-cotta and olive with a little pale blue.

The term "Open Stock" is used to indicate that we carry a large stock, so as to sell sets of any size to suit buyer.

FRANK HAVILAND,

14 Barclay Street, New-York City.

Ice Cream Made at Home cheaply and quickly

by using a Triple-Motion White Mountain Freezer.

Covered Gearing, Waterproof Tubs, Durable Cans, Malleable Iron Beaters coated with tin, and the Triple Motion are only a few of the many desirable features of this famous Freezer.

Will freeze in one-half the time of any other freezer and produce cream of the finest quality.

For sale by wide-awake, enterprising tradesmen the world over. Inquire for the "White Mountain" of your local dealer in house-furnishing goods.

"FROZEN DAINTIES." Mailed free on application. A book of choice receipts for Ice Cream, Sherbet, Water Ices, etc., packed with each freezer this season.

The White Mountain Freezer Co., 120 Hollis St., Nashua, N. H.

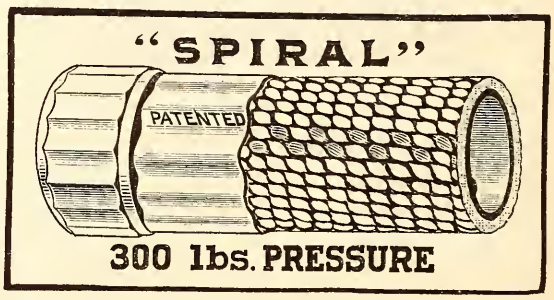
WHO HAS NOT HAD POOR HOSE?

GOOD RUBBER HOSE could be bought ten years ago. Why? Because there was *rubber* in it. The hose sold by dealers today contains little or no pure rubber. Our BLUE BRAND HOSE is the *old-fashioned kind* and is made of *rubber*. With good care it should last five or six years. It is cheap at the price. As a guarantee that you are getting what you pay for, and are not paying a high price for a poor article, we place this brand on every length:

If you cannot get it of your dealer, we will send it, express paid, on receipt of money.

Sample free if you mention THE CENTURY.

Do not waste your money on inferior hose, but get the



The Spiral Hose is the only reliable Cotton Hose, which is proven by there being so many imitations. The genuine has FOUR distinguishing marks:

I. A black line running through it.
II. The patent mark "SPIRAL," patented March 30, 1880.
III. The Corrugated band fastening hose to coupling.
IV. Corrugated coupling as shown in cut.

The "Spiral" Cotton Hose, having no outside covering to hold moisture as rubber hose does, *dries like a towel.* Insist on getting this Hose, as some dealers will try to sell an inferior one.

Sample free if you mention THE CENTURY.

BOSTON WOVEN HOSE CO. Manuf'rs of Rubber Belting and Packing,

222 Lake St. Chicago. 226 Devonshire St. Boston. 8 Bush St. San Francisco.

The Stuff

FOR

Window Shades

IS

SUN FAST

ROCKSONIA HOLLANDS.

Ask your dealer for them

A tape measure made of the goods will be sent in response to a postal-card if you mention THE CENTURY. A book of samples, 13 colors, will be mailed for four cents, to pay postage.

H. B. WIGGINS' SONS,

124 Clinton Place, New-York.

DUPLICATE WEDDING PRESENTS

5000 Cases of Choice Silver at less than manufacturer's cost.

12 SOLID SILVER TEASPOONS FOR $12.00.

Duplicate Wedding Presents Bought, Sold or Exchanged.

HERE ARE A FEW OF OUR BARGAINS:

All Solid Sterling Silver.

Repoussé chased Salad Bowl, handsomely cased,	$42,	worth $75
Repoussé chased Tête-à-Tête Set (tea, sugar and creamer), handsomely cased,	60,	" 100
Old 4-piece Continental Tea Set,	150,	" 325
Pair Old Candlesticks,	75,	" 150
Repoussé chased Pitcher, handsomely cased,	95,	" 250
Gravy Boat, " "	32,	" 55
Ice-Cream Set, 12 spoons and cutter, handsomely cased,	27,	" 40
One doz. Oyster Forks, handsomely cased,	10,	" 15
" Coffee Spoons, " "	10,	" 15
Salad Fork and Spoon, " "	14,	" 19
Berry Spoon, " "	6,	" 10
Cheese Scoop, " "	6,	" 12

A selection of goods sent to any address on receipt of reference.

Take your old silver from the Safe Deposit Companies and bring it or send it by express to us with your accumulation of old jewelry, now out of style, or otherwise useless, and exchange them for new serviceable articles, or sell it outright.

Diamonds, Watches, and Gems of all kinds at CLOSE CASH PRICES.

A Lady's 14-k Gold Watch, perfect timer,	$28
A Gentleman's 14-k Gold Watch, perfect timer,	40
A Gentleman's Silver Watch, perfect timer,	10

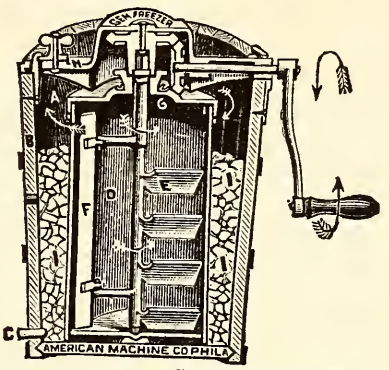
SEND FOR PRICE-LIST.

J. H. JOHNSTON & CO. 150 Bowery, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

The Gem Freezer

The Best in the World.



DOUBLE ACTION, { THE CAN TURNS ONE WAY, / THE STIRRER TURNS OPPOSITE WAY.

10 MINUTES TO MAKE ICE CREAM

The Gem Ice Cream Freezer is the most Simple, Effective and Convenient Freezer for **HOME USE.**

USES LESS ICE THAN ANY OTHER FREEZER.

White Cedar Pail—Don't shrink and fall apart.

Gearing completely Covered—Ice and Salt can't get between and clog, nor can fingers get caught.

Self-Adjusting Scraper. *Never out of order.*

Can be depended on to **Freeze Cream** in not to exceed **10 minutes.** It is **money in your pocket** to insist on having **THE GEM FREEZER.**

For sale by all leading dealers in Hardware and House Furnishing Goods. Illustrated Catalogues and Recipes for **100 Ice Creams,** etc., sent free on application to

AMERICAN MACHINE CO.,

LEHIGH AVE. & AMERICAN ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HEALTH IN BODY, VOICE AND FEATURES.

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER. FOR BRAIN-WORKERS AND SEDENTARY PEOPLE. Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Indorsed by 20,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Send for illustrated circular, 40 engravings; no charge.

D. L. Dowd's School for Scientific, Physical and Vocal Culture, for ladies, gentlemen and children. If you desire a robust, healthy physique and a voice of rare charm and power, you can surely obtain them by application of scientific principles. By this method, a singing voice for the practically voiceless and a sound body for the unhealthful is possible. The lost voice can positively be restored. Remember, "knowledge is power." Send for prospectus, or call.

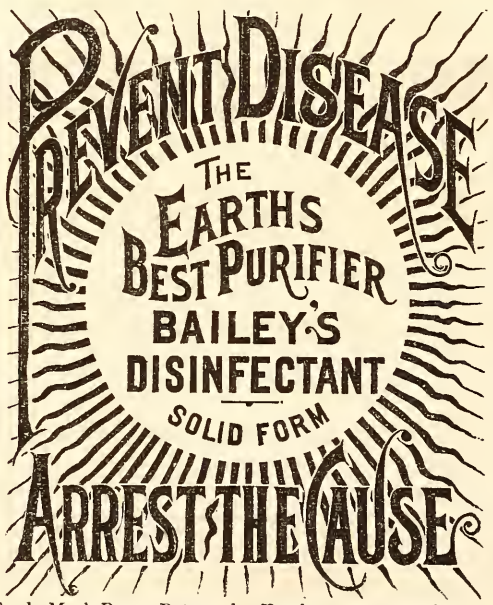
Rules for Facial Development. Will mail you rules to develop muscles of cheeks and neck to make them plump and rosy, fully illustrated, for 50 cents. Also rules for Dumb-bells to develop every muscle of the limbs and body for 50 cents additional, fully illustrated. **Prof. D. L. DOWD, Scientific, Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th St. N. Y**

There must be some reason for it

We never have compelled anyone to use Pearline. We'd like to, but it isn't feasible. Besides, it isn't necessary. Millions use Pearline, and have tested and proved it. It's too old to be unknown, if it were a fraud, but where is the thing as popular and yet so young? If you know Pearline, you know the reason. In all washing and cleaning, there's nothing that saves as much labor and does as much work. It hurts nothing, saves wear on everything, costs no more than common soap and is more economical. Reasons enough for most women: think, are they not good enough for you?

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back.* 176 JAMES PYLE, New York.

A CONTINUOUS



DISINFECTANT.

Trade Mark Reg. Patented—Foreign patent applied for.

Perfectly Non-Poisonous, Odorless, Sanitary.

It slowly dissolves in water, making a constant Disinfectant for water-closets, urinals, sinks, drains, sewers, cesspools, privies, vaults, stables, kennels, bilge-water, spittoons and every place that needs Disinfecting.

Sample Tablet,	**10c. each.**
4 ounce "	**25c. "**
Box of 50 Small Tablets,	**25c. "**
1-2 pound Can,	**50c. "**
Powder, per Can,	**25c. "**

Sent prepaid on receipt of price.
Descriptive Circular and Sample Piece to try mailed free. For sale by Druggists and Grocers.

THE BAILEY DISINFECTANT CO.
Sole Manufacturers and Patentees.
Boylston Building, Boylston St. Boston, Mass.

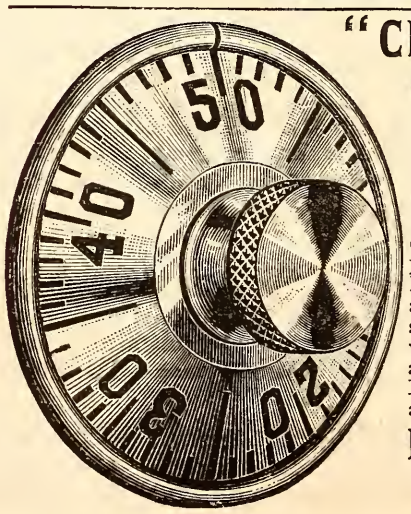
DAVIS WINDOW FIXTURE

Adjusts shades and locks windows opened or closed. Send two-cent stamp for SOUVENIR and particulars.
DAVIS ADJUSTABLE SHADE CO. 258 Broadway, New-York.

PILLOW SHAM HOLDER, nicely nickel-plated full set with screws complete to any address for **10** cents. Agents wanted. **T. M. GANDY, CHESTER, CONN.**

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF *Stewart Hartshorn* ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN



"CHAMPION" Keyless Locks.

SAMPLE MAILED ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

For **Drawer, Locker, Closet, Chest, Box, Safe,** etc. **Simple, secure, legible.** Awarded **prize medal** at Paris Exposition, **1889.** Catalogue **free.** Those who send 3 cents in stamps will receive with the catalogue our new steel **Pocket Tool,** always acceptable.

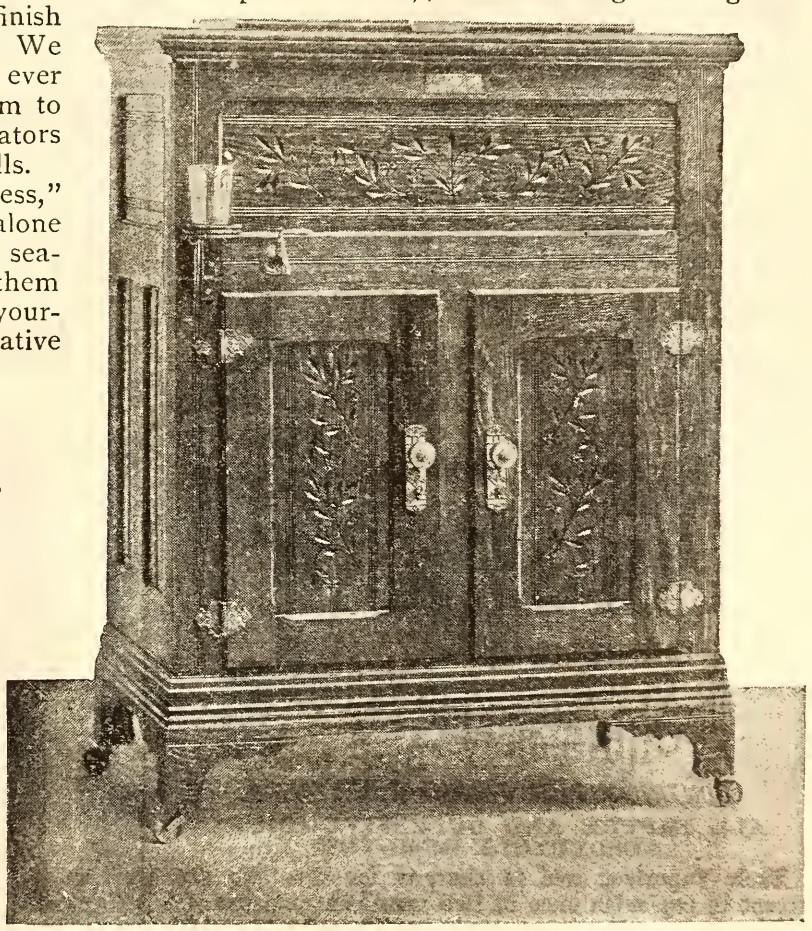
MILLER LOCK CO.
Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

A WORD ABOUT REFRIGERATORS.

The "Wisconsin Peerless" Hardwood Refrigerator [patented] is a decided departure from the old style of so-called Refrigerators. It has a complete and continuous circulation of PURE, COLD, DRY AIR. It has a CLEANABLE FLUE SYSTEM that is perfection and simplicity combined, and by the use of which it can be kept perfectly pure and sweet and totally free from that disagreeable and offensive odor found in other Refrigerators. This flue does not have to be removed to be cleaned, thus avoiding all risk of breaking or bending. The walls are lined with MINERAL FIBER, the most perfect non-conductor of heat or cold obtainable, the use of which will reduce your ICE BILL and give you a lower temperature in the provision chamber than any other Refrigerator made. They are made of selected kiln-dried OAK or ASH (no elm or other cheap woods used); the trimmings are of genuine bronze or brass; and the workmanship, finish and general appearance in keeping. We make but one grade, and that the finest ever placed on the market. We do not aim to compete with so-called cheap Refrigerators or with Refrigerators with non-filled walls.

Insist on having a "Wisconsin Peerless," and take no other. The saving on ice alone will pay for half the cost of one the first season. If your dealer does not handle them have him send for catalogue, or send yourself to any of the following representative firms, who are jobbing agents:

The Ross and Fuller Association, New-York.
The Seltzer Klahr Hardware Co., Philadelphia.
The Lockwood Taylor Hardware Co., Cleveland.
The Lee Clarke Andreesen Hardware Co., Omaha.
John Bowers, Richmond, Va.
W. W. Walker, Dallas, Texas.
Horton, Gilmore, McWilliams & Co., Chicago.
A. Baldwin & Co., Limited, New Orleans.
Phillips, Hood & Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Macon Hardware Co., Macon, Ga.
A. J. Miller Co., Savannah, Ga.
The Cincinnati Stamping Co., Cincinnati.
Isaac Walker Hardware Co., Peoria, Ill.
A. J. Harwi Hardware Co., Atchison, Kan.
R. D. Cone Hardware Co., Winona, Minn.
T. M. Roberts, Minneapolis, Minn.
Northwestern Furniture Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
M. Seller & Co., Portland, Oregon; Seattle, Washington; Spokane Falls, Washington,



Or direct to

THE WISCONSIN REFRIGERATOR CO.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS. U. S. A.

THIS CARRIAGE ONLY $12.35

Delivered Free East of Mississippi.

Upholstered in Red, Blue or Brown Damask or Satin.

Parasols to match. Adjustable Top. Nickel-plated Rod, Springs, Axles and Braces, which we guarantee. Wire or wooden wheels same price.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

JOHNSTON, TALLMAN & CO.

41 Barclay St., 46 Park Pl.
NEW-YORK.

WE MANUFACTURE

The LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE VARIETY of CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES in the UNITED STATES.

Send for Catalogue, showing 50 different styles, from **$6** to **$36.** As we are manufacturers, we can upholster and furnish our carriages to suit patrons at prices beyond competition.

FACTORY:

387, 389 and 391 West 12th Street.

More and Better Ice Cream

from the same amount of material, and in less time.

This seems strange, but it is true.

And it is reasonable, too, when you come to understand

Shepard's "Lightning" Freezer,

which does it.

Ask your local dealer for it; and send for our "Lightning" Freezer Receipt Book, mailed free.

Shepard Hardware Co.
Mammoth Foundry, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mothers

Save your children from diphtheria and other contagious diseases by using in your Nursery, Bath and Sleeping Rooms the

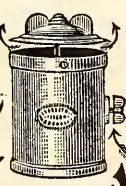
SHERMAN "KING" VAPORIZER,

KNOWN, PROVED AND WARRANTED.

With its use, that deadly, secret, invisible enemy, Sewer Gas and all other Noxious Vapors are rendered harmless.

TRADE MARK.

Pure Air



INSURED BY USING "The Sherman King" Vaporizer

SELF-ACTING, CONTINUOUS. INEXPENSIVE, RELIABLE.

ALL IMPURE AND OFFENSIVE ODORS ABSOLUTELY REMOVED.

Each Vaporizer sold is charged for use. No care except to replenish once in two months at expense of 4 to 8 cents, according to size. Three sizes, $3.50, $5.00, $8.00. Illustrated pamphlet free.

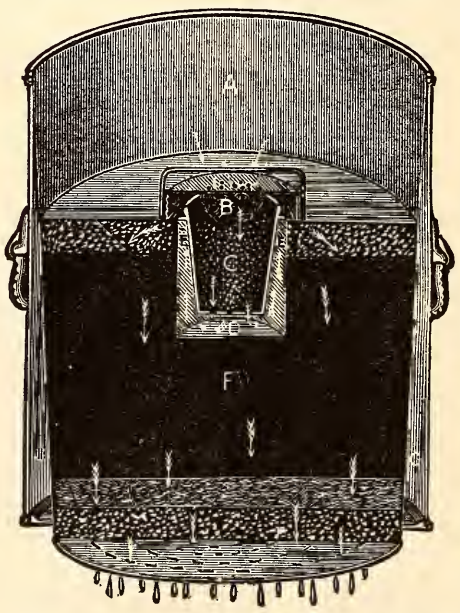
SHERMAN "KING" VAPORIZER COMPANY,
Chicopee Falls, Mass., Boston, New-York, Philadelphia or Chicago.

BARGAINS IN WALL PAPERS.

The largest and best selected stock of Wall Paper in Phila. which we sell to the consumer at wholesale prices. Samples sent to all parts of the United States **FREE.** Send for samples and compare our prices and quality of goods with others.

HETHERINGTON & CO. 1207 Market Street, Phila. Pa.

Jewett's New Water Filter.



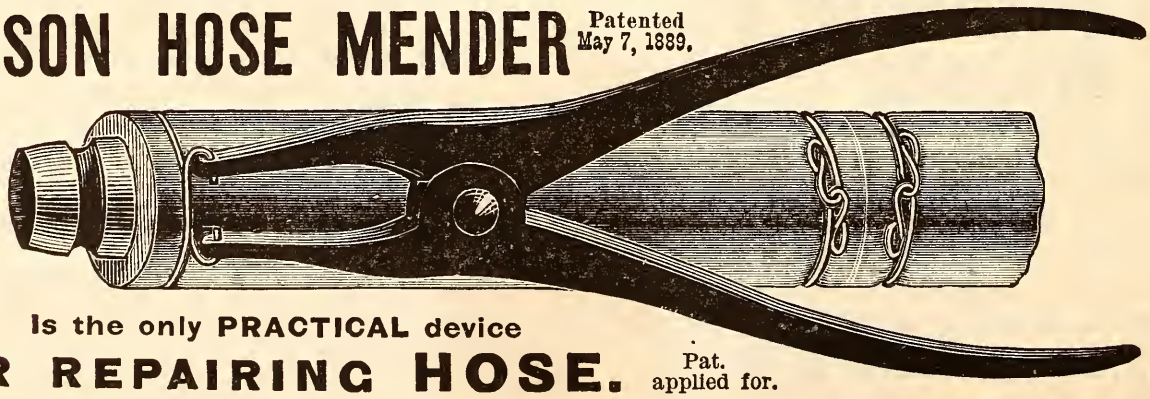
A Great Invention. Send for Book of Information.

THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

MEND YOUR OWN HOSE.

HUDSON HOSE MENDER

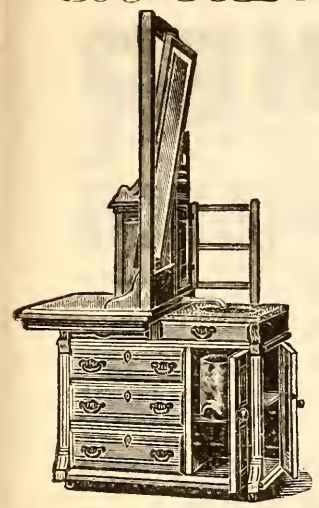
Patented May 7, 1889.



Is the only PRACTICAL device

FOR REPAIRING HOSE. Pat. applied for.

One box containing 6 Menders, 20 Bands, and 1 Plier, sent prepaid to any address on receipt of price, **$1.00.** Extra parts sold separately. **C. E. HUDSON, Cathedral Building, Boston.** Agents can make big money selling this outfit.



SAVE MONEY. SAVE HEALTH. SAVE ROOM.

No sewer gas to poison your family. No washbowls and pitchers to annoy and break. No offensive washstands in your rooms.

One piece of furniture to do the work of two. One room to pay for instead of two. One piece of furniture of more practical value to you than any other you have.

These cuts show one style of the **PRINCESS DRESSING CASE.** The only fit companion for the **FOLDING BED.**

A perfect dressing bureau, with concealed marble-top washstand, zinc tank and concealed slop jar. The swinging top makes it a favorite with the **ladies** for toilet purposes. The reversible beveled plate mirror makes it a favorite with the **gentlemen** for shaving.

The best thing in the market for Apartment houses, boarding schools, summer cottages and hotels, boarding-houses, all small houses or apartments, **all places** where economy of space or money is any object.

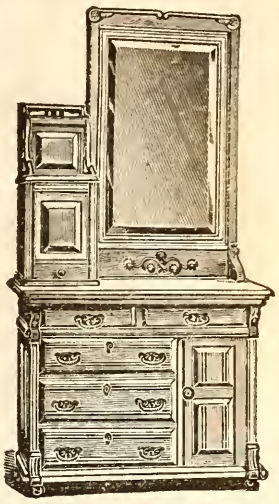
Dressing cases and center tables fully protected by patents.

None genuine but the **Princess.**

For sale by best retail furniture dealers in all principal cities.

Where not carried by dealers, goods will be shipped direct.

Address **PRINCESS DRESSING CASE CO. Grand Rapids, Mich.**



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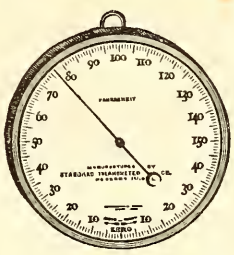

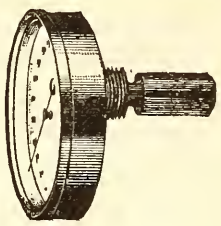

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NEW-YORK OFFICE:

Room 413 Telephone Building,

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THE "AUTOMATIC" CREAM FREEZER.

No Turning of Cranks.
Takes Less Ice.
No Brine Can Get Into Cream.
Simple in Action.

THE BEST FREEZER FOR FAMILY USE.

Made in 4 sizes, ranging from 3 to 8 pints.
Send for circular and price-list to

TREMAN, KING & CO.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS,

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WHAT IS SAID OF IT:

Each freezer is an advertisement. When a lady sees it, she never rests until she has one.
HART HARDWARE CO. Louisville, Ky.

It has given absolute satisfaction.
Mrs. W. B. WILLIAMS,
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It works like a charm.
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It operates satisfactorily in every respect.
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AGENCIES:

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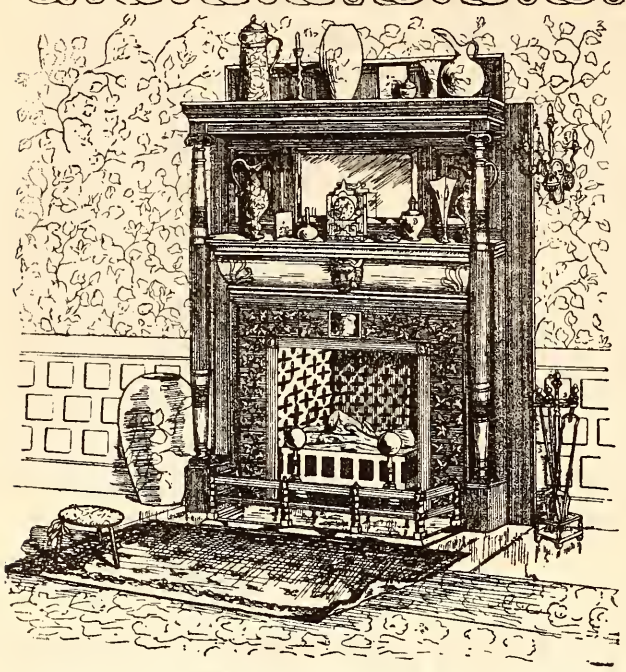
HART HARDWARE CO. Louisville, Ky.
LEBENBAUM BROS. San Francisco, Cal.



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An illustrated catalogue of about two hundred styles of Wood Mantels will be sent to anyone who will mention where this advertisement was seen and enclose six cents in stamps for postage.

THE ROBERT MITCHELL FURNITURE CO.,
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World's ONLY Manufactory of
WHEEL CHAIRS
EXCLUSIVELY.—ALL Styles and Sizes for use of
INVALIDS AND CRIPPLES.

Self- and secondary hand-propulsion, in-doors and out. Comfort, durability, and ease of movement *unequaled*. Sole Makers of the Patented "Rolling Chairs" pushed about at the Centennial. For Illustrated Catalogue, send stamp, and mention THE CENTURY.

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MEMORIAL WINDOWS
ROYAL BAVARIAN ESTABLISHMENT
MUNICH — MAYER & CO.
LONDON — STAINED GLASS WINDOWS
& 124 W. 23d St. — OF SUPERIOR MERIT &
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FISCHER
ESTABLISHED 1840,

PIANOS
RENOWNED FOR
TONE & DURABILITY
MODERATE PRICES
EASY TERMS, EXCHANGED.
DELIVERED FREE WITHIN 20 MILES OF NEW YORK CITY
Catalogue Mailed on Application.

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Ladies

can hardly wait till they get them when they know about **"NEVER-BREAK"** steel cooking utensils. They are the great household improvement of the age. No more greasy, scaly, cracking spiders, kettles, griddles, &c. If you care for nice cooking utensils (and what good woman doesn't?) write for illustrated circular.

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PLAYS Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School, Club & Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Chicago, Ill.

INVALID ROLLING CHAIRS.

Fully equal to any in the market for comfort, strength, durability and finish.

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203 Quarry Street, Phila., Pa.
Send for price-list.

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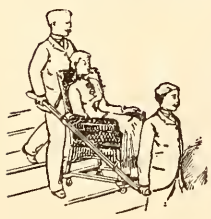
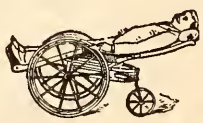
WINDOW CORD
For hanging Sash Weights.
Send for Sample.

SAMSON CORDAGE WORKS,
164 HIGH ST. BOSTON, MASS.

OURS IS THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE WORLD





of Rolling, Reclining and Carrying Chairs, Commodes, Earth Closets, Back Rests, Bed Trays, Crutches, Sanitary Rubber Goods, Hospital Supplies, Invalid's Beds, Invalid's Tables, Bidets, Comfortable Reading Appliances, Revolving Book Cases, etc.

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On a clear night count every star in the heavens. Do this for 76 clear nights and you have counted the number of ESTEY ORGANS that have been sold.

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The ESTEY ORGAN Co. have sold enough organs in the last fifty years, to supply one to every nine farms in this country to-day. This is true of no other organ.

If every ESTEY ORGAN that has been sold cost $100, and payment had been made in one cent coppers, these cents, laid side by side, touching each other, would reach entirely around the world.

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An interesting Book of Facts (containing 32 pages, with 40 illustrations), entitled, *How Large is 200,000,* will be mailed free; one copy to one address.

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PIANOS
ESTABLISHED IN 1851.
25000 SOLD AND IN USE.

THEY COMBINE
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THEY ARE SOLD ON THE MOST ACCOMMODATING TERMS, DELIVERED IN YOUR HOUSE FREE OF EXPENSE, ANYWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES, AND SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Catalogues and full information mailed free on application.

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The EVERETT PIANO.

Unexcelled in Precision and Delicacy of Touch and Durability.

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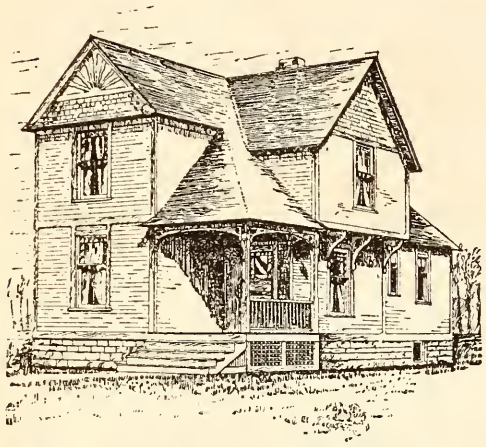
"From Andante to Allegro," a beautifully illustrated pamphlet, will be mailed to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen and inclose two cents in stamps.



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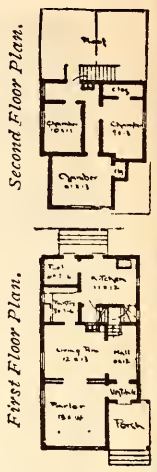

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Designs in satinwood, mahogany, oak, cherry, etc., Louis XVI., Moorish, Japanese and other styles to harmonize with wood-work. Wood Carpeting at low cost. **THESE FLOORS ARE EASILY LAID BY A GOOD CARPENTER.** Full directions and plan with each floor. **Send for Book of Designs.**

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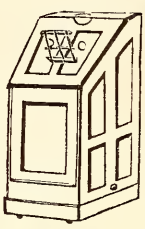
SOLICITOR OF PATENTS,
AMERICAN AND FOREIGN,
CORNER 7TH AND F STREETS, - - WASHINGTON, D. C.



Bath Cabinet.
A CURE for Rheumatism, Liver and Skin Diseases, Etc.

Rolling Chair.
A Priceless Boon to those who are unable to walk.

RECLINING CHAIRS,
COUCHES, COMODES,
BACK RESTS, BIDETS, and other
INVALIDS' FURNITURE.
Descriptive Lists Sent Free.

Our Chairs are used in the U. S. Hospitals.

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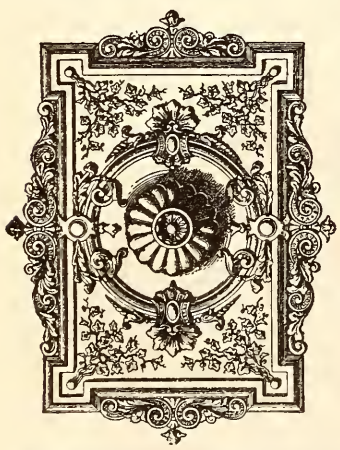
NEW HAVEN, CONN.



SHEET METAL CEILING CENTER-PIECES.

LIGHT, DURABLE, CHEAP.

Beautifully finished in lusterless white, or can be decorated so as to harmonize with ornamentation of room.

Easy to put up on **New** or **Old** ceilings without damage to plaster or paper.

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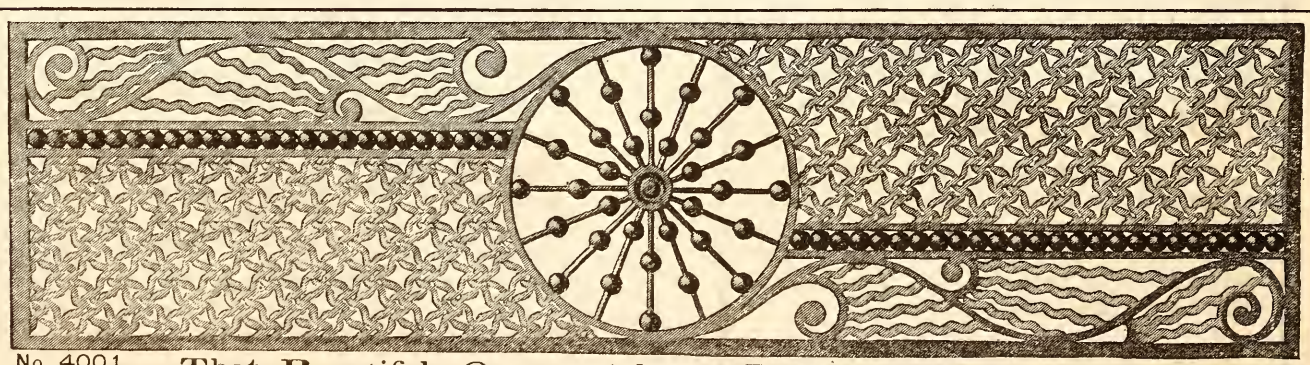
206 Depot St. Salem, Ohio.

J. T. WAGNER, Sales Agent, 108 Chambers St. New-York.



No. 4001 **That Beautiful, Ornamental and Decorative Wood-work** for Doors, Transoms, Arches and Windows known as MOORISH FRET-WORK is manufactured (only) by

C. S. RANSOM & CO. Cleveland, Ohio.

There is no limit of design into which this work can be made. It is made of any domestic or imported woods, finished natural, stained or in white and gold or bronzes. All leading decorating, drapery or furniture houses will supply you. Patented as an article of manufacture September 15, 1885.

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Rear Admiral Daniel Ammen, of Washington, D. C, and Ammendale, Md., writes to Mr. Shoppell, the Architect, as follows: "In reply to your inquiry I have to say that I am entirely satisfied with your plans and estimates furnished me, and with the cottage I built. It is thought very well of, and I consider your business treatment valuable, honest and straightforward. I would not build again without availing myself of your aid." Hundreds of similar letters at Mr. Shoppell's office.

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Mr. Shoppell has a full list of Classified Designs (estimates guaranteed)—the most helpful aids ever devised for the intending builder. Every design is beautifully printed on plate paper (size of page, 10½ x14 inches), with full descriptions and floor plans. Each set or "class" is inclosed in a handsome cloth portfolio, as follows:

* Portfolio of	$1,000	Houses,	30	designs,	Price	$2
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HOUSE ON STATEN ISL — LAMB & RICH · ARCHTS NEW YORK

The soft velvety coloring effect so desirable for house exteriors can only be obtained and permanently held by the use of

CABOT'S CREOSOTE SHINGLE STAINS.

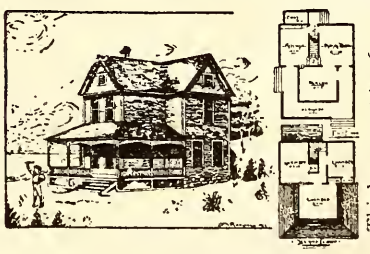
They have been in use ten years.

Containing a large percentage of Creosote, they preserve the Wood. They are the only exterior stains not adulterated with Kerosene.

Thousands of houses from East to West attest the beautiful soft coloring effect they give. Sketches of some of them, and also samples on Wood, will be sent on application.

SAMUEL CABOT, Sole Manufacturer,
70 Kilby St. Boston, Mass.

Mention THE CENTURY.



This house cost $1026.00.

"Art in House Building."
Issued in April, '90.

Before building your house, do not fail to see our book of 20 finest engravings and description of houses selected for STYLE-COMFORT-ECONOMY ranging in price from $700.00 upwards. *Finest work published.* Not a collection of old designs, but all entirely new. Price, 75c., post-paid.

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YOUR CEILING IS CRACKED AND BROKEN.

Look at something neat, durable and practical.

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NORTHROP'S PAT. METALIC CEILINGS.
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CORRUGATED & CRIMPED IRON SIDING AND BUILDING MATERIALS.
PITTSBURGH, Pa.

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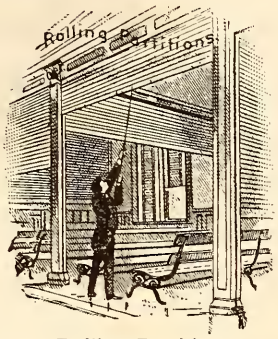
SEND FOR OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR.

JAS. G. WILSON, Patentee and Manufacturer,

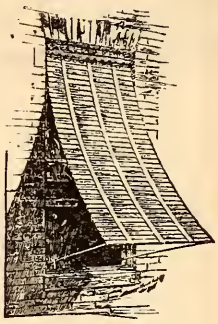
REMOVED to 74 West 23d Street, New-York.

English Venetian Blinds.



Rolling Partitions.

Rolling Venetian Blinds.


Outside Venetian.

A **Pure Linseed Oil Paint** produces the best results, including durability and beauty of finish. No other prepared paint can possess these qualities, as it would lack the necessary ingredient.

We invite the attention of all who are interested in artistic and durable results to our sample cards, showing 44 shades, in various combinations, of our Pure Prepared House Paints. These contain the maximum amount of Pure Linseed Oil in combination with pigments that insure the greatest durability and covering capacity.

A card of Colors for Ceilings and Walls, showing four delicate shades, may also be obtained on application.

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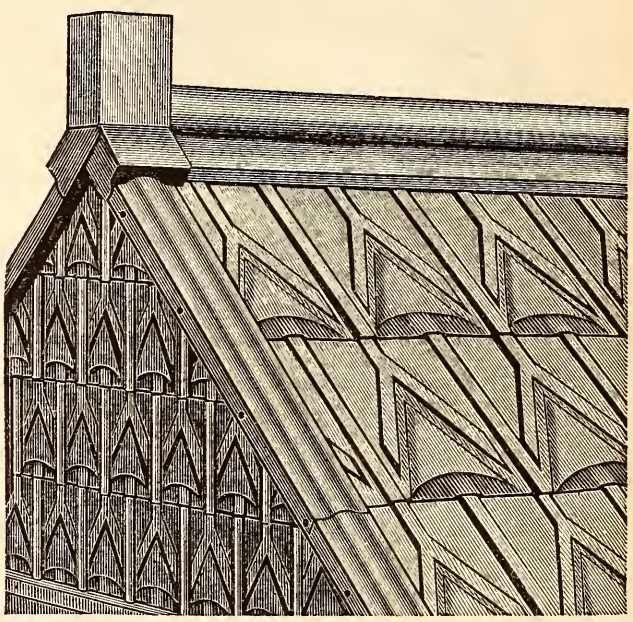
Makers of Oil Stains, Gloss Colors, Floor Paints, Colors and Varnishes, for interior and exterior use.

438 Pearl Street, New-York City.
37 to 45 Case Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.



If you are building a new house, or have an old one to re-cover, don't fail to get particulars and prices of

WALTER'S PATENT,
COOPER'S PATENT, } SHINGLES
SHEET METAL,

Made from Tin and Steel plate, Galvanized tin plate and Copper.

To be used where a durable fire-proof or ornamental roof is desired, and the pitch of roof is equal to that necessary in using the ordinary shingle. Catalogues free.

NATIONAL SHEET METAL ROOFING CO.
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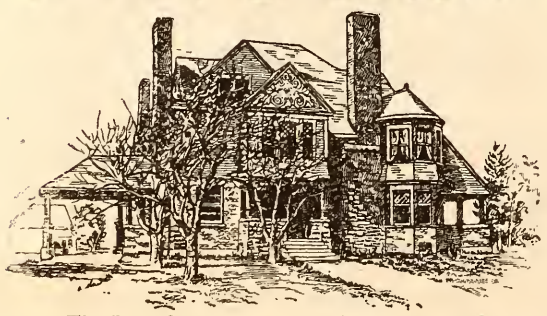
Dexter Brothers' English Shingle Stains.



Yes, sir, you can use the water from the roof if the shingles are stained with our stains, for nothing will wash off.

No, sir, our stains have no offensive smell that will drive your family and you frantic.

It is cheaper than paint, because at the end of five years you can give it another single coat and it will look like a new stained house.

A package of stained boards, with full information, mailed to any address on application.

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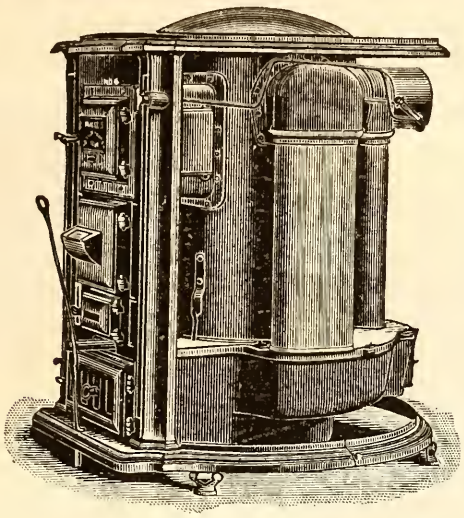
A. Baldwin & Co. (Limited), New Orleans, La. W. W. Lawrence & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. Aquila Rich Paint and Color Co., New-York.



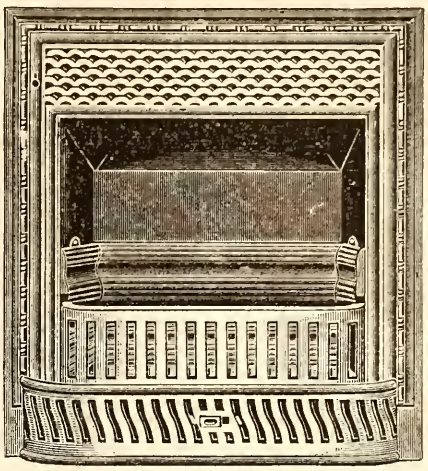
Hot Air Furnaces have been in disfavor with some by reason of the many imperfect constructions used. The Magee Boston Heaters will give better satisfaction at a less cost than any hot water or steam apparatus ever used. We guarantee them in every respect when properly put in; and when desirable to apply hot water it can be used in combination. Send for descriptive circulars with references.

Magee Ranges and Heating Stoves have also a world-wide reputation.

MAGEE FURNACE CO.

32 to 38 Union St. Boston. 86 Lake St. Chicago.

"Pure Air Ventilating Grate."



Mention The Century.

Pure fresh air from out of doors *positively* heated. It will warm more cubic feet than any grate ever before offered to the public; the extra heat from hot-air chamber is greater than that from a 10 x 14 register of the best furnaces. Fire maintained without trouble. Largest variety of tiles for fire-places and floors in New England. Manufacturers of **brass** and **wrought-iron fenders, andirons,** etc. Send 10c. stamp for 200-page catalogue or stamp for circular only.

MURDOCK PARLOR GRATE CO.
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RICHARDSON & BOYNTON CO'S

"Perfect" Hot-Water Heater.

The most Powerful and Economical Heater ever made.

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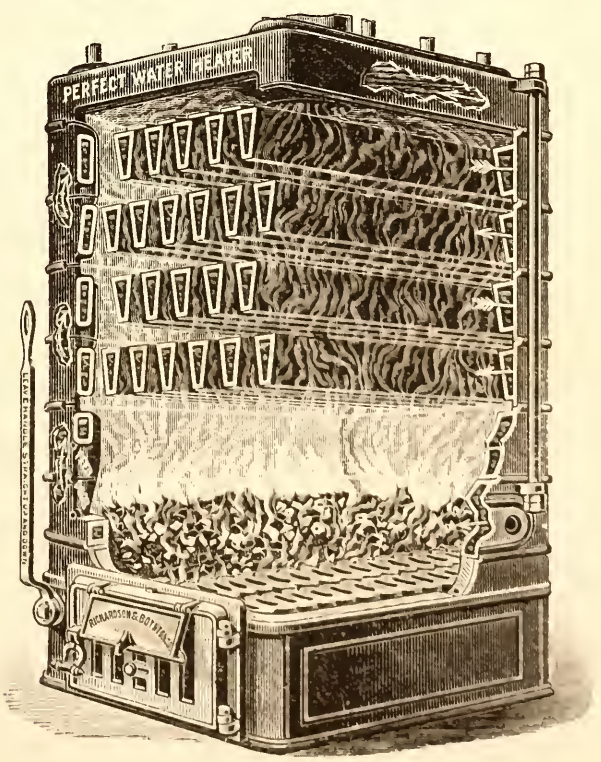
RICHARDSON & BOYNTON CO.:

Gentlemen: Last year I placed one of your "PERFECT" Hot-Water Heaters in my house, and it has proved a grand success. The atmosphere is delicious, and the absence of all noise, dust, ashes and gas, makes it, in my opinion, the "Ne Plus Ultra" of a heating system.

Your "PERFECT" Water Heater is simple, safe and easily managed, and I can say, without exaggeration, that it does all you claim for it. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who desire a perfect system of hot-water heating.

Yours respectfully,
CHAS. H. MEEKER.



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Manufacturers,

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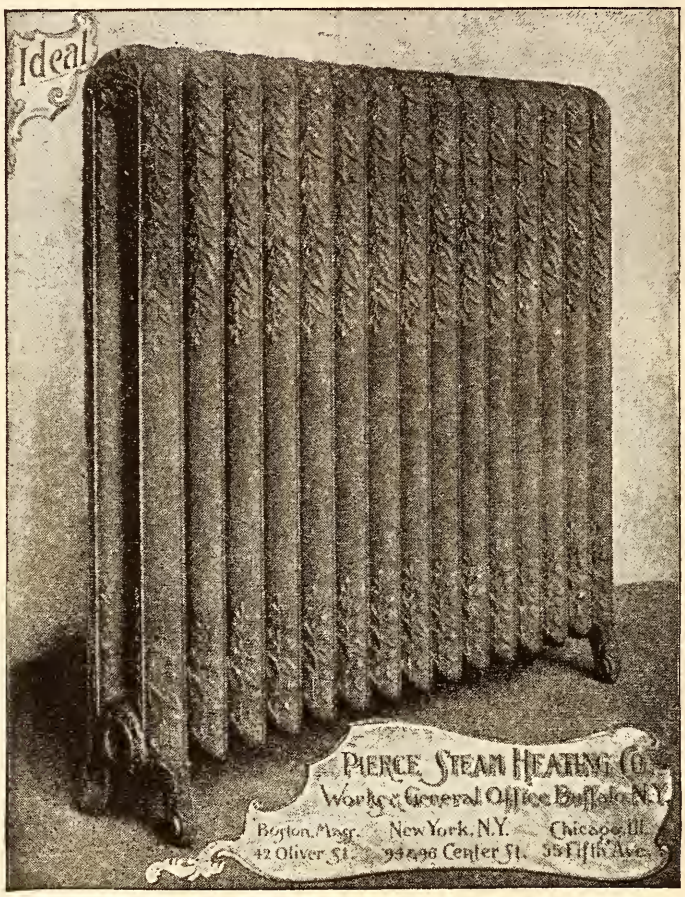
Merit Will Have Its Reward.

Artistic.

Efficient.

Reliable.

FINE, SMOOTH SURFACE.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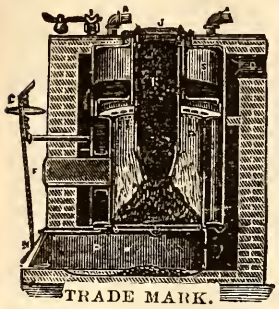

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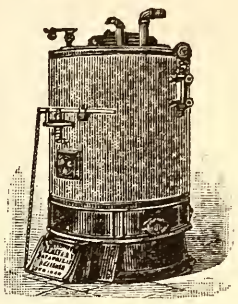

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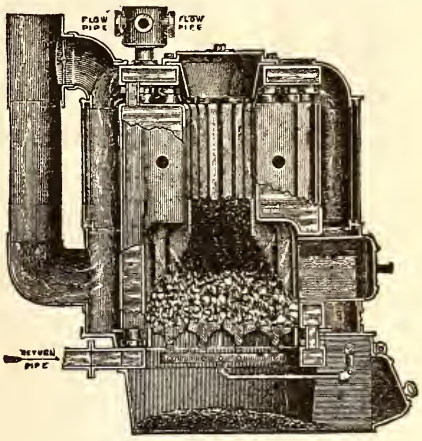

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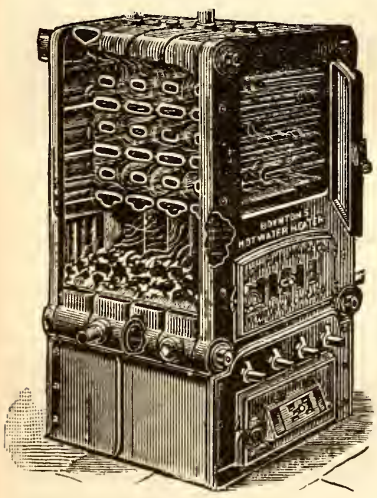

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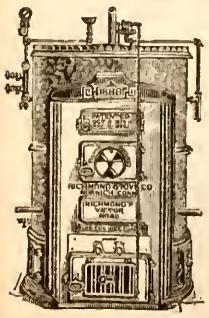

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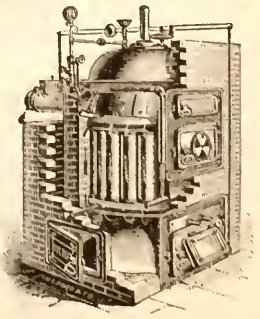

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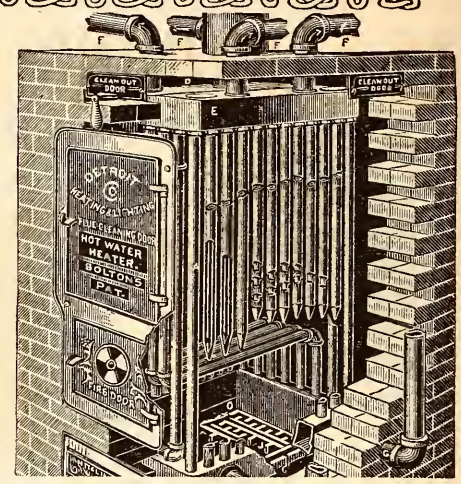

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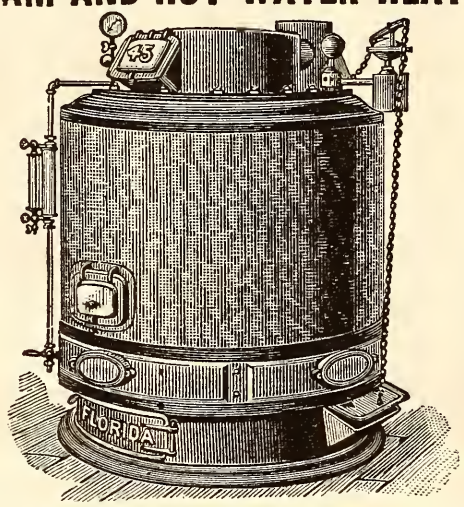

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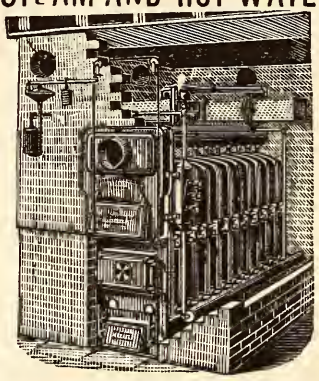

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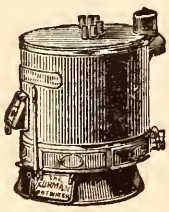

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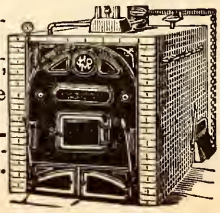

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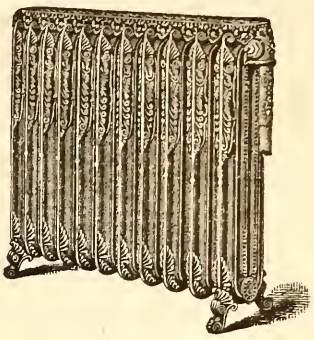

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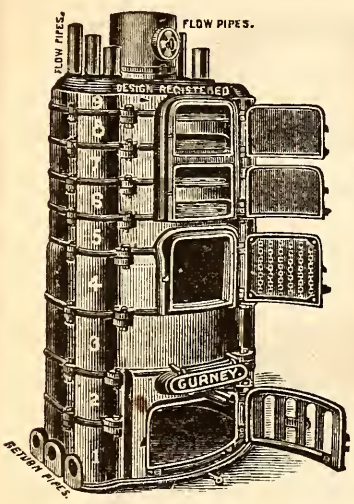

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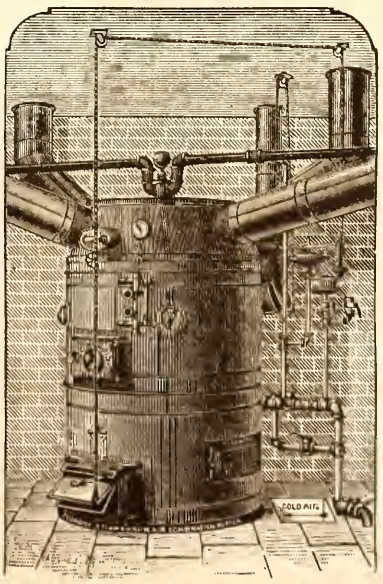

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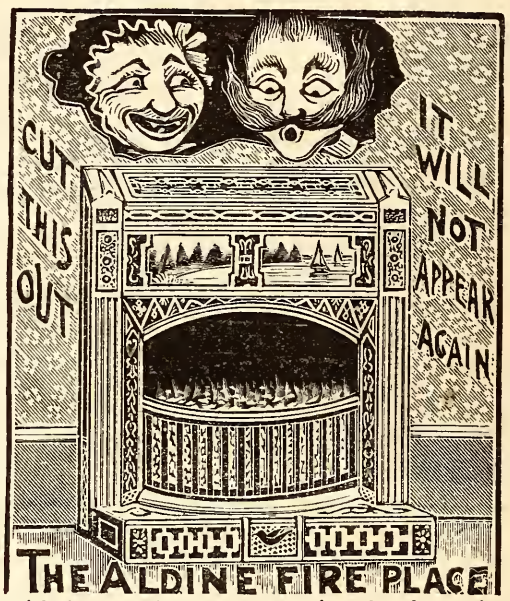

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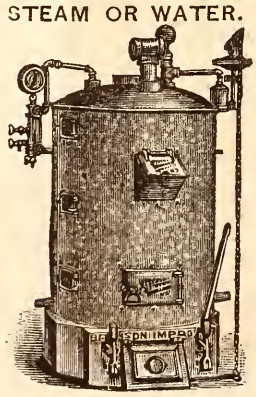

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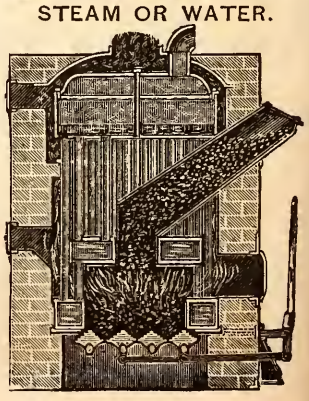

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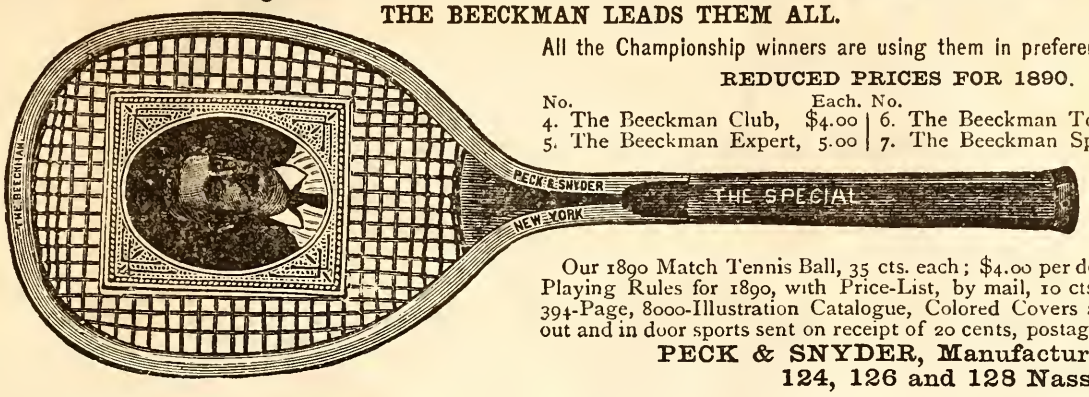

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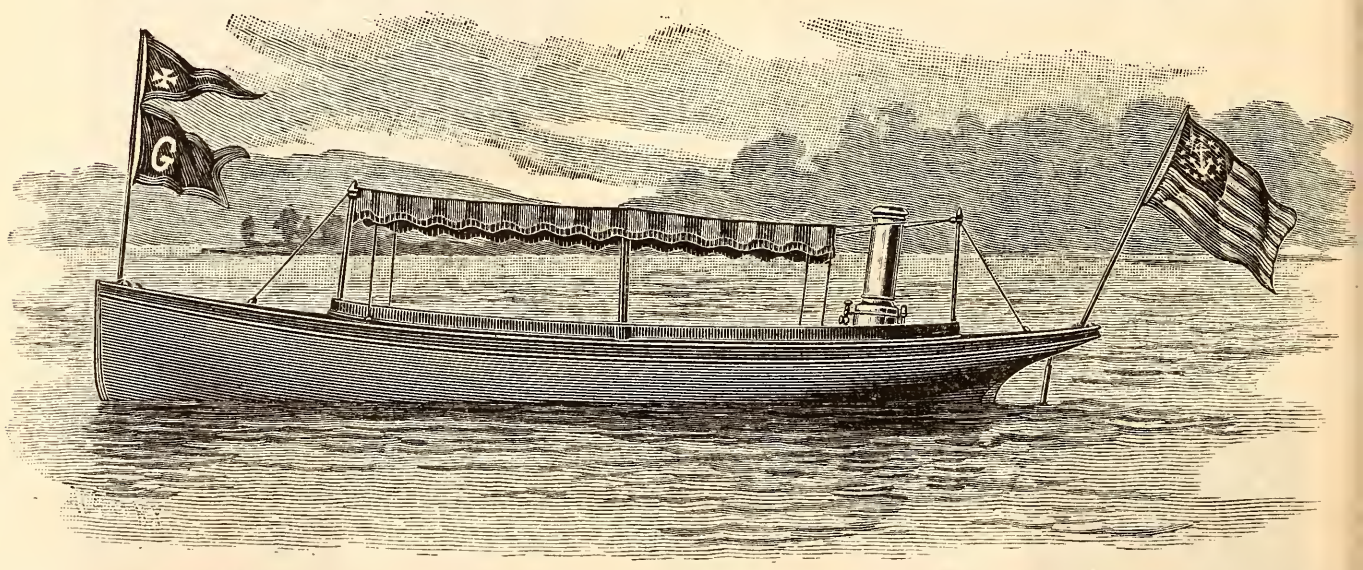

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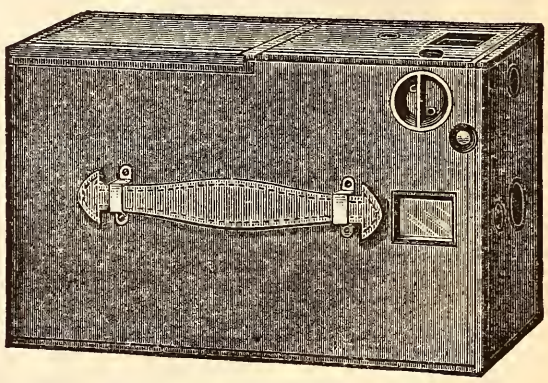

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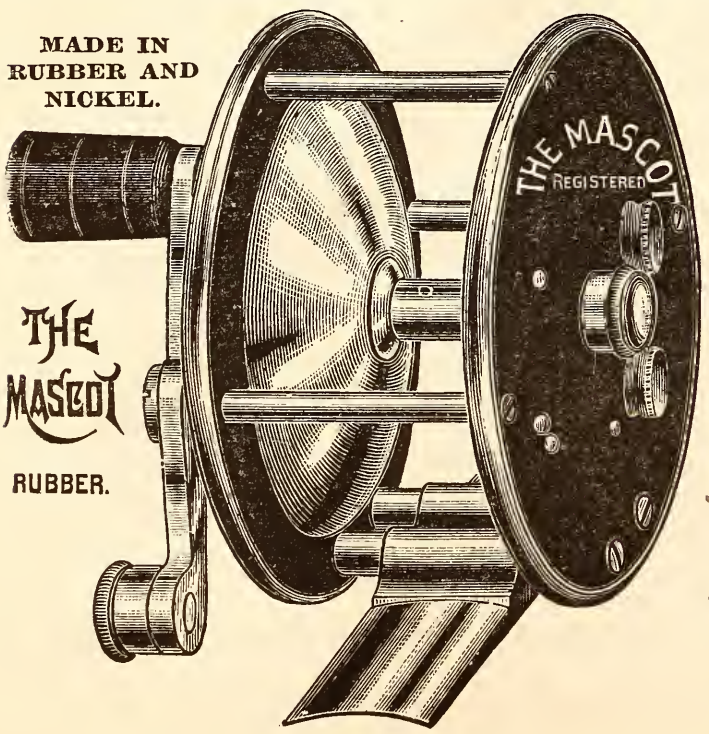

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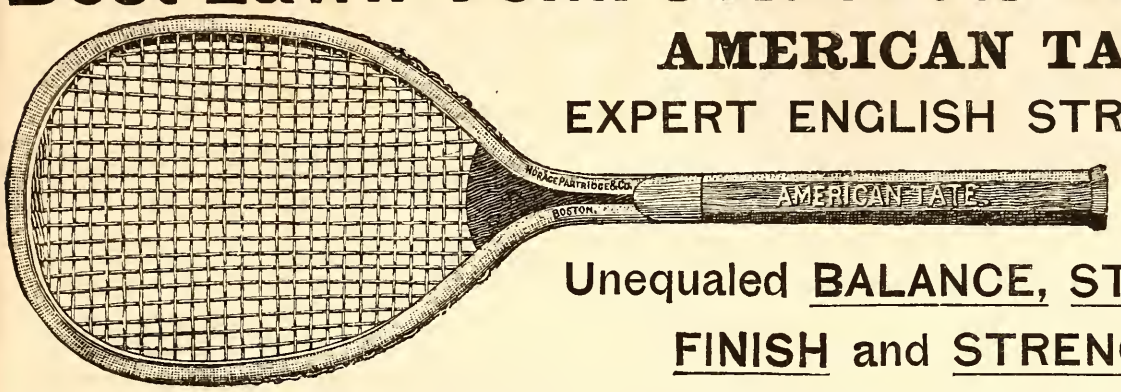

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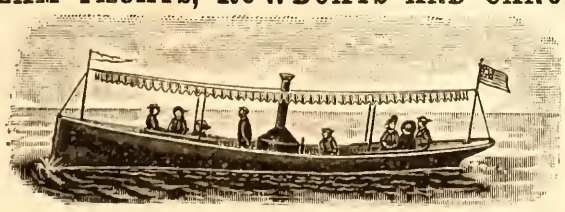

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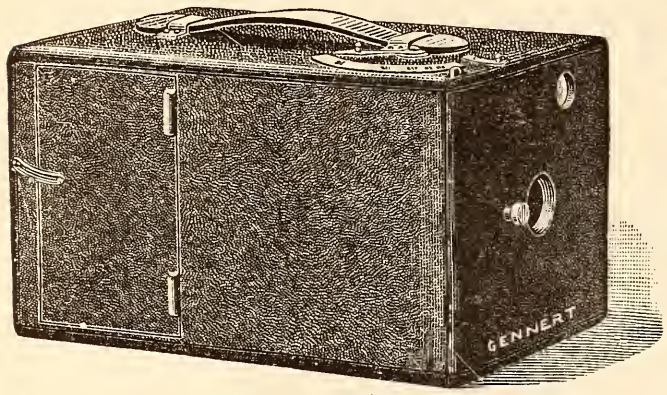

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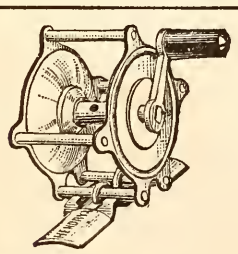

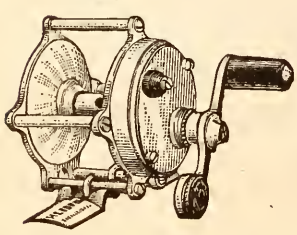

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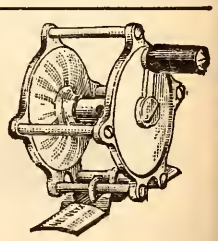

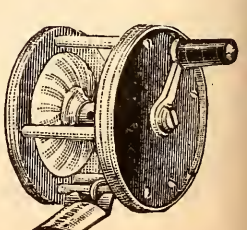

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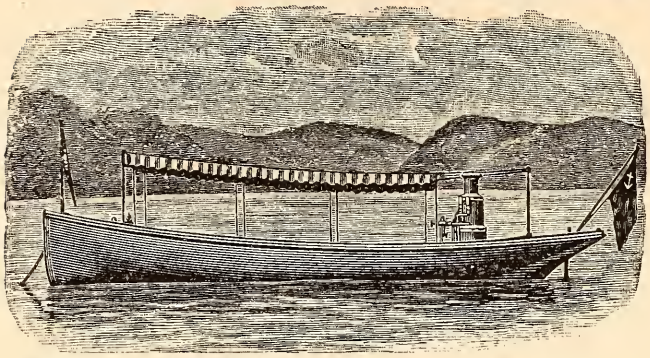

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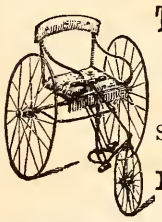

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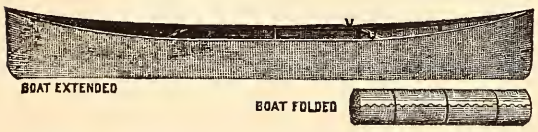

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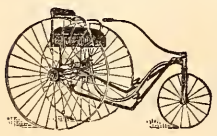

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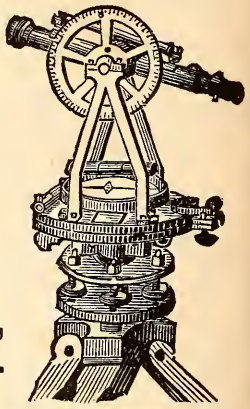

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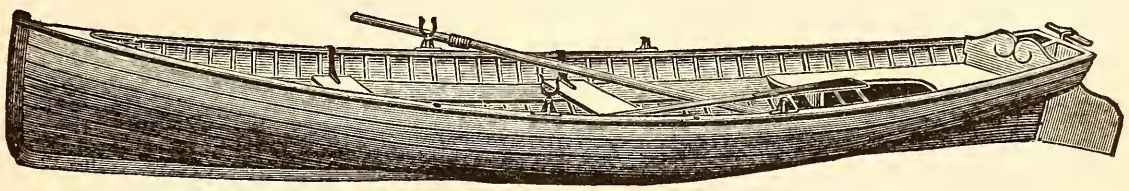

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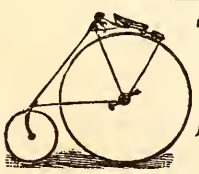

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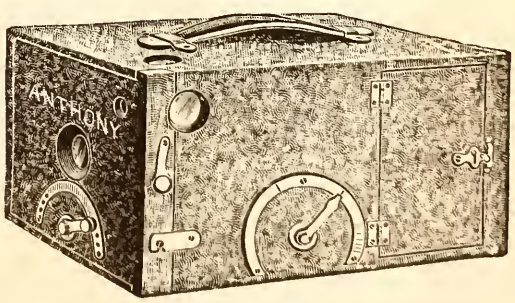

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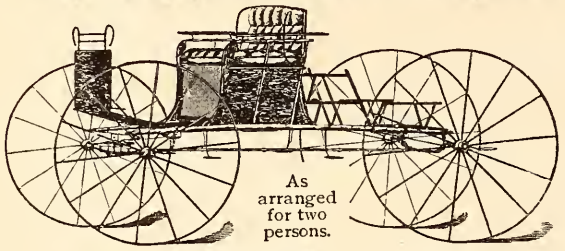
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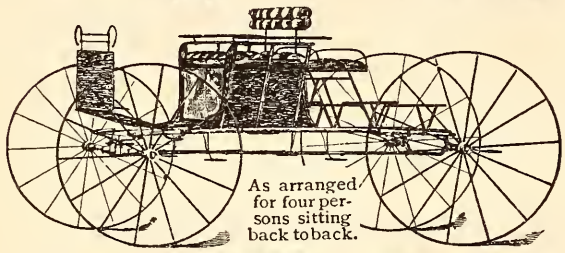
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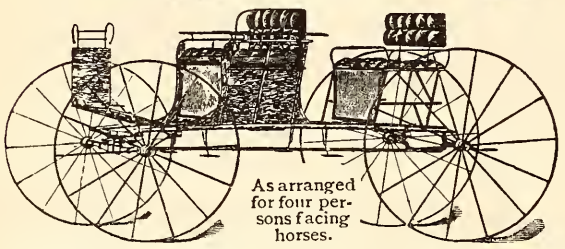
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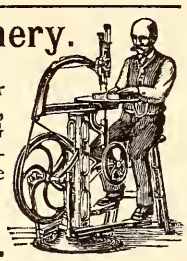

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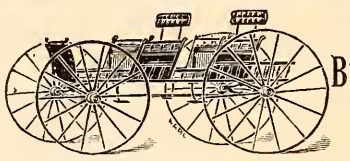

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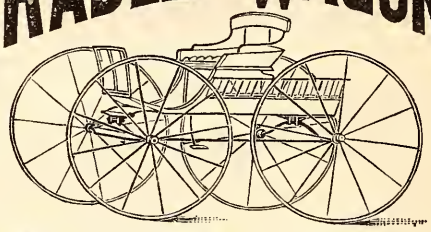

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For certain large Advertisers, Financial Institutions, etc., of the class that appeal mostly to Business and Professional **men,** we are making a very useful and popular steel **Pocket Tool,** large enough to show the advertiser's address, brand, etc., and not too costly for the purpose in view.

MILLER LOCK CO. Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

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346 PERCHERON AND FRENCH COACH HORSES,
IMPORTED and BRED in 1889

Among Oaklawn's importations this year are the

WINNERS OF 88 PRIZES
at the Great Shows of France, and of these were
42 FIRST PRIZES;
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13 FIRST PRIZES.

STOCK ON HAND: 670 HEAD

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Thirty-five miles west of Chicago, on the C. & N.-W. R'y. between Turner Junction and Elgin.

"SHADELAND" THE MOST EXTENSIVE
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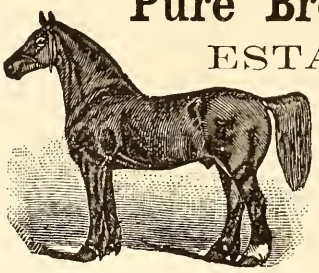

NEW IMPORTATIONS
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HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN AND DEVON CATTLE.

Our customers have the advantage of **our many years' experience** in breeding and importing; **superior quality; large variety and immense collections;** opportunity of **comparing different breeds;** and **low prices, because** of our **unequaled facilities, extent of business** and **low rates** of transportation.

No other **establishment** in the **world** offers such advantages to the **purchaser.**

PRICES LOW! TERMS EASY! Visitors welcome. Correspondence solicited. Circulars free.

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When you write, mention THE CENTURY.

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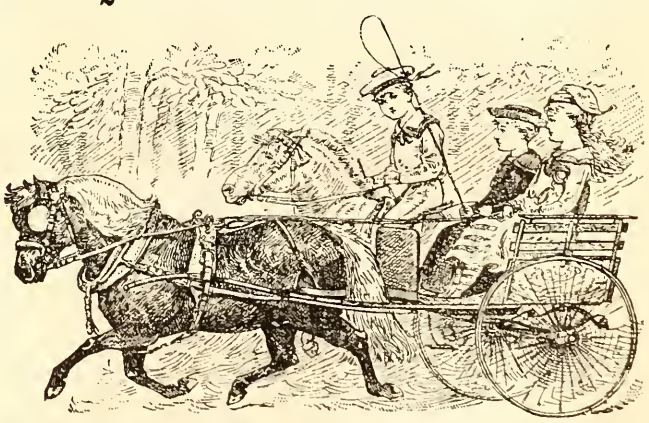

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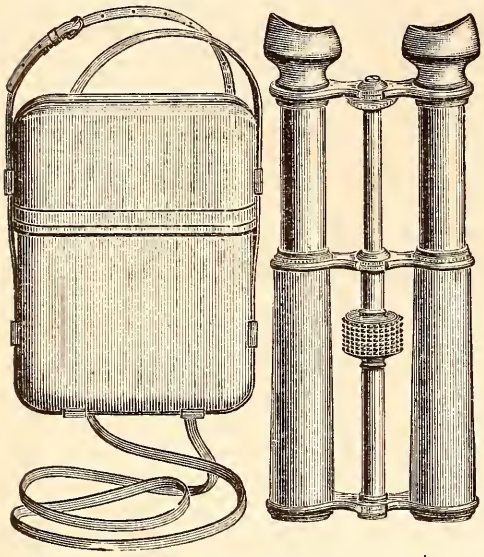
The Largest and Finest Herd of Registered Shetlands in America.

Write for what you want, inclosing stamp for Price-List.

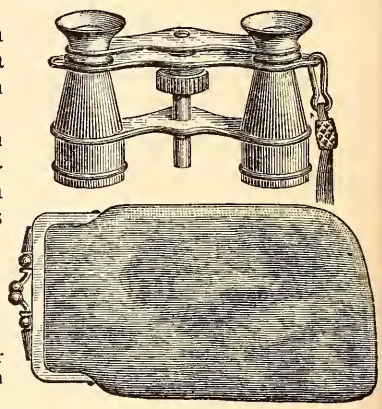


THE QUEEN BINOCULAR TELESCOPE, as here shown, has four (4) times the power of the regular field-glass.

When in its case its bulk is 6¼ inches long by 1⅜ inches thick. It may be carried with safety and comfort in a hip or side coat-pocket. **Price, complete, $35.00;** or $60.00 if made of aluminium, and thus effecting a reduction of one-half in the weight.

THE QUEEN VEST POCKET OPERA AND FIELD GLASS is the best little instrument for use both in a theater or for traveling ever made. Considering its size, its power and quality are simply astonishing.

When in case, which is pocket-book style, it measures 3 inches long by ¾ inch thick. **Price, complete, $18.00;** or $35.00 if made of aluminium.



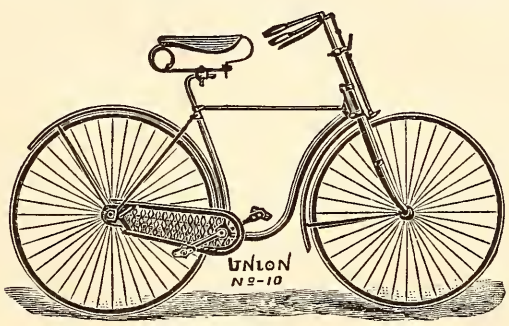
SPECIAL OFFER.—For $50.00 we will send one each of the "Queen Binocular Telescope," described above at $35.00, and the "Queen Pocket Opera and Field Glass," at $18.00; or, for $90.00 we will send one each of the above in aluminium.

There is no doubt but that the instruments as described above are sources both of profit and enjoyment to Farmers, Ranchmen, Stockmen, Army and Navy Officers, etc., as thousands to whom we have furnished these can testify. If you can possibly find room to carry one or both of these little instruments with you this Summer you will never wish to be without them again.

QUEEN & CO.

924 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our 43-page catalogue, Part F, of Opera, Field, Marine Glasses and Binocular Telescopes, and our 24-page catalogue, Part G, of Spy-Glasses, Telescopes, etc., will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 4 cents in stamps.



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Correspondence solicited.

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can be attached to any screen in two minutes. Will positively keep any room clear of flies. A boon for kitchens, dining-rooms and sleeping apartments. Sell themselves in every house. Agents wanted at once, to whom exclusive territory will be given. Send 50 cents for samples.

THE DENVER FLY ESCAPE CO. P. O. Box 1650, Denver, Colorado.

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What is more aggravating than leaky valves, whether in House, Office or Factory? If you wish to avoid annoyance, INSIST on having

JENKINS BROS.' VALVES

Accept no valves as JENKINS BROS. unless stamped with our "Trade-Mark," like cut.

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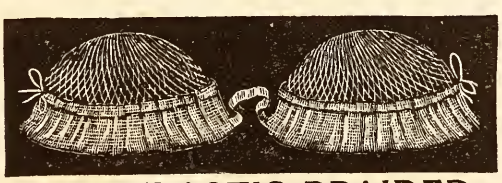

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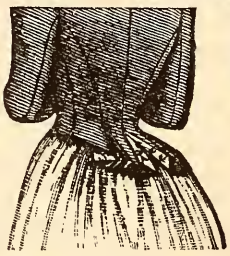
WIRE DRESS FORMS

Never get damp from perspiration, weigh only **half an ounce, adjustable** to any size desired. DR. HANNAH LONGSHORE, Prof. Woman's Medical College, Philada., says, "They are the only kind that do not produce irritation or injure the health." **Price, 50 cents.**

THE NEW BRAIDED WIRE DRESS CUSHIONS.

Empire B. 25c.



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Julia Marlowe, 35c.

These cuts show how Skirts look when the Braided Wire Dress Cushions are worn. They do away with stuffing of hair, wool, and other heating and unhealthy substances, and **only weigh 1 oz.** If you do not find them where you trade, we will send by mail, post-paid, Elastic Dress Forms, 50c., Empire B. or H. Dress Cushions, 25c., Julia Marlowe (which gives fullness to skirt lower down), 35c. These goods are made of the finest **watch-spring steel,** and are tempered in shapes, so that they cannot get out of order. Dealers will please send for price-list and samples.

WESTON & WELLS MFG. CO., 1117 Cherry St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE HOUSEWIFE

4 MONTHS FOR ONLY ONE DIME

If you mention THE CENTURY.

THE HOUSEWIFE FOR JUNE CONTAINS:

FICTION.—"Hester's Love Story," by **Harriet Prescott Spofford**; "Katherine's Victory," by **Elizabeth Brown**; and "Dorothy," a story of life at a summer hotel, by **L. E. Chittenden.**

FASHION.—Jennie June talks about "The Business Woman's Summer Dress," "Capotes and Flower Toques," "Summer Models," and "Little Grandmothers."

FLOWERS.—George R. Knapp writes about "Some Hardy Perennials," "Roses," and "Ornamental Planting," besides giving much valuable advice to correspondents.

HOME DECORATION.—Emma Moffett Tyng furnishes an illustrated paper on "Things for Use and Beauty," very interesting as well as instructive.

THE ART OF BEAUTY—by **Mrs. M. P. Handy,** is replete with hints and directions for making the most of one's personal attractions.

MOTHERS.—Dr. Frank talks to mothers about the care of babies in warm weather; and **Mary F. Robinson** shows women "How to Make Money at Home."

THE KITCHEN.—Eunice Carew furnishes the first of a series of articles on "Dinners for Five for Fifty Cents"; **Eliza R. Parker** gives directions for making "Fruit Jellies," to be followed in succeeding numbers by articles on Canning and Pickling. **Maria Parloa** teaches "The Best Way to Clean Kid Gloves."

THE NEEDLE-WORKER and **CHAT-BOX** departments are as complete and attractive as ever.

POEMS by **Helen Winslow, Ralph Shaw, Emily Selinger,** and others, complete the June number.

☞ Every article contributed expressly for **The Housewife** by the best talent obtainable.

50 CENTS A YEAR; 5 CENTS A COPY.

Special Offer: To introduce it into thousands of new homes, we offer it **4 months for only 10 cents,** if you mention THE CENTURY.

The Housewife on all news-stands, 5 cents a copy.

THE HOUSEWIFE PUBLISHING CO. NEW-YORK.

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Is the "Trade" name for Plates of Soft Steel cut and opened out into webs of **diamond** or other **shaped mesh.**

For fencing it is unsurpassed, being strong and durable, giving great protection with least obstruction to view of inclosure.

It is not of the "stretched" order of fence, but a solid and substantial structure, which, when mounted in various ways, makes a neat and attractive guard for **Lawn, Park, Church, Cemetery or Farm** that will prove a good investment.

For **Summer Doors, Window Guards, Poultry Yards** and **Ornamental Garden Work,** more durable than wire.

Our **Steel Lath** commends itself to Architects and Builders as the best metallic lath in use.

It requires no stretching or furring; its form makes it rigid, and yet it can be readily molded to any required curve or angle. Gives a perfect "**key**" throughout.

Specify our Lath to reduce the fire risk on your buildings.

Write for catalogue and name THE CENTURY.

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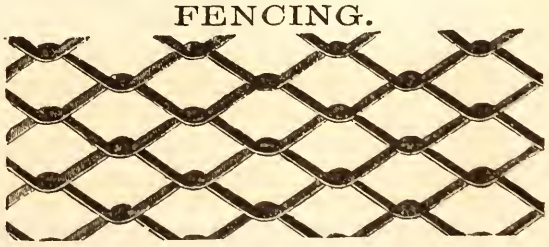

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1026 Ridge Ave. Phila.

CENTRAL EXPANDED METAL CO.
116 Water St. Pittsburgh, Pa.

A PERSONAL EXPLANATION.

Many readers of our advertisements do not understand that we desire to deal direct with them, not through a middle-man. They go into a local store and ask for our goods. The dealer has none, but, of course, has something "as good," and the customer is persuaded to again try the poor stuff that has so often disgusted him. The **MAHER & GROSH** goods are **hand-forged** from **razor steel,** tested and warranted. They are made **on honor,** and sold on their merits. For 13 years they have been before the public, and the verdict is shown by constantly increasing sales. We want your trade; you want value for your money. Send for our free 80-page illustrated list; it is full of points about the use of **Knives, Razors, Shears,** etc., that we have been a lifetime learning. But, as sample, look at this cut, exact size of our great leader, price, 65c., but for a while samples sent, post-paid, for 48c.; **5 for $2.** Our 7-inch best **Steel Shears,** 60c., post-paid. ☞ This knife and shears, by mail, $1. Pruning knife, 75c.; grafting, 25c.; budding, 55c.; pruning shears, 90c.; 3-blade **stock-knife,** $1; fine penknife, $1; boy's strong 2-blade, 35c.; ladies, 2-blade pearl, 50c.

No. 477. Elegant pearl handle, nickel ends, two blades and nail file; highest quality blades. Price, $1.00. The blades are severely tested, and will carry a razor edge. Price of the two knives shown here is $1.65. We will mail you the two for $1.40 for a while.

MAHER & GROSH,
74 Summit Street, Toledo, Ohio.

PIANOS $150 to $1500

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ESTAB. 1859. INCOR. 1877

They Lead the World!

Sent for trial in your own home.

ABSOLUTELY PERFECT

Guaranteed Six Years.

Sold Direct to families. No Middlemen.

DON'T BUY A POOR PIANO!

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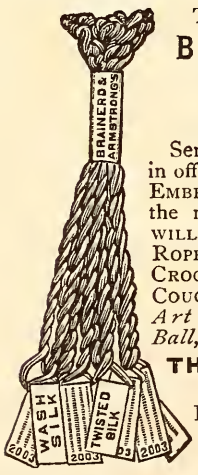
CARGILL'S COMPLETE COMPENDIUM. Sample copy for 2-cent stamp. Agents wanted. CARGILL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, New Haven, Conn.



The highest authorities unanimously indorse

BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S WASH SILKS.

UNFADING ASIATIC DYES.

Sensational advertising is always strictly avoided in offering BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S FAST-DYED EMBROIDERING SILKS, but the fact that there are in the market many WORTHLESS IMITATIONS THAT WILL NOT WASH, of BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S ROPE, FILO, OUTLINING, TWISTED, KNITTING, CROCHETING, UNDERWEAR, NATURELLE AND COUCHING SILKS, necessitates a word of *Caution to Art Embroiderers. See that every Skein, Hank, Ball, or Spool bears our name. No other is genuine.*

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.
FACTORIES, NEW LONDON, CONN.

Leading Manufacturers in the world of materials for high-class Needlework and Decorative Embroidering.

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READER, don't forget to send **25** cents for **Park's New Rose Budget,** and the two splendid everblooming hardy Roses (Souv. de Wootton and La France), advertised last month. You will be delighted with them. You should have these Roses if you grow but two plants, and the *Budget* tells you all about their culture. Only **25** cents for the *Budget* and two choice Roses! Or, five *Budgets* and ten Roses for **$1.00.** Send at once. Get up a club. Address, ***G. W. PARK, Florist, PARKTON, Metal P. O., Pa.***

P. S.—Ten splendid everblooming Roses, choicest sorts, with *Park's Floral Magazine,* one year, all for **$1.00.** This is a charming monthly, "bright as a marigold," and a favorite among flower-lovers. Now is the time to subscribe.

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"RED BRANCHED"—"The most valuable of all the Hydrangeas of the Hortensia Class." Without doubt the most valuable of all Hydrangeas yet introduced. Trusses and florets larger and brighter than those of Otaksa; a very free bloomer, producing large and magnificently formed trusses from every shoot. The best known variety for forcing, and culture in pots or tubs. Catalogue giving description and price mailed free.

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Standard and superior quality. Leading Nos. 048, 14, 130, 135, 239, 313, 333. All Stationers have them.
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THE Furniture Dealers of New England spend more money to advertise their goods in the BOSTON HERALD than in any other newspaper, on account of the buying class of readers reached through that medium.

Why pay $100 Per Year for your Life Insurance,

WHEN THE SAME AMOUNT OF INSURANCE CAN BE HAD IN ONE OF THE STRONGEST LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN THE WORLD FOR

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Why leave your family—your Wife and Children—a **$10,000** *Estate*, in the shape of Life Insurance, when the *same yearly payment* you are now paying for the **$10,000** Insurance to the Old-System Companies will secure for your Estate to your Wife and Children double the amount, or **$20,000,** in the Strongest and Most Successful Life Association in the World. Therefore secure your Life Insurance in

The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association,

Home Office, Potter Building, 38 Park Row,
NEW-YORK.

It has already paid to the **Widows** and **Orphans** of its Deceased Members Death Claims to the amount of more than **$7,500,000.00.**

It has more than **$2,400,000.00** Cash Surplus.

It has saved its Members by reduction of Premiums more than **$25,000,000.00.**

E. B. HARPER President.

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A so-called "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary" is being offered to the public at a very low price. The body of the book, from A to Z, is a cheap reprint, page for page, of the edition of 1847, which was in its day, a valuable book, but in the progress of language for over FORTY YEARS, has been completely superseded. It is now reproduced, broken type, errors and all, by photo-lithograph process, is printed on cheap paper and flimsily bound. A brief comparison, page by page, between the reprint and the latest and enlarged edition, will show the great superiority of the latter. These reprints are as out of date as a last year's almanac. No honorable dealer will allow the buyer of such to suppose that he is getting the Webster which to-day is accepted as the Standard and THE BEST,—every copy of which bears our imprint as given below.

☞ If persons who have been induced to purchase the "Ancient Edition" by any misrepresentations will advise us of the facts, we will undertake to see that the seller is punished as he deserves.

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

June, '90.

Send this (THE CENTURY) advertisement and $2.00 *direct to the publisher* (this is essential) by October 1, and you will receive

THE ART AMATEUR, $2

WITH 18 FOR 7 MONTHS (May, '90, to Nov., '90). BEAUTIFUL COLOR STUDIES for Oil, Water-Color and China Painting (also very Suitable for Framing).

These consist of 15 color studies of Landscape, Flower, Figures, etc. Among them are: Azaleas (14 x 11); 3 bird and flower panels (each 21 x 8); Marguerites and Butterflies (11 x 16); River Landscape (14 x 20); Pansies (11 x 16); Arum and Scarlet Lilies (19½ x 12½); Moonlight Marine; Return from Market—figure—(11 x 14); Convolvuli (10½ x 14); Marine Sunset (8 x 10); Daffodils in Basket (11 x 14); and *extra:* Bertha Maguire's exquisite study of Orchids, which won the gold medal of the Royal Botanical Society of London.

To the 15 superb plates we add 3 of our own selection—Landscape, Flower or Figure, as may be preferred. You also get for your $2.00:

60 PAGES OF PRACTICAL DESIGNS in Black and White for China Painting, Oil, Water Color and Tapestry Painting, Wood-Carving, Brass Hammering and Needlework, and over

150 PAGES (16 x 11) **OF TEXT** full of direction, suggestion and description, relating to Flower Painting, Marine Painting, Portrait Painting, Still-Life Painting, Sketching from Nature, Pen Drawing for Book and Magazine Illustrating, Etching,

HOME ADORNMENT AND ART WORK.

For $4 you get 12 months' subscription; with 27 color studies; and **the sumptuous Orchid study free.**

For $2 you get all named in above "special offer"; or, if you prefer, 6 months' continued subscription, beginning *any month.*

For 25c. you get a specimen copy of THE ART AMATEUR, with 2 color studies, and 8 pages supplementary working designs, for China Painting, Carving, Needlework, etc., etc.; and, *free*, a **beautifully illustrated Catalogue of 70 Color Studies.**

MONTAGUE MARKS, Publisher,
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Including above-named Books, $10.00. Send 2-cent stamp for Synopsis. W. W. OSGOODBY, Pub., Rochester, N. Y.

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SOLID GOLD SPECTACLES $3.50

Eye-Glasses same price. Set with our celebrated "DIAMANTA" lenses, usual price $5.00. Upon receipt of $3.50, we will send a pair of our Solid Gold Spectacles or Eye-Glasses. Send us your old glasses by mail, we'll take your exact size from them and return them with the new ones. Upon request we will send you a mailing-box so you can safely mail us your old glasses. If your old glasses don't suit, or if you have never worn glasses, we will furnish free a measure for testing your eyesight exactly. This method of fitting eyes never fails. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. This offer for a limited time only. It is intended solely to introduce the goods for our wholesale trade.

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DEFECTIVE **EYES** **VISION BY CORRESPONDENCE.**

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SOLD ON INSTALMENTS — You are invited to call and see it, or send for descriptive Catalogue.

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STOPS THE ANNOYANCE OF PIANO DRUMMING.

WALL PAPER makes attractive homes. Our low prices, enormous assortment of styles and honorable treatment induce customers in all parts U. S. to recommend us. **Lustres 6c.** a roll. **Handsome Golds 12c. Felts 20c. Iridescent Embossed Golds 35c.** For 8c postage will send to any address samples with borders to match.
A. L. DIAMENT & CO., 1206 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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Send to A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, Ohio, for prices. New Bicycles at reduced prices and 400 second-hand ones. Difficult repairing. Bicycles, Guns and Type Writers taken in exchange.

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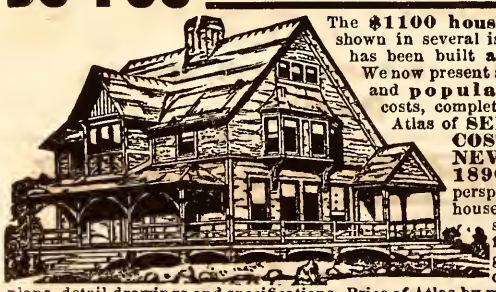
For the cure of **Cancer** in all its forms, without the use of the knife. Book with complete information mailed free. Address
Dr. W. E. BROWN & SON, North Adams, Mass.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD?



The **$1100 house,** which we have shown in several issues of CENTURY, has been built a number of times. We now present another **beautiful and popular design,** which costs, complete, **$3300.** Our Atlas of **SENSIBLE LOW-COST HOUSES** with **NEW DESIGNS for 1890** contains a large perspective view of this house and 80 others. It shows details and floor plans, and gives our prices for complete working plans, detail drawings and specifications. Price of Atlas by mail $2.00. Included among the illustrations are **COLONIAL DESIGNS, Double Houses, City Fronts, One-Story Houses, Seashore and Southern Styles,** ranging in cost from $600 to $7000. We do a large amount of new designing. Our system in regard to this work is simple and satisfactory, and we give free estimates as to cost of building, and information as to our prices for special new plans. We furnish those who order our plans everything which is necessary to enable them to make intelligent and satisfactory contracts.
National Architects' Union, 120 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa

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VERY STRONG
GLASS SURFACES
NO SEAMS
CANNOT SMELL
ALWAYS CLEAN

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312 Pearl St. Cor. Peck Slip, NEW YORK.
SEND FOR PRICE LIST — ILLUSTRATED.

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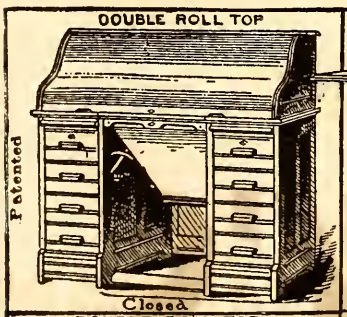

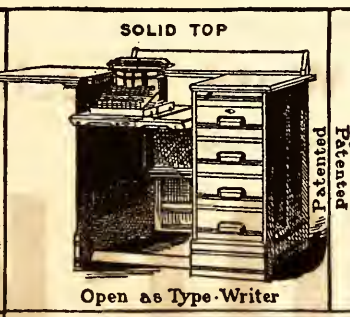

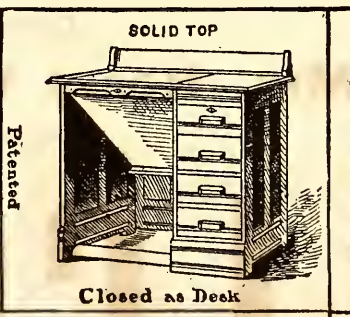

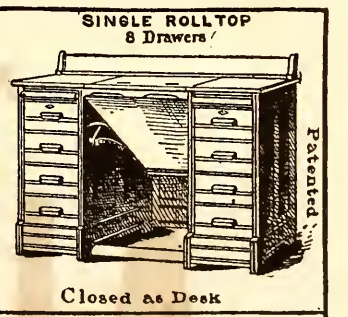

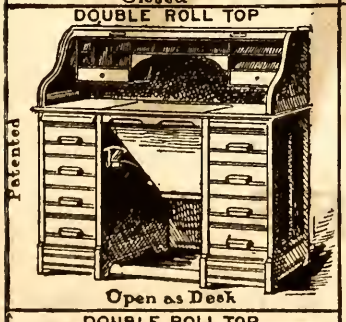

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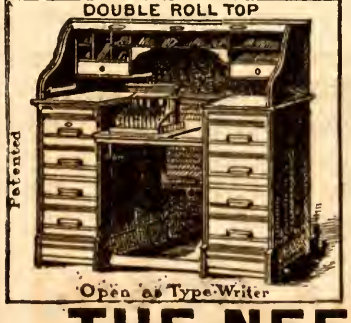

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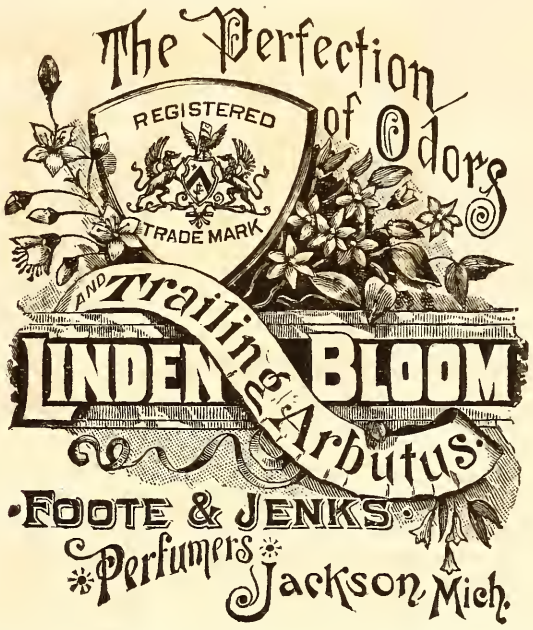

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Is One of Nature's Remedies, and the IDEAL TOILET SOAP.

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It is pure, bland, emollient, antiseptic and curative; yields a profuse, white, aromatic lather; cleanses gratefully, removing all odors; wards off contagious diseases; allays irritations of the skin caused by dust, heat, insect-pests, sunburn, chafing, etc. Headache and insomnia, due to fatigue or dissipation, are frequently driven away by a shampoo with Packer's Tar Soap.

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Is a Colorless Fluid, Perfectly Harmless, but possessing the extraordinary property of

KEEPING THE HAIR IN CURL

During the dampest weather or in the warmest Assembly or Ball-room.

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Agent for the United States,
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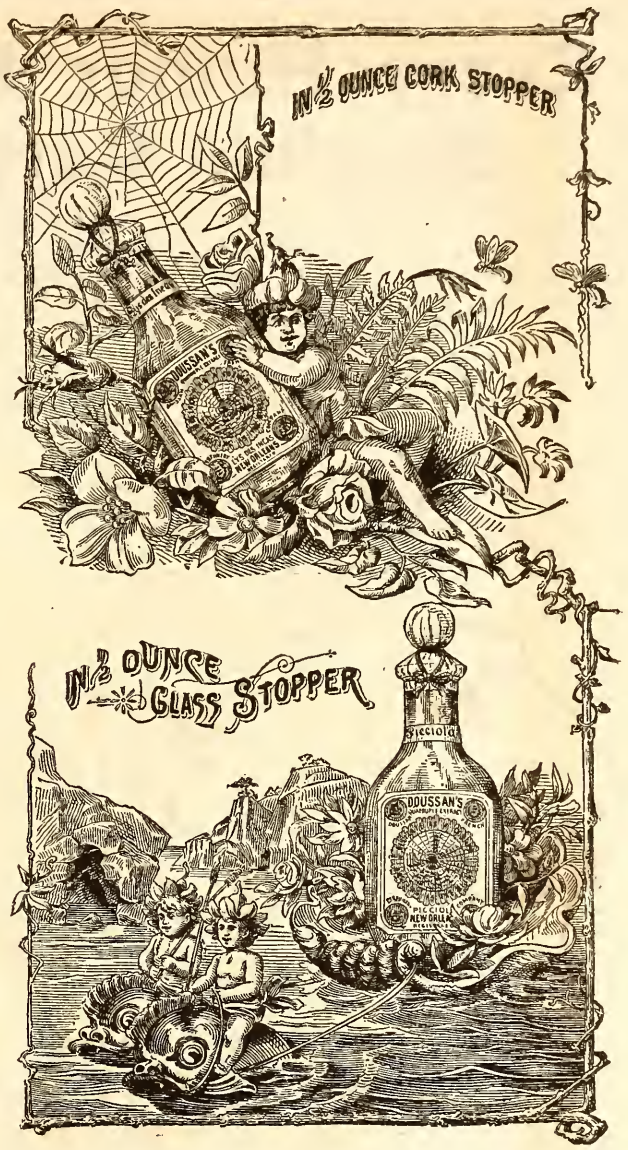
Price 75 cents, or sent prepaid for $1.00 in stamps or money-order.



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Roussel Rose.	**Lys des Incas.**
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Mandarin Orange Bloom.
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Demand them of your druggist, or, if he can't supply you, send us 20 cents in stamps and your address, and we will mail you samples of all above with instructions "*How to test.*" W will convince you that they are the most delicate and most lasting perfumes made.

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Every Humor From Pimples to Scrofula Cured by Cuticura.

FOR three years I was almost crippled with an awful sore leg from my knee down to my ankle; the skin was entirely gone, and the flesh was one mass of disease. Some physicians pronounced it incurable. It had diminished about one-third the size of the other, and I was in a hopeless condition. After trying all kinds of remedies and spending hundreds of dollars, from which I got no relief whatever, I was persuaded to try your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and the result was as follows: After three days I noticed a decided change for the better, and at the end of two months I was completely cured. My flesh was purified, and the bone (which had been exposed for over a year) got sound. The flesh began to grow, and to-day, and for nearly two years past, my leg is as well as ever, sound in every respect, and not a sign of the disease to be seen.

S. G. AHERN, Dubois, Dodge Co., Ga.

I contracted a terrible blood-poisoning a year ago. I doctored with two good physicians, neither of whom did me any good. I suffered all a man can suffer and live. Hearing of your CUTICURA REMEDIES I concluded to try them, knowing if they did me no good they could make me no worse. I have been using them about ten weeks, and am most happy to say that I am almost rid of the awful sores that covered my face and body. My face was as bad, if not worse than that of Miss Boynton, spoken of in your book, and I would say to any one in the same condition to use CUTICURA, and they will surely be cured. You may use this letter in the interests of suffering humanity.

E. W. REYNOLDS, Ashland, Ohio.

I have been troubled with scrofula seven years, which first started on the top of my head, giving me infinite trouble, with constant itching, casting off of dry scales, and a watery liquid exuded from under the scales. I treated it for seven years unsuccessfully, and was unable to check it until I found your CUTICURA REMEDIES. One box CUTICURA, one cake CUTICURA SOAP, and one bottle CUTICURA RESOLVENT completely cured me, my skin becoming perfectly clear and smooth.

S. J. DAVIS, Artesia, Los Angeles Co., Cal.

I have been troubled with a skin and scalp disease for seventeen years. My head at times was one running sore, and my body was covered with them as large as a half-dollar. I tried a great many remedies without effect until I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and am thankful to state that after two months of their use I am entirely cured. I feel it my duty to you and the public to state the above case.

L. R. MCDOWELL, Jamesburg, N. J.

My boy, aged nine years, has been troubled all his life with a very bad humor, which appeared all over his body in small red blotches, with a dry white scab on them. Last year he was worse than ever, being covered with scabs from the top of his head to his feet, and continually growing worse, although he had been treated by two physicians. As a last resort, I determined to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES; they did all that I could wish. The humor rapidly disappeared, leaving the skin fair and smooth, and performing a thorough cure.

GEORGE F. LEAVITT, North Andover, Mass.

Cuticura Remedies.

Humors of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, blotchy or copper-colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier, and greatest of Humor Remedies when the best physicians and all other remedies fail.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most agonizing itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of every trace of disease, heals ulcers and sores, removes crusts and scales and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the greatest of skin purifiers and beautifiers, is indispensable in treating skin diseases and baby humors. It produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands, free from pimple, spot or blemish. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE. Hence the CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible curatives for every form of humors and diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, from pimples to scrofula.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold by druggists and chemists throughout the world. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents per box; CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1.00 per bottle. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

BABY'S Skin, Scalp and Hair preserved and beautified by the use of CUTICURA SOAP.

Ask for

"Hodgman's"

Double Texture Tailor-made

Water-proof Cassimere Coats, or

"Mackintoshes."

Better than English. No Breaking at the Seams.
Soft and Pliable at any Temperature.
No Disagreeable odor like Foreign Garments.
Full Line of Patterns and Sizes.
Perfect Fitting and Durable.
Double Texture Coats. Ladies' Mackintosh Cloaks.
Very Popular Prices.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Before Buying Elsewhere Send for Circular and Samples to

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Look at these pictures. What do you want shoes for? to look well on the foot, or to look well when held in the hand?

The James Means $3 Shoe will not please spendthrifts. We do not claim that it is the most stylish shoe ever sold; what we do claim is, that no shoe of any price, **having its durability,** can compare with it in style, finish and perfection of fit.

Every genuine pair is stamped plainly on the sole

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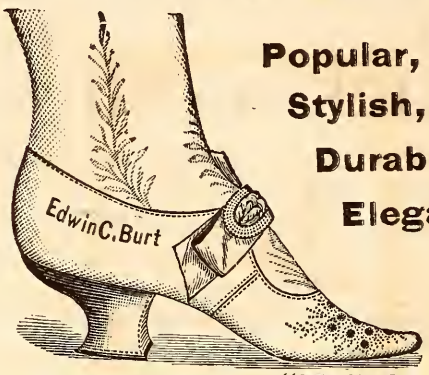

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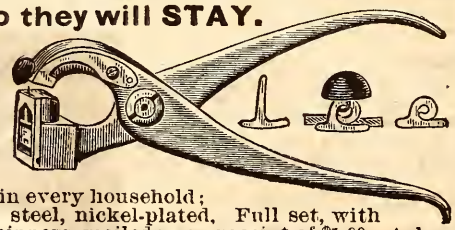

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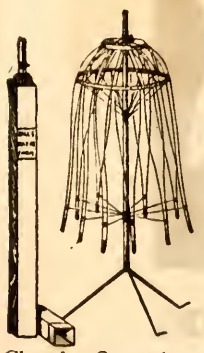

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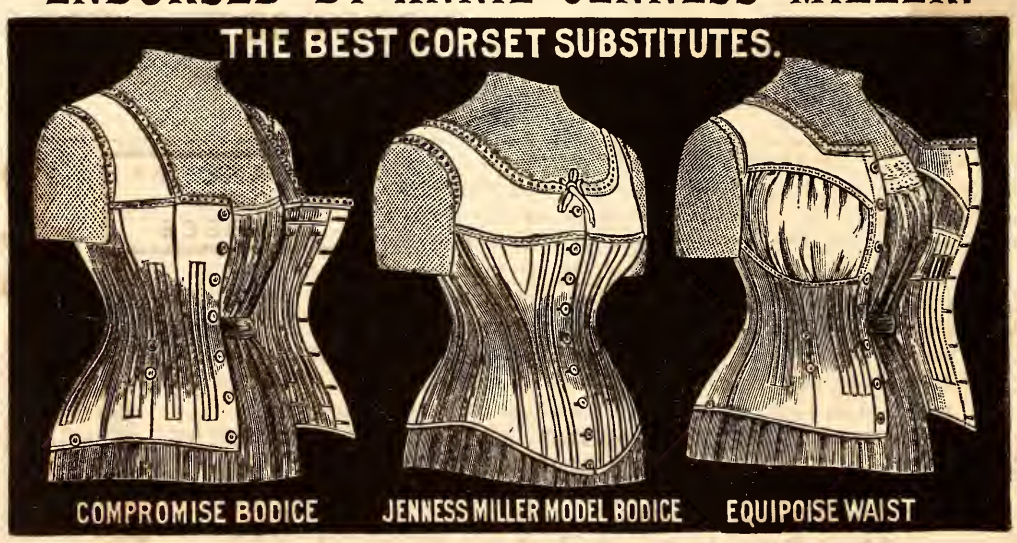

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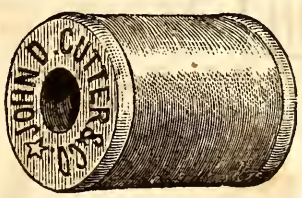

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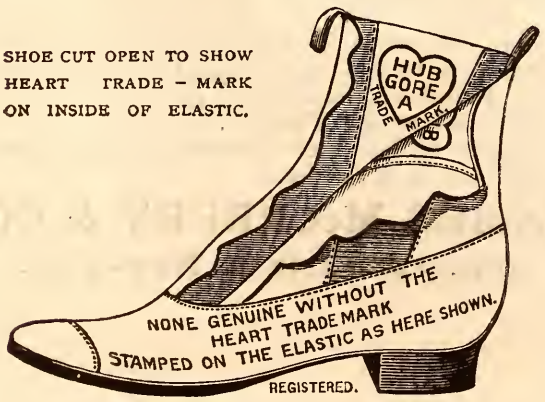

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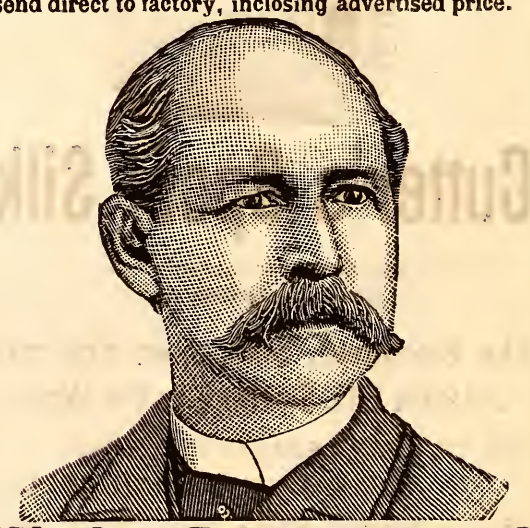

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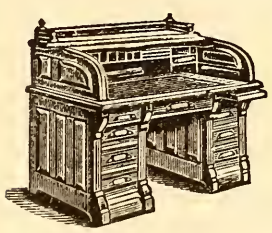
HE: "That is n't a type-writer, it 's a cash register. When the boy takes money for soda water he presses one of the keys, and six things happen. The indicators showing the amount of the last sale are dropped, one or more indicators are raised showing the new sale, the money drawer is unlocked and thrown open, a bell is rung to show that a sale has been made, and the amount of that sale is registered inside."

SHE: "Is n't it just wonderful?"

THE LADY IS RIGHT. THE CASH REGISTER MADE BY THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER CO., DAYTON, O., IS EVEN MORE WONDERFUL THAN THE GENTLEMAN DESCRIBED IT. IF YOU KEEP A SODA FOUNTAIN IT WILL PAY YOU TO SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER CO., DAYTON, O.



OFFICE DESKS.

Unequaled for design, material, construction, finish.

CATALOGUE FREE.

Union School Furniture Co.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Mention THE CENTURY.

AIR BRUSH.

Applies liquid color by a jet of air. Gold, silver and special medals of Franklin and American Institutes. Saves 75 per cent. of time in shading technical drawings.

The crayon, ink or water-color portrait artist finds his labor lessened, his pictures improved and his profits increased by using the Air Brush. Write for illustrated pamphlet. It tells how to earn a living.

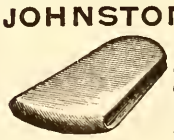
AIR BRUSH MANUFACTURING CO. 58 Nassau St. Rockford, Ill.

FOUNTAIN & STYLO PENS.

A Good Reliable Stylographic Pen for $1.00.
Fountain Pen, $2.00. Star Fountain Pen, $1.50 and upwards.
The INDEPENDENT PEN is a 14-Karat GOLD PEN fitted with a Fountain or Reservoir Holder, and combines an Inkstand and Gold Pen in one. Circulars free. Send to us before buying elsewhere. Agents wanted.

J. J. ULLRICH & CO. 108 Liberty St. N. Y.

JOHNSTON'S IMPROVED INK ERASER.



Made of steel. Erasing surface is rounded off and dressed as files are, the cut being very sharp and uniform. Handy, durable, does not dig into the paper; makes a smooth, clean erasure. BEST ERASER in the market. Ask your stationer, or send 25 cts. stamps to **C. W. JOHNSTON, 735 W. MAIN ST., LOUISVILLE, KY.**

$15.00, packed F. O. B. Chicago.

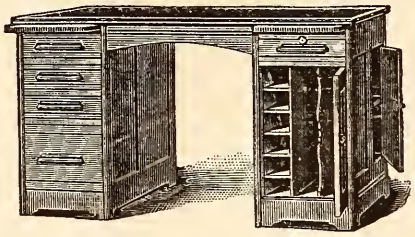
KANE'S No. 65.

(Own Make.)

32 x 52 inches. Book-stalls and pigeon-holes at right. Solid antique oak. Back closed, paneled and finished. Drawer pulls, oxidized bronze finish. Shipping weight, 160 lbs. This desk will "make friends" with you at sight.

Thomas Kane & Company,
CHICAGO, ILL.,

Manufacture a full line of Desks of all kinds. Prices low. Send for "Desk" Catalogue.



$15.50

Packed and Delivered on Cars.

No. 42.

FLAT TOP DESK.

Made in Walnut, Cherry or Oak. Size, 54 x 33½ inches. Two slides above drawers. Automatic Lock. Cloth or Polished Veneer Top. First-class in every particular.

SEND FOR DESK CATALOGUE.

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Ask your Stationer for **BOSTON LINEN, BOSTON BOND AND BUNKER HILL.**

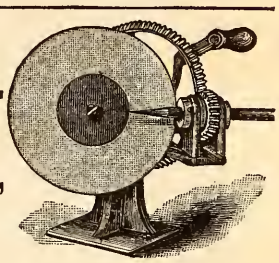
These papers have gained an unprecedented reputation in every State and Territory in the Union on account of their *superior* quality and *reasonable* price. If your stationer does not keep them, *do not accept any others*, but send us your name and address with 6 cents in stamps (to pay postage, etc.), and we will forward you our complete samples of writing papers representing in the various styles and sizes *over 300 varieties* which we sell by the pound.

Samuel Ward Company
(INCORPORATED),

Paper Merchants, Stationers and Engravers,
49 & 51 FRANKLIN ST. BOSTON, MASS.

Proprietors of { **The "Boston" Type-writer Papers, and "Ward's Diamond Steel" Pens.**

THE GEM PENCIL SHARPENER.



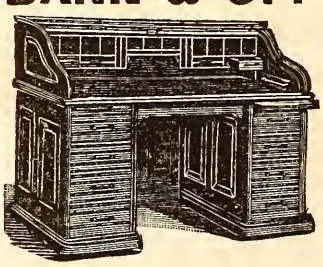
For Schools and Offices.
Sharpens both Lead and Slate Pencils.
GOULD & COOK, Manufacturers,
Leominster, Mass.
Send for Circular.

DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS

Are unequaled for smooth, tough leads.

If your stationer does not keep them, mention THE CENTURY Magazine, and send 16 cents in stamps to the Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., of Jersey City, N. J., for samples worth double the money. It is worth your trouble.

BANK & OFFICE FITTINGS



Fine Brass Work.
Special designs on application.

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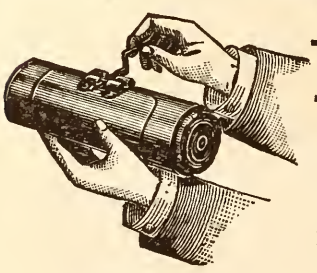
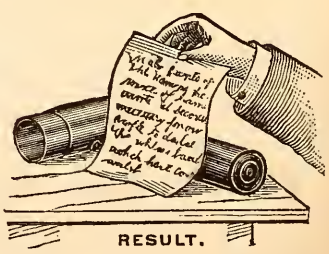


OPERATION.

IT CAN BE USED | AT HOME | AT YOUR OFFICE | WHEN YOU TRAVEL | FOR Letters | FOR DIAGRAMS AND PLANS

IN FACT FOR COPYING ANY WRITING.

No special inks required. Adapted as well for occasional use at home as for constant use at office. Only portable press on the market that is a complete success. Satisfactory results guaranteed or money promptly refunded. Money, time and temper saved by using the "Portable." Weight, 2 lbs.; size, 11 in. long, 3 in. diameter. Nickeled steel. Price for press and metal pan for holding damp paper, **$5.00,** *delivered free* anywhere in United States, Mexico or Canada. For specimens of work and catalogue of fine line of cabinets **AGENTS WANTED.** Address



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PORTABLE COPYING PRESS CO. Grand Rapids, Mich.

BROUN, GREEN & ADAMS, 40 Beaver St. New-York. C. E. DENNISON, Rochester, N. Y. or LEO. E. ALEXANDER & CO. 218 Sansome St. San Francisco.

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BEACON HILL LINEN. For Fashionable use is the Best Paper made.
COMMONWEALTH LINEN. A Medium-priced but Fine Grade.
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CARTER'S TYPE-WRITING PAPERS. "Best and cheapest in the market."

PAPER BY THE POUND. We guarantee our prices **lowest** in America. Sample sheets of paper and envelopes from **10 Cents** a pound and upward, with prices and number of sheets to a pound, sent on receipt of **15 Cents.** These papers are the correct sizes and finish for fashionable correspondence.

SPECIAL OFFER. **On orders of $10 and over we will prepay freight charges to nearest railroad station. Club your orders with friends and take advantage of this.** *Agents and dealers should correspond with us.*

ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS. **For $1.75** we send a copperplate, finely engraved, with 50 cards. Estimates furnished for Wedding and Class-day Invitations, Street Dies, Crests and Stamping. Samples free on application. All the work is done on our premises. We employ only the best workmen, and use the finest cards. We guarantee satisfaction.

Handsome boxes for gifts, of fine Stationery, plain or illuminated, for **35 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, $1.00** to **$2.00** each, **sure to give satisfaction.**

H. H. CARTER & CO. 3 Beacon Street, Boston.

JOHN HOLLAND'S PERFECTION FOUNTAIN PEN.

Patented January 18, 1887.

Made of best rubber and gold, on scientific principles. By its merits it has increased in popularity. The only Fountain Pen with filler attached. No glass tube required. All that is necessary to fill it is to screw the soft rubber bulb to the shank of the point-section. Each pen put up in a handsome morocco box.

Price, Complete, $2.50 Each.

It is decidedly the best and cheapest Fountain Pen on the market. If not sold by your stationer or jeweler send direct to

THE JOHN HOLLAND GOLD PEN CO. 19 West 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Manufacturers of Gold Pens, Penholders and Pencils. *Special Attention to Repairs.*

MORE SOLD THAN ALL OTHER MAKES COMBINED.

The Paul E. Wirt Fountain Pen,

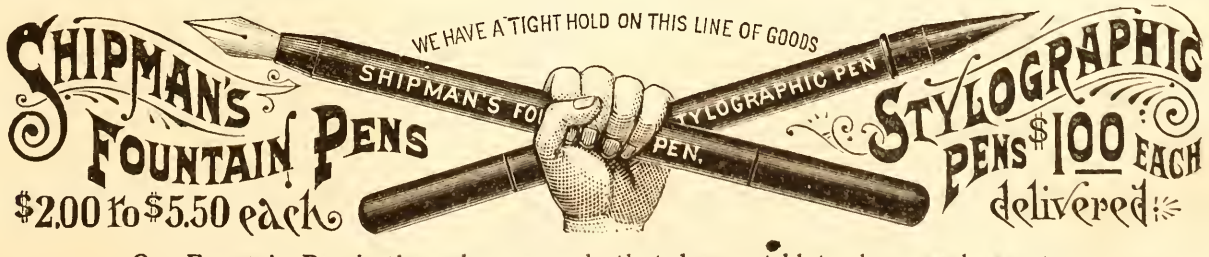
Bloomsburg, Pa.

350,000 in use.

Positively The Leading Pen.

"An absolutely perfect reservoir pen, a pen compared with which all other pens are *frank failures.*"

Ask your dealer or send for catalogue. Mention THE CENTURY. **Mark Twain.**



Our Fountain Pen is the only one made that does not blot when nearly empty.

Especially adapted for short-hand writing. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

For sale by Stationers, Booksellers, Jewelers and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., or order direct of

ASA L. SHIPMAN'S SONS, 10 MURRAY STREET, NEW-YORK, U. S. A.

No better Stylographic Pen can be made than the one we sell for $1.00.

Mention THE CENTURY. AGENTS WANTED.

"No Instruction Needed."

THE ONLY PRACTICAL

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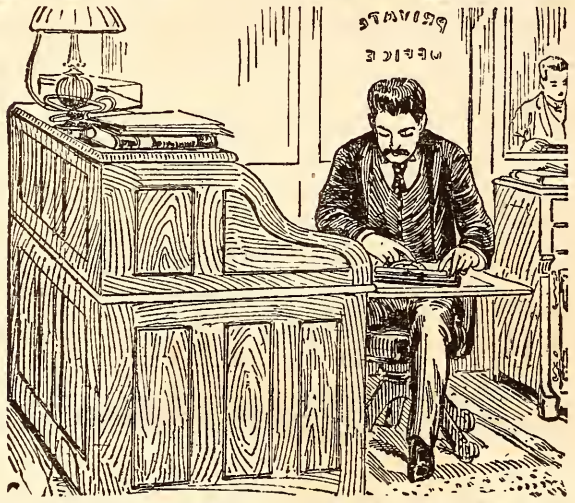


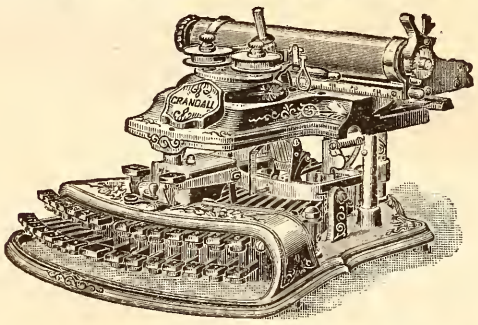
TYPEWRITER.

FIRST-CLASS, RAPID, DURABLE.

World Typewriter **$15** Writes 77 Characters.

Catalogue free. Address Typewriter Depart., POPE MFG. CO. Boston, New-York, Chicago.

THE CRANDALL



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Price, $75.00.

INSTANTLY CHANGEABLE TYPE.

WRITING ALWAYS IN SIGHT.

PERFECT & PERMANENT ALIGNMENT.

Send for catalogue and samples of work. Address

Crandall Type-Writer Co.

Manufacturers, GROTON, N. Y.

New-York Office, 353 Broadway.
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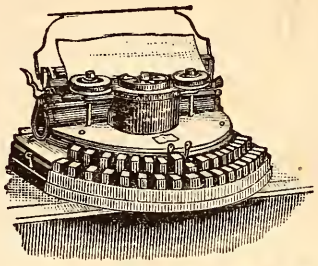
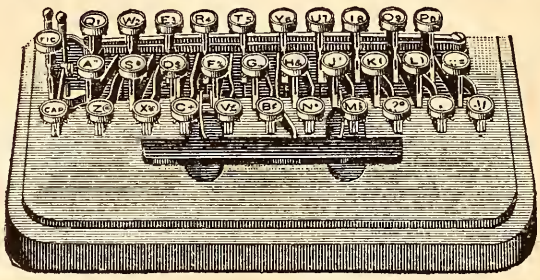


"HAMMOND"



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With Interchangeable Finger-pieces.

THE HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO.,

447-449 East 52d Street, 77 Nassau Street, } New-York.

THIS IS THE SIXTH YEAR THAT THE

Waterman

Ideal Fountain Pen

Has been advertised in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, and thousands of its readers testify to its excellence.

You will not lose anything in giving it a trial, for if it is not entirely satisfactory it can be returned, and your money will be refunded.

See advertisements in previous numbers.

If your stationer will not supply you, do not take any other, but send for illustrated price-list with testimonials.

Agents Wanted. Mention THE CENTURY.

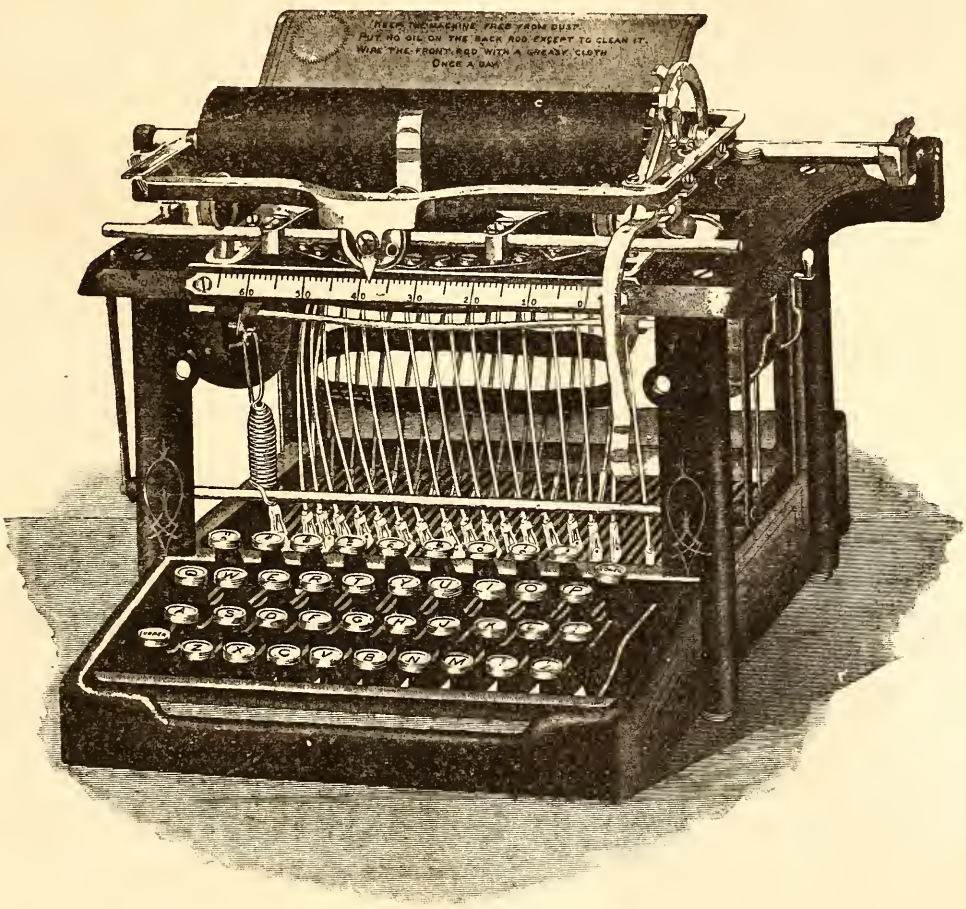
L. E. Waterman Co.

(6-'90.) **155 Broadway, New-York.**

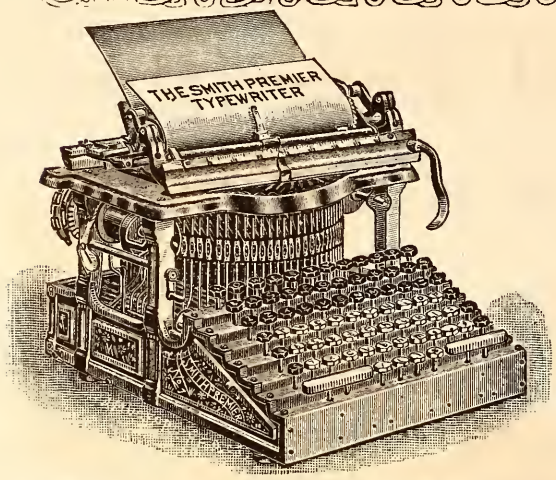
Remington Standard Typewriter.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,

New-York.


KEEP THE MACHINE FREE FROM DUST.
PUT NO OIL ON THE BACK ROD EXCEPT TO CLEAN IT.
WIPE THE FRONT ROD WITH A GREASY CLOTH
ONCE A DAY.

For Fifteen Years the Standard, and to-day the most perfect development of the writing machine, embodying the latest and highest achievements of inventive and mechanical skill. We add to the Remington every improvement that study and capital can secure.



"Improvement the Order of the Age."

FOR 15 YEARS
All Users of
TYPEWRITERS
have felt the necessity of their being improved.
You will find in

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER

THE LATEST AND BEST.

ALL THE Essential Features greatly perfected and Important Improvements.
THE BEST inventive Talent and Mechanical Skill have been employed to produce a Machine of *Greater Durability, Excellence* of *Design* and *Special Features.*

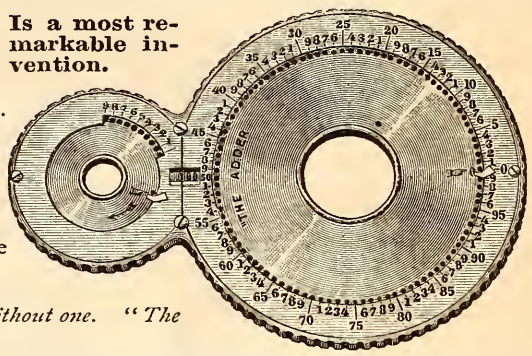
WE CLAIM, and inspection and trial prove it, *The Most Durable in Alignment, Easiest Running and Most Silent.*

All Type Cleaned in 10 Seconds without Soiling Hands. *Send for Catalogue.*

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO. Syracuse, N.Y., U. S. A.

THE ADDER

Is a most remarkable invention.



⅓ Size.

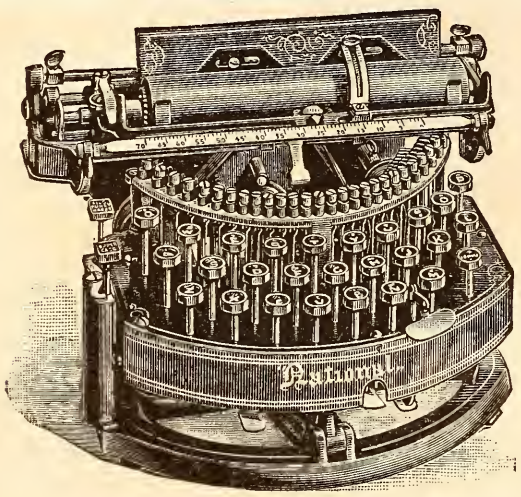
It will add *two columns* of figures at a time with *absolute accuracy.*
It gives instantaneous results, and makes no mistakes.
It saves an immense amount of time.
It prevents brain exhaustion.
The following is one of many high indorsements:

UNITED STATES SIGNAL OFFICE, WASHINGTON.
"Several 'Webb Adders' have been in constant use in this office, and have recommended themselves by their accuracy and rapidity."
GEN. A. W. GREELY, CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER.

Any man or woman who has much to do with figures cannot afford to be without one. "The Adder" saves both time and money.

Price, $7.00. Sent by mail (at customer's risk) on receipt of price and 15 cents postage; or by express (at customer's charge).
Send for a circular, with full-size cut, description and testimonials from users in all parts of the country.

WEBB'S ADDER CO. 58 Cedar St. New-York



THE LARGEST ORDER THE U. S. GOVERNMENT

Ever placed for Writing Machines was for the

"National" TYPE WRITER

Irrespective of price, the **BEST** and **MOST COMPLETE** Writing Machine made.

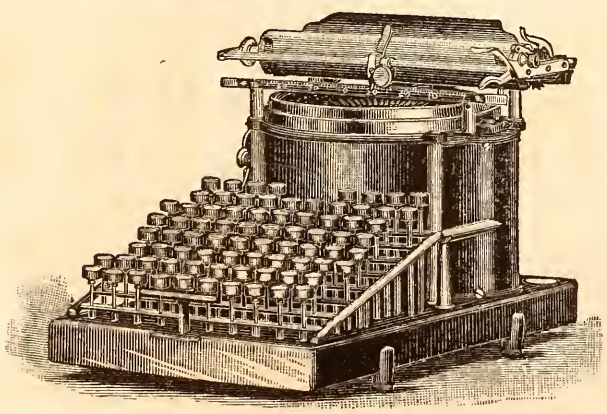
$60.00 Price, including Portable Office Case, **$60.00**

EVERY MACHINE GUARANTEED.

Manufacturers and Sole Agents: **NATIONAL TYPE WRITER CO.**

715, 717 & 719 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

Send for Illustrated Pamphlet, giving fac-simile of keyboard.



PRICE $100.

YOST WRITING MACHINE.

The New and Higher Standard.

Mr. Yost (the inventor of the two other typewriters whose use is world-wide) has perfected this machine upon simplified ideas.

NO RIBBON. DIRECT PRINTING. PERMANENT ALIGNMENT.

EXHAUSTIVELY TESTED AND GUARANTEED AS TO

SPEED, STRENGTH and MANIFOLDING POWER.

Unprecedented Introduction. 3000 adopted the first year.

MUIR, HAWLEY & MAYO CO.,
343 Broadway, New-York.

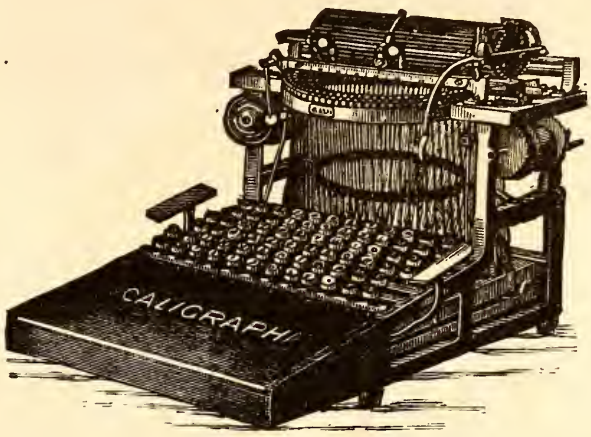
CALIGRAPH NEW SPECIAL No. 3.

We are now prepared to furnish the NEW SPECIAL No. 3, having 78 characters, fitted with an extra platen for manifolding (platen can be changed in two minutes).

A new ribbon movement carrying the ribbon back and forth as well as across the disk.

This special machine, in quality of material and fineness of workmanship, excels anything ever before placed on the market, and has been brought out to meet the demands of those requiring the **best that can be produced.**

Single Case,	No. 1, - -	$70.00
Double Case,	" 2, - - -	85.00
New Special,	" 3, - - -	100.00



GREATEST SPEED!
BEST FOR MANIFOLDING.
100,000 Daily Users.

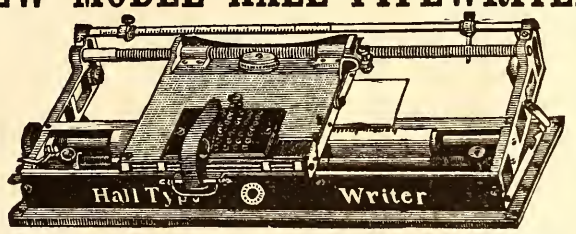
THE AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO.

HARTFORD, CONN.

BRANCH OFFICES: 237 Broadway, New-York. 14 West 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.
1003 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

THE VICTOR.
HAS EIGHTY CHARACTERS.
EXCELS IN SPEED, QUALITY OF WORK and DURABILITY.
PRICE $15.00
THE TILTON MFG CO. 115 PURCHASE ST. BOSTON.

NEW MODEL HALL TYPEWRITER.



THE BEST STANDARD TYPEWRITER IN THE WORLD.
Cheap, Portable, No Ink Ribbon, Interchangeable Type in all Languages, Easiest to learn and rapid as any.
Agents wanted everywhere.
WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED. Address
NATIONAL TYPEWRITER CO.
P. O. Box 5159. 10 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.
Send for Catalogue and Specimens of Work.

CALIGRAPHS,
HAMMONDS,
REMINGTONS,
All Others.
June, '90.

TYPE-WRITERS!

New or Second-Hand, any make, bought, sold and exchanged. Good machines at half first cost. Get our prices before buying. Everything guaranteed. Machines rented anywhere. Largest stock in America. Ribbons, carbon, linen papers, etc. New and enlarged catalogue describing all machines, including new makes, now ready. Only complete catalogue of the kind published.

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WILLIE
IS
"A Mellin's Food Boy"

and his healthy, hearty looks have induced a number of different ladies to try it for their children, and with satisfactory results. He used it until he was two years old, and has never been sick a day in his life. I wish all mothers could be persuaded to try Mellin's Food.

Mrs. N. M. REGAN,
Minneapolis, Minn.

To
The DOLIBER-GOODALE CO.,
Boston, Mass.

DURKEE'S

GAUNTLET BRAND

SELECT **SPICES & MUSTARD.**

SOLD ONLY IN FULL-WEIGHT SEALED PACKAGES.

Guaranteed absolutely pure, and warranted to excel all others in strength, richness, flavor and cleanliness.

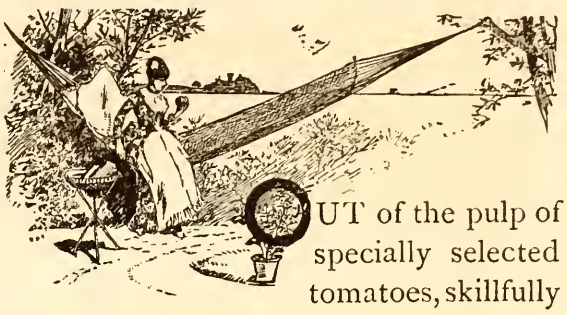
THE BEST

DURKEE'S ORIGINAL SALAD DRESSING

NEVER SPOILS

FOR SALADS, COLD MEATS ETC.

GOODS MADE.



OUT of the pulp of specially selected tomatoes, skillfully combined with other ingredients of the best quality, the T. A. Snider Preserve Company, Cincinnati, whose Tomato Catsup has gained an international reputation, make and put up Tomato Soup, forming a perfectly seasoned, rich and wholesome dish, suited to either a simple luncheon or a most elaborate dinner.

It needs to be heated only before serving.

Confident that a trial of this Tomato Soup will convince ladies and gentlemen of its excellence and superiority, a sample can will be sent free to any address on receipt of six cents in stamps, by

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

HUCKINS' SOUPS

Tomato, Ox Tail, Pea, Beef, Vermicelli,
Mock Turtle, Okra or Gumbo, Green Turtle, Julienne, Chicken,
Terrapin, Macaroni, Consommé, Soup and Bouilli, Mullagatawny.

RICH and PERFECTLY SEASONED.

Require only to be heated, and are then ready to serve. | Prepared with great care from only the best materials. | Have enjoyed the highest reputation for more than 32 years.

TEST FREE

Send us 20 cents, to help pay express, and receive, prepaid, two sample cans of these Soups, your choice.

J. H. W. HUCKINS & CO.
Sole Manufacturers, Boston, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING GROCERS.

Ceylon Tea

is bound to have the American market, because it is best and cheapest—reasons enough.

To prove them, we will send you enough to try—please send your address.

England is the tea-drinking country; this is the coffee country. The English have always got the best tea. They have dropped Japan and China, and taken up Ceylon and India teas, to the extent of half the importation within ten years.

That is due to the teas themselves. It is not due to the fact that the teas are grown by British tea-planters in Ceylon and India, though that is an excellent reason, as shall appear. A nation does not change its source of supply of food or beverage out of regard for the source of it.

Nor will you; but, when you find the tea stronger and finer, so that a teaspoonful of it goes as far as a tablespoonful of what you are used to, and finer in flavor, you will prefer it too. And so it will come to pass that the British planters will grow your teas and prepare them with modern appliances.

Would you like to know how they roll the leaves into grains as you see them?

British tea is not touched from plucking the leaf to boxing; all done by machinery.

China tea is rolled with the naked foot; Japan the same.

But we do not mind such tales. We do not object to dirt so long as we do not see it. That is not the reason for using Ceylon instead of barbarian tea. The reason is in the tea, its flavor, its strength, the money left over. You like the best tea and the money left over.

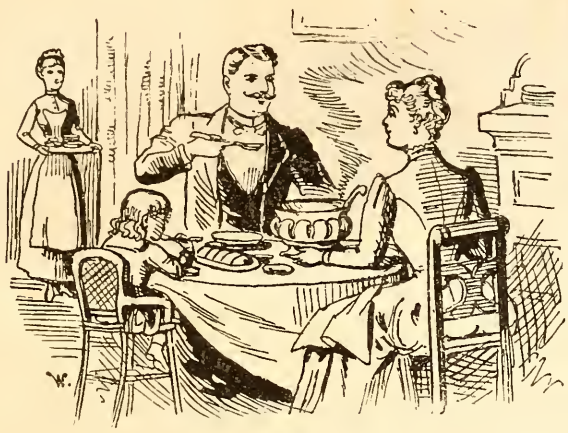
Our tea is cheap; our coffee is dear. We will send you a little of both to try, if you like; but do not send for the coffee unless you are willing to pay as much for the flavor as for the coffee.

The tea is fine and cheap; the coffee is fine and extravagant.

THE CEYLON PLANTERS' AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Limited.

Broadway and Twenty-Second Street, New-York.

Too Tired to Eat.



How often you have felt so! At such a time did you ever have your appetite awakened by a few spoonfuls of clear, hot consomme or chicken soup? If you have you will always keep a supply of Franco-American Food Co.'s Soups in the house; you will always have soup as a prelude to your dinner and you will more than likely accept our invitation to send to the above-named company at 42 West Broadway, New York, for a copy of Marion Harland's description of our method of Soup-making.

Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Consommé, Mulligatawny, Mock Turtle, Ox-Tail, Tomato, Chicken Gumbo, | French Bouillon, Julienne, Pea, Printanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Beef, Pearl Tapioca, Puree of Game.

P.S.—Our Chicken and Game pates relish well.

Sample can sent, postage paid, on receipt of 25 cents.

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Indorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in Cans. PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
NEW-YORK. CHICAGO. SAN FRANCISCO. ST. LOUIS.

NO DINNER

Is Complete without Soup.

Gold Medal, Paris, 1889.

The best and most economical "stock" for Soup is

Armour's Beef Extract,

which, unlike all other meat extracts, retains so much nutrition that no soup-bone or other stock is necessary when **Armour's Extract** is used.

With one small turnip, one carrot, a stick of celery, a sprig of parsley, 1½ to 2 quarts of water and one teaspoonful **Armour's Extract,** you can make *delicious soup* for *six persons* at a *total cost* of *ten cents*. Use **Armour's Extract** for Bouillon or Beef Tea. Superior to all brands in richness and delicacy of flavor.

Ask your Druggist or Grocer for

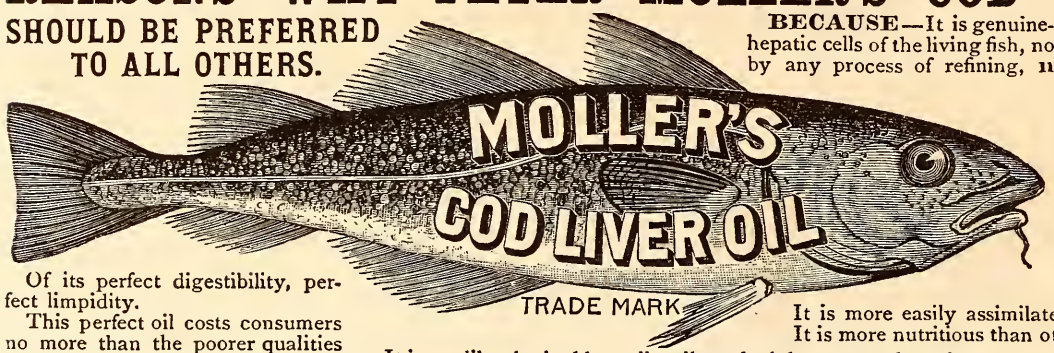
Armour's Beef Extract,

or send **50 Cents** for 2 oz. jar to

ARMOUR & CO., Chicago.

REASONS WHY PETER MÖLLER'S COD LIVER OIL

SHOULD BE PREFERRED TO ALL OTHERS.



BECAUSE—It is genuine-pure, just as it existed in the hepatic cells of the living fish, not depleted of its natural virtues by any process of refining, **nor weakened by being made into an emulsion with an equal quantity of water, glycerine, etc., which latter device makes water bring the price of oil.**

In taste and smell it is not offensive, but instead sweet and agreeable.

Its administration is always followed by satisfactory results.

It is more easily assimilated than other oils.

It is more nutritious than other oils.

Of its perfect digestibility, perfect limpidity.

This perfect oil costs consumers no more than the poorer qualities abounding in the stores.

It is readily obtainable; all well-stocked drug stores have it.

It is unquestionably the **purest and best COD LIVER OIL IN THE WORLD.**

W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO. New-York, Sole Agents for U. S. and Canada.

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with illustrations of "Hiawatha's Fasting," and the "Cerealine Cook-Book," containing many recipes for preparing "The Food of Foods," will be sent free to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen, and inclose a two-cent stamp for postage.

THE CEREALINE MFG. CO.
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CHANCE FOR ALL
To Enjoy a Cup of Perfect Tea.

A trial order of 3½ pounds of Fine Tea, either Oolong, Japan, Imperial, Gunpowder, Young Hyson, Mixed, English Breakfast or Sun Sun Chop, sent by mail on receipt of $2.00. Be particular and state what kind of Tea you want. Greatest inducement ever offered to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder. For full particulars, address **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.**

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Cheap Printing type, &c., to factory. Do it yourself. Card press $3. Circular press $8. Newspaper size $44. Everything easy, printed rules. Send 2 stamps for List of presses, **KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.**

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MEDALS OF HONOUR AT ALL EXHIBITIONS

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THE SALE OF CHOCOLATE MENIER EXCEEDS 100,000 POUNDS PER DAY

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AVOID IMITATIONS

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IS THE LEADING FOOD IN ALL COUNTRIES.

IS USED BY CHILDREN'S CHILDREN.

Thousands of young men and women in the U. S. A. owe their lives and their health and their happiness to Ridge's Food, their daily diet in **Infancy and Childhood** having been Ridge's Food. By Druggists, 35 cts. up. **WOOLRICH & CO. Palmer, Mass.**

Send your address on postal for valuable pamphlet free.

An ocean delicacy with a sea-breeze freshness.

McMENAMIN & CO'S DEVILED CRABS

(In their natural shells). Served at least once a week, they make a grateful change in the family diet.

A royal supper dish.
A delicious entrée.

Can be served hot or cold.

Ask your Grocer all about them.

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Mineral Waters have been held in high esteem as remedies both by the civilized and uncivilized of every age, and in modern times their use has rapidly increased until now their beneficial effects are recognized by all. Oneita has been found, by physicians who use it, one of the best known mineral waters for Rheumatism, Gout, Kidney and Liver troubles, Dyspepsia, etc. Send for analysis of C. F. Chandler, Ph. D.

ONEITA SPRING CO.
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LACTO-PREPARATA is a humanized milk, **sterilized**, made wholly from absolutely pure, fresh milk, reduced to a powder, requiring only the addition of water to represent mother's milk. There is no other Food for the first six months of infant life that bears any comparison with it except the milk from the breast of a healthy mother. **Carnrick's Soluble Food** is a perfect Food for children from six months to two years of age, and is often given from birth. Neither of these Foods requires any addition of cow's milk, and by their use **All Danger from Impure Milk is Removed.** The above two Foods will perfectly nourish and build up every element in your child's body from bone to brain. Excessively sweet foods made from glucose and the cereals create an unhealthy appetite for sweets and produce flabby flesh. If you cannot nurse your child, do not delay sending for "Our Baby's First and Second Years," a book of sixty-four pages, by MARION HARLAND. It describes minutely how these Foods are prepared, and gives most valuable information to mothers. **Sent free.**

CARNRICK'S SOLUBLE FOOD AND LACTO-PREPARATA FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN.

PROFESSOR STUTZER, Food Analyst for Rhenish Prussia, who recently analyzed all the principal foods made in this country and Europe, says in his report that CARNRICK'S Foods are the best of all foods examined.

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IS OBTAINED FROM THE SPRUDEL SPRING BY EVAPORATION. CURES CONSTIPATION.

AIDS DIGESTION, CALMS THE NERVES, CORRECTS ACIDITY, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, NATURES OWN REMEDY.

SPRUDEL SALT!

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED AS AN APERIENT, LAXATIVE AND DIURETIC.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine imported CARLSBAD SPRUDEL SALT is put up in round bottles and has the Signature of "EISNER & MENDELSON CO." sole Agents, on the neck of every bottle

EISNER & MENDELSON CO., SOLE AGENTS,
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SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS OVER THE

CHICAGO ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY.

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPERS.

FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

THROUGH DINING CAR SERVICE between CHICAGO and OMAHA, and between CHICAGO, DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and PUEBLO.

For maps, time-tables, folders, copies of "WESTERN TRAIL" or further information

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F. RUSSELL GIBSON N.Y. CITY.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

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INCLUDING ALL EXPENSES

VIA THE NORTHERN PACIFIC R.R.

THE ONLY RAIL ROAD TO YELLOWSTONE PARK

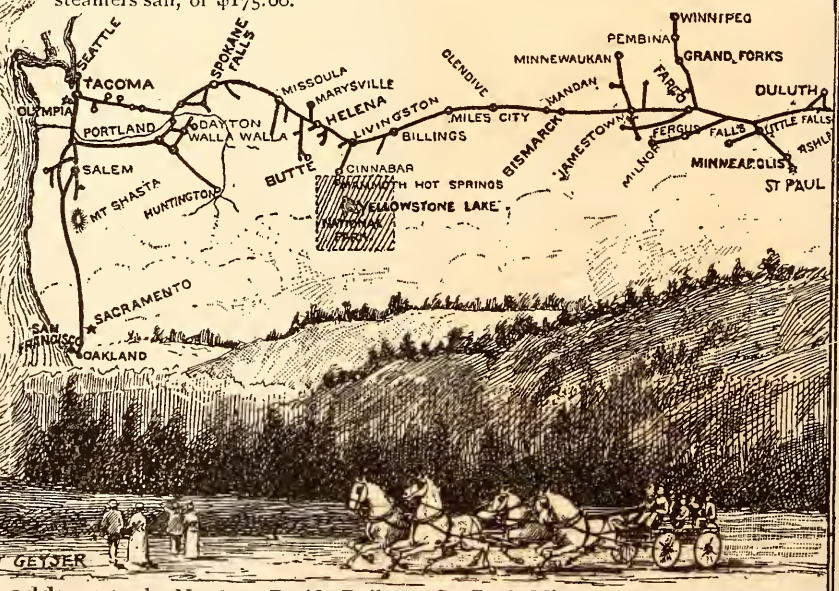
The round trip from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Tacoma, or Portland, can be made in 9 days, spending 5¼ days in the Park, at an expense, including rail and carriage transportation for entire distance to the Geyser Basins, via Great Falls and Grand Canon, double berth in Pullman sleepers, and all meals on Northern Pacific Dining Cars, as well as meals and lodgings in the hotels of the Yellowstone Park Association, of $110.00.

Pacific Coast—$80.00.

The round trip rail rate from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, or Ashland to Tacoma, Seattle, and Victoria, via the Northern Pacific Cascade Division, returning via Portland and the Columbia River to any one of the cities first named above, is but $80.00. Tickets on sale daily.

To Sitka and Glacier Bay, Alaska—$175.00.

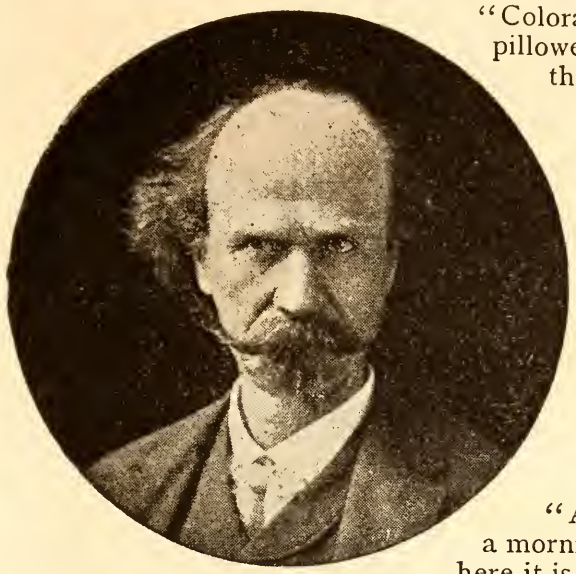
The round trip from St. Paul to Sitka and Glacier Bay, Alaska, and return (one way via Cascade Division, opposite direction by the Columbia River), can be made in **20** days at an expense for rail and steamer ticket, the latter including berth and meals north of Tacoma, from which point all Alaska steamers sail, of $175.00.



THE GIANT GEYSER

Send your address to the Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn., mentioning THE CENTURY, and you will receive some interesting publications treating on this most wonderful region.

J. M. HANNAFORD, Traffic Manager. **CHAS. S. FEE, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.**



JOAQUIN MILLER.

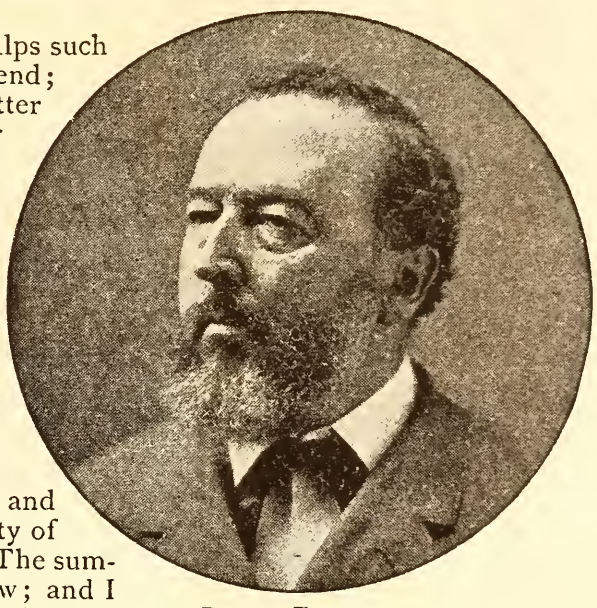
"Colorado, rare Colorado! Yonder she rests; her head of gold pillowed on the Rocky Mountains; her feet in the brown grass, the boundless plains for a playground; she is set on a hill before the world, and the air is very clear, so that all may see her well."—JOAQUIN MILLER.

"I love these mountains so that, whenever I go away from them, I miss them all the time, and I keep seeing them before me all the while, just as you see the face of a dear friend you are separated from. . . . After coming over the plains, it is just like looking into Heaven. . . . I did n't know there were such beautiful places in the world. . . . No picture can show it, and I suppose no words can tell it."

—"H. H." (Helen Hunt Jackson.)

"Among the Alps such a morning is a godsend; here it is almost a matter of course. Whatever effect the climate of the Rocky Mountain region may have upon the permanent settlers, there is no doubt that for travelers it is one of the most favorable in the world."

* * * * * * *



BAYARD TAYLOR.

"The parks and the upper valleys of the Rocky Mountains offer precisely those things which the summer tourist seeks, —pure air, lovely nights, the finest milk, butter, trout, and game, and a variety of mineral springs. The summer climate I know; and I am told that the winter is equally enjoyable."—BAYARD TAYLOR.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

"We were lured on by the happy, if not especially appropriate, name of the Garden of the Gods, through days of expectancy, now to be rewarded with a fullness seldom vouchsafed to grand and indefinite hope. . . . Never was sky so blue as that which bent above the Garden of the Gods; never was sunshine so yellow; never were snow-clad peaks and quartz cliffs so dazzlingly white. A scene for an artist! we cried. . . . One longs to plant Gustave Doré in the midst of that fantastic scene, whose greatest wonder is the vague, half-formed ideas, similes, suggestions, it awakens in every sensitive mind, and which persons try to communicate to each other, only to find once more how inadequate is human language to represent the human thought.

"And so we leave Colorado, enchanted with what we have seen, yet reluctant as the child who perforce must leave the feast while any dainties remain untouched . . . and murmur with Scheherezade: 'The best remains behind.' . . . No finer effect, no more impressive scene, is to be found among Alps or Andes, and so, by and by, the restless world will know."—MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

Colorado is only 58 hours from New-York if you take the Burlington Route. Tickets via the Burlington Route can be obtained of any ticket agent of its own or connecting lines.

P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

What Amelia B. Edwards says of American Sleeping Cars, in N. Y. Sun.

"There is one kind of sociability, however, that I do not understand and particularly object to—that is, your sociability in sleeping cars—men and women above, below, all around you, separated by curtains only. Now, how delicate, fastidious, and dainty ladies like the American ladies, for they are all these to an unusual degree, can endure the indelicacy of the sleeper and the discomfort I don't understand. I have traveled between eleven and twelve thousand miles in your country, and I have only been comfortable in the cars run on the Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City Railway between St. Paul and Chicago, in the sleeper, where the car is divided into compartments and you can lock your door when you go to sleep."

These cars are delightfully cool and free from dust in summer, warm and comfortable in winter, and celebrated for perfect ventilation.

To the Summer Tourist.

Why not go to the ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS, LAKE CHAMPLAIN and LAKE GEORGE this Summer, and enjoy the incomparable scenery, vitalizing air, good living, boating, shooting and fishing?

THE

Delaware & Hudson Railroad

is the greatest Summer tourist route in the world, and will take you cheaply, quickly and with comfort to that most favored region, and to dozens of other pleasure and health resorts.

THE SHORTEST LINE BETWEEN NEW-YORK AND MONTREAL.

The direct line to the new and superb Hotel Champlain, at Bluff Point, N. Y. (Lake Champlain).
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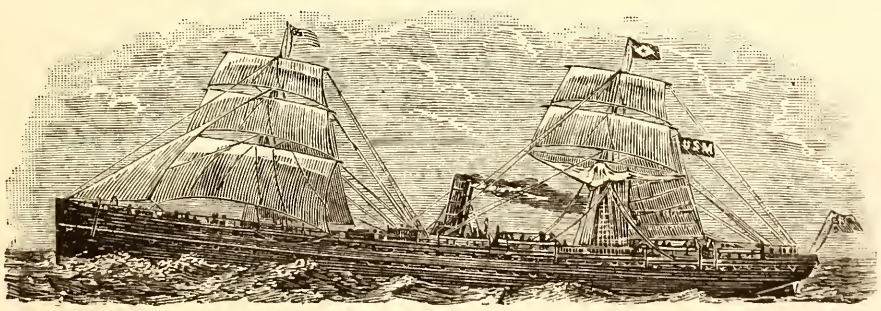
J. W. BURDICK, General Passenger Agent,

H. G. YOUNG, 2d Vice-President. Albany, N. Y.

GUION LINE

United States



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FOR QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL,

From Pier New 38, North River, Foot of King St. New-York, every Tuesday.

NEVADA, 3,350 Tons. WYOMING, 3,716 Tons. ALASKA, 6,500 Tons.
ARIZONA, 5,500 Tons. WISCONSIN, 3,720 Tons.

☞ These Steamers are built of Iron, in water-tight compartments, and are furnished with every requisite to make the passage across the Atlantic both safe and agreeable, having Bath-room, Smoking-room, Drawing-room, Piano, and Library; also experienced Surgeon, Stewardess, and Caterer on each Steamer.

THE STATE-ROOMS ARE ALL ON DECK, THUS INSURING THOSE GREATEST OF ALL LUXURIES AT SEA, PERFECT VENTILATION AND LIGHT.

CABIN PASSAGE, $50, $60, $80 and $100. INTERMEDIATE (Second Cabin), $30 and $35. STEERAGE, $20.

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THE SPRING HOUSE,

RICHFIELD SPRINGS,

Offers attractions unobtainable elsewhere.

The New Bathing Establishment is the most complete bath-house in the world.

It contains Sulphur Baths, Turkish and Russian Baths (with Sulphur Vapor), a Sulphur Swimming Bath, Pulverization Room, Inhalation Rooms for the treatment of Catarrh, Bronchitis, etc.

Douche Rooms and Sun Bath, Resting Rooms, Gymnasiums and other conveniences.

All under the personal charge of Dr. C. C. Ransom (58 West 49th Street, New-York).

For rooms and further information apply to Mr. Royal Keith, Victoria Hotel, New-York (9 A. M. to 1 P. M.).

Illustrated pamphlet on application.

T. R. PROCTOR,
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Hotel Kaaterskill,

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, N. Y.

Opens June 28th.

The largest and best equipped Mountain House in the world.

3000 feet above sea-level.

15° cooler, though but a short distance from New-York.

No flies. No mosquitoes. No malaria.

Magnificent Scenery.

90 miles of the Hudson may be seen from the piazza.

60 suites with bath-rooms.

Superb Band, Livery, Boating, etc.

Rates, $21.00 per week and upwards.

See daily press for trains.

Apply for circulars and further information to

W. F. PAIGE, Marlborough Hotel,
New-York City.

After June 21st, Kaaterskill P. O.,
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OUR trip to Boston was perfectly delightful, and I want you to be sure to take the PROVIDENCE LINE when you come to visit us. We came on their new boat *Connecticut*. It is a mammoth steamer, furnished throughout with consummate taste and elegance. The magnificent saloon, made light as day by innumerable electric lights, is like an immense parlor.

When we went to supper I was very much pleased to find that we did not have to go down in the hold, as the dining saloon is on the main deck, and Henry said that the *Connecticut* and *Massachusetts* were the only steamers on the Sound that had this very desirable feature. After supper we sat on the back deck and listened to the orchestra play until 9:30, when we walked up and down in the moonlight. Retiring to our very pleasant stateroom we awoke the next morning in Providence, when an hour's ride on the cars brought us to Boston, after one of the pleasantest trips I ever took. Tell Jennie to go by the Stonington Line when she goes to Narragansett Pier or Watch Hill this Summer, as that is the only direct Sound route. The steamers are first-class, and they run free parlor reclining-chair cars between Stonington, Narragansett Pier and Boston. For reaching the White Mountains the Providence Line is the most direct and comfortable way, express trains running direct from the steamer's wharf. Send to P. O. Box 3011, N. Y. City, for Excursion Rate Book.

For all points between New-York and New England these lines are first-class.

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J. W. MILLER, President, New-York. O. H. BRIGGS, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Providence, R. I.
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Comfort for Hot Weather.

In the Sultry Summer Days,

When any sort of exertion is unwelcome, and we are only too thankful to enjoy anything which cools and refreshes us, we are glad to be able to recommend to the notice of our readers a delightful new invention recently patented by the **Crown Perfumery Company,** of **177 New Bond Street, W.** Under the title of **Lavender Salts** they have prepared an invigorating smelling salts, entirely free from the bitter, pungent and disagreeable odor which as a rule distinguishes all ordinary smelling salts. Here we have the delightfully fresh perfume of lavender, mingled with something which is strong and powerful, but most agreeable. These **Lavender Salts** will be found a delightful addition to every lady's toilet table, for they are beyond doubt the most agreeable deodorizer that exists. By leaving the stopper out of the bottle for a few minutes the air of any room will become purified, and the atmosphere rendered at once refreshing and invigorating.—*Lady's Pictorial, London.*

Our readers, who are in the habit of purchasing that delicious perfume, **Crab-apple Blossoms,** of the Crown Perfumery Company, should procure also a bottle of their **Invigorating Lavender Salts.** No more rapid or pleasant cure for headache is possible.

Le Follet, Paris.

No articles of the toilet have ever been produced which have been received with the **enthusiasm** which has greeted the **Crab-apple Blossom Perfume** and **Soap,** and **The Crown Lavender Salts.** They are literally the delight of two worlds, and are as eagerly sought in Paris as in New-York. They are daily bringing pleasure, comfort, health and refreshment to thousands of homes, and are sold by all druggists, as follows:

Crab-apple Blossom Perfume, 1 oz., 75c.; 2 oz., $1.25; 3 oz., $1.75; 4 oz., $2.25.

Crab-apple Blossom Soap in decorated caskets, 50c. a tablet.

The Crown Lavender Salts, 75c. a bottle.

If you cannot procure them of your druggist, send either of the above sums in stamps or P. O. order to Caswell, Massey & Co., New-York, or to Melvin & Badger or T. Metcalf Co., of Boston, or George B. Evans, Philadelphia, and the article ordered will at once be sent, **post-paid,** to any address, in any part of the country.

Do not fail to buy this delicious **Crab-apple Blossom Perfume** and **Soap,** and the **Invigorating Lavender Salts** to take away with you this summer.

SPECIAL PRODUCTIONS OF

THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.

177 New Bond Street, LONDON.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

TWO KINDS OF ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

Insurance costing $12 per Year.

LIMITED insurance, such as has been given by Associations writing insurance at the above rate, becomes wholly void as to any accidental injury occurring while the insured shall be engaged in any

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Insurance costing $15 per Year.

FULL indemnity insurance does not become void through any such provision, and THE UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION, which has furnished this form of insurance since its organization, has paid in claims to its preferred members more than twice as much per capita annually as any one of its competitors writing insurance for $12 per year.

THE UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION is prepared to write insurance under either of the above forms, and is quite as ready to write the limited as the full indemnity. We only desire that members taking insurance should know just what it is they are buying, and that the full indemnity is decidedly cheaper at $15 per year than the limited insurance at $12.

For $15, if paid at one time, the Association will give receipt for premium calls for one year on $5000 Full Indemnity preferred policy.

The United States Mutual Accident Association

Has deposited **$100,000.00** with the

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CHARLES B. PEET, President. **JAMES R. PITCHER, Secretary and General Manager.**

"Oh! Dolly! Isn't it sweet!"

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EDENIA, **GOYA LILY,**

MARÉCHAL NIEL ROSE, **ALPINE VIOLET,**

LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

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In the World,

ONLY LARGE ONE IN AMERICA.

ALSO

BEST OF LIFE COMPANIES.

No other Life Policies as liberal cost as little money,
no others as cheap give as much for the money.

Assets, $11,528,649.30

Surplus, $2,365,534.06

Paid Policy-holders $1,500,000 in 1889.

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 Wall St. New-York.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S

(BREAKFAST)

COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us, ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*The Civil Service Gazette.*

MADE SIMPLY WITH BOILING WATER OR MILK.

Sold only in half-pound tins, by grocers, labeled

JAMES EPPS & CO.

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FIFTY YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC, upon their excellence alone have attained an UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE, which establishes them as UNEQUALED in TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP AND DURABILITY.

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